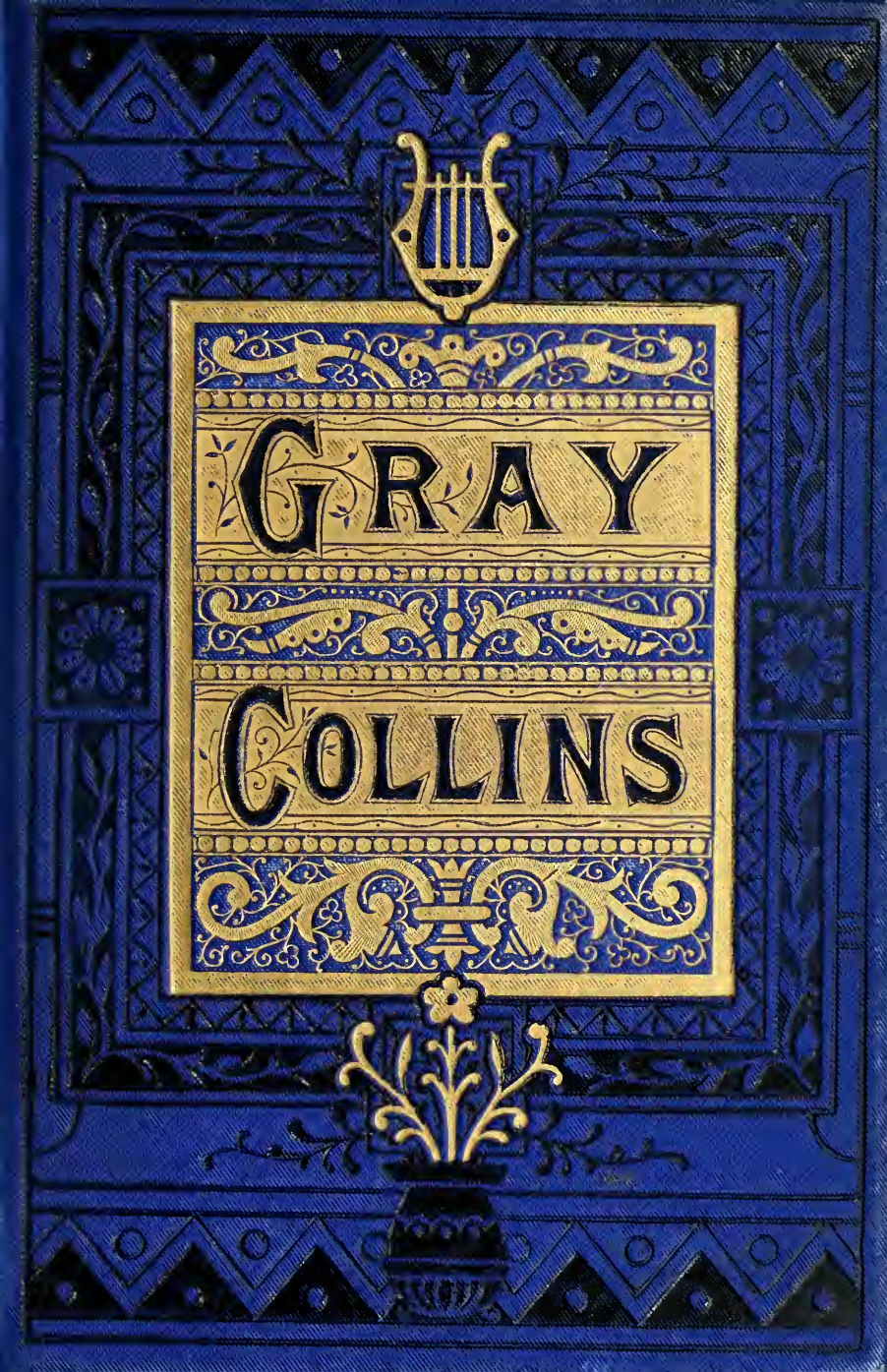
GRAY
COLLINS

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James Knife Flanagan
Oct 1882

THE POEMS

OF

GRAY, PARNELL, COLLINS,
GREEN, AND WARTON.

ROUTLEDGE'S RED LINE POETS.

COWPER.
MILTON.
WORDSWORTH.
SOUTHEY.
GOLDSMITH.
BURNS.
MOORE.
BYRON.
POPE.
SCOTT.
HERBERT.
CAMPBELL.
SHAKSPERE.
CHAUCER.
WILLIS.
SACRED POEMS.
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.
MRS. HEMANS.
SHELLEY.
COLERIDGE.
HOOD.
COMIC POETRY.
THE BOOK OF BALLADS.
LORD LYTTON'S POEMS.
LORD LYTTON'S DRAMAS.

Gray

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY | WILLIAM COLLINS
THOMAS PARNELL | MATTHEW GREEN

AND

THOMAS WARTON

EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER AND E. CORBOULD

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TO

HENRY WALTER, ESQ., M.A.,

THIS VOLUME

Is Inscribed,

BY HIS FRIEND,

R. A. WILLMOTT.

PREFACE.

THE Poets, whose verses are included in this volume, bear a kind of relationship to each other, and seem to gain a grace and a charm from the bond of fellowship that unites them. Four of the number were contemporaries; two were friends; Parnell may be called an elder brother, for the expression of his fancy and the sweetness of his accent belong to the same family of Taste. What learned hands have already adorned the story of their life and their genius, the Editor need not mention; but he is bound with gratefulness to record his own obligations to the elegant researches of Mr. Mitford; to a pleasing edition of Collins, by Mr. Dyce; and to the affectionate gathering and annotation of Warton's poetry, by the late Bishop Mant.

The plan of the Editor will be better judged by the execution than the explanation. He began the volume with the design of prefixing short criticisms to the more remarkable compositions of the respective Authors, and of adding occasional foot-notes to illustrate a passage, or a word. His first steps led him into a wider field, and his love of this scenery of Imagination detained him longer upon the road, than either the length or the difficulty of the journey might seem to require. When he looks back over these pages, he finds some

allusions still unexplained, and is reminded that the irony of Green about "the Queenboro' Mayor behind his mace," might be shone over by the humour of Hogarth. But the excursions of the Editor were, of necessity, limited; and as the book advanced towards its completion, the swelling pages counselled a slighter treatment. The Biographical Notices are intended to be viewed in the light of picture-sketches, in which the circumstances of a life are briefly indicated, that the interest of the reader may be fixed on the broad and distinctive features of character, moral and intellectual.

The Poems are printed from texts, honestly, and, as the Editor thinks, carefully collated and revised. The Parnell of Pope has been generally followed, except in some peculiarities of orthography and type: that age had no theory of spelling; and we see Pope, in the memorandum which he sent to Richardson about Johnson's translation of Juvenal, beginning 'harmonious' with a capital, and 'Lord Gore' with a little g. The works of these Authors are complete. The posthumous verses of Parnell had been wisely excluded by Pope; but a few specimens are inserted in this collection. From the additions which Chalmers made to Warton, the Editor has only transferred one poem. The Pastoral Eclogues were decidedly and constantly rejected by the writer: a true friend of Warton would weed his flower-bed; but the interest of his name demands the respectful preservation of all verses, which he considered to be not unworthy of his learning and his taste.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

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GRAY

Dorothy Gray, "the careful mother of many children," died March 11, 1753, in her seventieth year, one child alone — Thomas, born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716— having, as he said, the misfortune to survive her. The filial love of eleven brothers and sisters seems to have flowed into his heart. He always mentioned her name with a sigh, and her wearing-apparel was found in his room, in the same trunk in which she left it. Affection was never more deserved, for he owed his life to the courage of his mother, who prevented suffocation by the immediate opening of a vein. His father, who had been an exchange-broker—Walpole calls him a money-scrivener —was a man of fierce and obstinate temper, which was vainly sought to be curbed by the arm of Doctors' Commons. His mother had two brothers, ushers at Eton, one of whom, as we are informed by Walpole, "took prodigious pains with the poet," and "particularly instructed him in the virtues of simples."

There happened to be in the school three boys who, in different ways, were afterwards to be remembered,—Jacob Bryant, Richard West, and Horace Walpole. Bryant communicated some pleasing recollections of Gray. He speaks of his figure as small and elegant, his manners delicate and refined, and his morals without a stain. In a public school, where not to be riotous is to be unpopular, such characteristics would win slight regard. He disliked all rough exercise, and seldom was seen in the fields. His compositions were considered good, without attracting

much attention; Bryant called to mind a fragment, on the story "of words freezing in Northern air," which the poet made when "he was rather low in the fifth form;" it describes the consequences of the thaw:—

— Pluviæque loquaces
Descendere jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber.

At Eton, he began to read Virgil for his own amusement, and the poetical mind grew under that sun. In 1734, he was sent to Cambridge, a pensioner of Peterhouse. At the same time, West, attaching himself to the sister-university, entered on residence at Christ Church, and Walpole, becoming a member of King's, was again to be the poet's companion. The place required the lights of old companionship to cheer it in the eyes of one who regarded it as the vision of Babylon's desolation fulfilled. He compared his own movements to those of a pendulum, swinging from Chapel and Hall to his rooms, and then back in the former direction. But from this country, "so fruitful in ravens," he was soon to be set free. In 1738, we hear of him in the agonies of leaving college, and blinded with the dust of boxes, bedsteads, and tutors. He escaped in safety to his father's house in Cornhill, and in the spring of the next year accepted the invitation of Walpole to accompany him in a tour, which Sir Robert permitted his son to undertake. They followed the common road from Calais to Paris, and since the visit of Addison, it had never been sketched by a watchfuller eye, or a livelier pen. There was much to amuse an untravelled observer in a flat but diversified country, peopled by strolling friars, countrymen with great muffs, and women riding on asses. The impressions of Gray are given in his letters, like sun-pictures, with the glowing truthfulness of life. At Versailles he saw statues sown in every direction, "mince-pies in yew, and all Æsop's fables in water."

June found the friends settled in the old city of Rheims, and revolutionizing the graver inhabitants by garden-suppers, spread under trees by the fountain-side, singing, dancing, and the fantastic processions of Karl du Jardin. But the Carnival spirit quickly spending itself, they sought a pastime in the ancient capital of Burgundy. The famous Abbey of Carthusians was close at hand, and the Abbot of the Cistercians, who lived a few leagues off, kept open house in great magnificence. They now turned their faces towards Italy, making a little excursion to Geneva, and visiting the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. At a later period, Gray wrote his beautiful Latin verses in the "Album," and a letter to his mother gives their spirit in prose. The frowning precipices, the overhanging woods of beech and fir, and the torrents descending with the crash of thunder, combined with the solemn associations of the scene to kindle his imagination. Every cliff had a voice of poetry.

They entered Italy in November, with a pleasure heightened by an eight days' journey through Greenland." The Italian towns are painted with infinite grace. We see Turin, with its houses of brick plastered, its windows of oiled paper, and its palace of looking-glass; Genoa, glittering with marble terraces, fountains, and orange-trees; Bologna, with its paintings; Naples, with its myrtle hedges, fig-trees, garlanding vines, and noisy streets. Rome and its cathedral struck the poet dumb with wonder; and Florence seemed to be an epitome of loveliness.

Amid these varied enjoyments of mind and body, he found leisure to write a long and admirable letter to West, who, having lived in the Temple until he was weary, had given up his chambers, and only sought an occasion of abandoning the "law" also. Gray combated the antipathies of his friend with a wisdom and gentleness equally rare and delightful, and enriched by a sketch of his own cha-

racter pleasantly interwoven. Two years had ripened his weaknesses as well as his better qualities. On the bad side he reckoned "a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking;" in the good column he set down "a sensibility for what others feel, an indulgence for their faults, a love of truth, and a detestation of everything else." It may be feared that the balance, between the outspoken and the conciliatory temper, was not always preserved in the intercourse with his fellow-traveller. At Reggio, a town, as Gray informed West, only one step above Old Brentford, the companions quarrelled and parted. The cause of the disagreement has not been ascertained. One version of it is, that Walpole suspecting Gray of speaking severely about him to friends in England, and anxious to verify his suspicions, opened and re-sealed one of the poet's letters.[1] Perhaps the statement of Walpole himself is sufficient to account for the rupture: "I had just broke loose from the University with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, whilst I was for perpetual balls and plays.[2] The fault was mine." Experience teaches us that the slightest jar will break the bond of friendship. Fuseli, the painter, and Armstrong, the poet, quarrelled at Genoa about the pronunciation of a word, and broke up their tour.

Gray returned to England in the early part of September, 1741. Sorrows met him on the shore. The loss of a cruel father, bound up with the saddest memories of childhood and youth, would not waken very deep regret; but his beloved friend West was also sick of the sickness whereof he died. A shade overspread his own prospects.

[1] This statement is given by Mr. Mitford ("Works of Gray," ii. 175) upon the authority of Isaac Reed, who received his information from "Mr. Roberts of the Pell-office," within thirty years after Gray's death.

[2] Gray writes to West from Paris, April 12, 1739:—"Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's, and here I remain alone, though invited too."

His mother, husbanding her remaining property, sought a home with a widowed sister, at Stoke, near Windsor; and he, retracing his steps to Cambridge, in 1742, took his Bachelor's degree in Civil Law, by the help of the Man in Blue, as he calls the functionary of the Vice-Chancellor, having "got halfway up to the top of Jurisprudence." But he never reached the summit of "Doctor." The "Hymn to Ignorance" gives a poetical view of the academical system in general. The sting of the "Dunciad" is in the appeal to the presiding genius, to damp any chance spark of wit,

And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

In 1747 a circumstance occurred, from which his future life borrowed some of its colour. I allude to his acquaintance with Mason, then a Bachelor scholar of St. John's, and subsequently elected to a vacant Fellowship at Pembroke, chiefly through the kind offices of the poet and Dr. Heberden. The portraits of Gray and Mason now hang nearly side by side in the Combination Room of the College. In the spring of 1753, he lost the mother whose tenderness he has embalmed, and 1756 was marked by one of the few changes of his uneventful life—a migration from the blue bed to the brown. His residence at Peterhouse had not been free from annoyances. His rooms, according to Cole, were on the middle floor of the new building, the adjoining apartments being occupied by riotous undergraduates. Gray was particularly apprehensive of fire, and we find him requesting Wharton[1] to bespeak for him a rope-ladder; it was to be full thirty feet long, light and manageable, "easy to unroll, and not likely to entangle," being furnished with strong hooks to be attached to an iron fastening in his window. The news of so strange a machine soon spread over Cambridge, and an opportunity for testing its merits was very quickly

[1] January 9, 1756.

afforded. Fire-alarms became the pastime of Peterhouse. We learn the history of one of these from a letter of the Rev. J. Sharp, March 12, 1756:[1]—"Mr. Gray, our elegant poet and fellow-commoner of Peterhouse, has just removed to Pembroke Hall, in resentment of some usage he met with in the former place. The case, which is much talked of, is this:—He is much afraid of fire, having been a great sufferer in Cornhill; he has ever since kept a ladder of ropes by him, soft as the silky cords by which Romeo ascended to his Juliet, and has had an iron machine affixed to his bedroom window. The other morning, Lord Percival and some Petershians, going a hunting, were determined to have a little sport before they set out, and thought it would be no bad sport to make Gray bolt, as they called it. They ordered their man, Joe Draper, to roar out, Fire! A delicate white nightcap is said to have appeared at the window, but finding the mistake, retired again to the couch. The young fellows, had he descended, were determined to have received him with pails of water, of which a supply was in readiness."

The courts of Pembroke afforded a pleasanter and calmer retreat to the poet, who felt himself "as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse." The place itself had no common charm. He might seem to be brought nearer to the smile of Spenser, and there was the Martyr to give him a visionary benediction in "Ridley's Walk." The gloom at his heart wanted every ray. Low spirits were his constant companions, by day and night. The following extract from a letter, December 19, 1757, is an affecting fragment of autobiography:—

"A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same kind, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it

[1] Nichols's "Illustrations of English Literature," vi. 805.

over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation,—nay, a little pride,—we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible that I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you, and can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have, to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward, too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectations of a better day. As to myself, I cannot boast at present either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can."

In 1757 the laurel, which Cibber had worn for twenty-seven years, was offered to Gray, who declined it, and found, eleven years later, a richer reward in the Professorship of Modern History, which he obtained in 1768. The office enlarged his income, not his happiness. He was continually haunted by the reproach of duties unfulfilled, and often resolved to soothe his conscience by resigning the appointment. Some fruit, however, it yielded, in the Ode composed for the Installation of the Duke of Grafton. But who can think without regret upon the treasure which his lectures would have bestowed? From this time his health rapidly sunk. It was, indeed, only autumn time, and frost and snow might not be expected until a distant winter; but some of the griefs of age already oppressed him. The sleepless night, the dull pain in the morning, the weight upon the chest, and other symptoms of disease, foretold the beginning of the end. For six years he had been un-

able to read with one eye, while the other was bewildered by floating spots. Now and then we catch a sigh, as, in mingled pathos and play, he notices the loneliness of his life. He was not to suffer a long sickness. The dart struck him in the College Hall, during dinner, July 24, 1771. The complaint was gout in the stomach, of which he had previously spoken to Walpole. Between the 30th and 31st, about eleven o'clock, in the words of a friend who sat by his bed,—unconsciously expressing the thought of all men of taste who should come after him,—"We lost Mr. Gray." His ashes rest with his mother's in the churchyard of Stoke.[1]

Such was the parting of Thomas Gray. Fifty-five years the hand had moved before the clock stopped. Within that period of time, the greatest works of genius have been brought to their full beauty,—the wonders of Shakspere, the eloquence of Taylor, the brilliancy of Pope; and of one of these the latter days were worse than the beginning. We have the confession of Pope, five years before his death, that the little toils of the day weighed him down, and that he hid himself in bed, as a bird in the nest, and much about the same time.

The admirer of Gray thinks a poet's journey sweetly ended in the early evening, before the shadows of the dark mountains have covered the road. He might have lingered like the "Minstrel"[2] whom he esteemed, until the giddy head kept him nearly motionless, incapable of

[1] "The woods of the park shut out the view of West End House, Gray's occasional residence, but the space is open from the mansion across the park, so as to take in the view both of the church and of a monument erected by the late Mr. Penn to Gray. This is composed of fine freestone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. The tomb of the poet himself near the south-east window completes the impression of the scene. It is a plain brick altar tomb, covered with a blue slate slab, and besides his own ashes contains those of his mother and aunt. Mr. Penn placed a small slab in the wall under the window, opposite to the tomb itself, recording the fact of Gray's burial there."—"Homes and Haunts of the English Poets," i. 284.

[2] See Beattie's Life, by Forbes, iii. 158.

attending to what he read, forgetting all that he saw, and too feeble to press the musical instrument which he loved. The materials for building the character of Gray lie in heaps around us. His letters are a biography, and no author's face was ever thrown more full, or bright, upon his page. The poem and the note are glasses differing only in the size and the frame. Every feature shows the accomplished scholar, in whom taste was refined into affectation. No sense of personal inconvenience could persuade him to use spectacles; his common manuscript was the work of a crowquill; and he felt a pang when that he saw Dodsley printing his name without "Mr." before it.

A shade rests upon his religious principles. We are assured, and readily believe, that the impulse of his mind was towards virtue, which he himself expressed by the Platonic phrase, "The exercise of right reason." Whenever a distinguished person was mentioned, his question was, "Is he good for anything?" He detested Hume, and besought a friend visiting the continent not to call upon Voltaire, to whom the slightest homage was an insult to Truth. "I beg," he wrote to his mother, bereaved of a near relative, "you will support yourself with that resignation you owe to Him who gave us our being for our good, and deprives us of it for the same reason." And, with much tenderness, to Nicholls, under a similar affliction:—"He who knows our nature (for He made us as we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to Himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time, by appointment of the same power, will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do, perhaps, best acquiesce in the

will of the Chastener." These are the consolations of a philosopher, the richest gleams of Deism on its side of glory. Did Gray go beyond it? And was there before his eyes the one Shadow of the Cross over life? In want of direct evidence, we can only look at his works, and their voice gives an uncertain sound. Wise lessons, tender morals, pathetic pictures, instruct and enchant us; but we discover no angel in his churchyard, sitting on a tomb. He pursues the insect through its summer day, sees time and grief spoiling its wings of the fair colours, and leaves it with a sigh in the dust. The fact is, that theology was the element of learning in which Gray was weak. Mason could never persuade him to read Jeremy Taylor. Sterne was his model of pulpit eloquence. Yet what notion of Gospel sanctity could he have formed, who thought it to be worthily enforced by the dramatic extravagance of Yorick?

His social qualities throve in a bad air, and people who knew him intimately formed contrary judgments. Beattie declared his talk to be as pleasant as his correspondence, and Walpole found him the worst company in the world. But who, among the brotherhood, has escaped this strife of tongues? We have heard of Addison, the charm of one table and the frost of another; of Pope dazzling his club with epigrams to-day, and sleeping before a prince to-morrow; and of Armstrong, now pouring out the stores of a wealthy mind, and then represented in the "Castle of Indolence," as "one shier still, who quite detested talk." These discrepancies may be reconciled. The poetical temper is a sensitive weather-glass, which the flying showers and sunshine of April raise or depress. Very seldom the hand points to "set-fair." We speak as we find. The dullard of the morning sparkles at night, and the style changes with the hour. The following retort of Gray is so unlike his general manner, that it was assigned

to the rudest person of the age, and found its way into the "Johnsoniana." It is restored to the owner on the authority of an ear-witness. The story is this:—A certain member of the College, for some unknown reason peculiarly obnoxious to Gray, was standing by the fire in "Hall," and observed to the poet,—"Mr. Gray, I have just rode from Newmarket, and never was so cut in my life; the north-west wind was full in my face." Whereupon Gray, turning to the informant of Cradock, who relates the anecdote, replied, "I think in that face the north-west wind would have the worst of it." Would Lady Ailesbury have believed this to be the gentleman who, during a long day in her company, never opened his lips but once?

After Milton, Gray has been pronounced the most learned poet in England. He lived upon books, and compared his life to the supper of hens in Boccaccio, reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. No branch of knowledge, except the mathematical, was overlooked. He sat in the broad shade of the tree. Aristophanes and Tacitus took their turns with Linnæus and Racine. Of course, the page was often run by a hasty eye. One panegyrist, indeed, boldly affirmed the poet's familiar acquaintance with all the historians of England, Italy, and France; but his own letter dispels the romance. In reference to Froissart and the Chroniclers, he speaks of "dipping" into their works. He says not a word of dragging the great deeps of history. He kept a watch upon the shore, and cast in his net wherever he expected to find a large draught. Classical literature he treated in the same manner. "I have run over," he informed West, "Pliny's Epistles, and Martial." But the glance was given by the eye of a poet, combining each slight circumstance, custom, or reflection, into a picture of manners. Thus he made the past his own present, and found the peacock of Lucullus as natural as the joint in "Hall." Old

Rome was not stranger to him than London; he knew the bins in Cæsar's cellar, and could have made up a prescription of Æsculapius. The assertion of Cole that he was deeply read in Hearne, Spelman, and their kindred, may require the caution already suggested. Such books he consulted. Nor was his knowledge of Italian poetry very extensive. Mathias, drawing his information from a friend of Gray, found him to have been unacquainted with Guido, Menzini, Filicaia, and nearly all the writers of the Componimenti Lirici. The princes of Tuscan Song he knew and reverenced,—Dante affected him with a sort of religious awe, and Petrarch was his companion. The choicer authors of France won a large share of his time and regard, and his taste extracted the fine honey from the philosophy of Montesquieu, the luxuriance of Rousseau, and the fresher bloom of Gresset. His sofa, and the "eternal new novel" of Crebillon have become a commonplace.

As we advance, the prospect opens. Natural history, in its broad and by-paths, was a favourite and constant pursuit, and sometimes his pen supplied illustrative forms of birds and insects, with equal accuracy and grace. The fine-arts were not less dear. A picture, a cathedral, an old house, a ruin, alike engaged his curiosity. He could sit in the British Museum transcribing a pedigree, or wander into the fields and gather the first violet under the hedge. He valued the smallest things in nature or learning, and traced a coat of arms with the same care as the "Bard." His copy of Verral's Cookery-book is preserved, and the notes show an acquaintance with the manufactures and the furniture of the kitchen. It will not be supposed that music was forgotten in these accomplishments. He had collected several volumes in Italy, and sometimes contrived to make a "smattering" of Carlo Bach's lessons upon the harpsichord. He could not want

amusements who had these. And we find all his recreations to have been intellectual. He was believed never to have been upon a horse, but at one time he kept an owl in the garden, as like him, he said, as it could stare. The entertainment he seems to have enjoyed the most was a visit to home-scenes in England or Scotland, of which he has left descriptions so engaging, that even the rugged captiousness of Johnson was smoothed into a wish, that "to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment." His published writings bear no proportion to his acquirements. From such quarries what palaces might have been built! But we are reminded that his situation released him from the drudgery of the pen. His income amounted to nearly seven hundred pounds; and Mason has told his readers how his own interest in "Caractacus" went off, as the tithes came in.

Of English poetry Gray was an elegant and a profound student, and the remoter wells he had visited and analyzed. His remarks on Lydgate are a model of criticism. Goldsmith showed discernment in tracing to Spenser the compound epithets and the solemn numbers of Gray, who never sat down to write verses without reading him for a considerable time. Spenser was to his fancy what Homer had been to the rhetoric of Bossuet. It inflamed and fed it. After Spenser, he admired Dryden, whom he exhorted his friends to read, and be blind to his faults. By his side he placed Pope, especially commending his perfection of good sense. To the translation of the "Iliad," also, he gave the warmest praise, not for its truth, but as a work of consummate power and skill, which would never be excelled. Of later poets he was not always a patient or a generous judge. Akenside he rather turned over than read; Thomson he slighted; Collins he misunderstood; Beattie satisfied him, I think, less than Goldsmith, whose restless vanity might have been calmed,

if he could have seen Gray at Malvern, listening with unbroken interest to a friend reading the "Deserted Village," and exclaiming at the end, "That man is a poet."

When we turn our eyes back over all these treasures and graces of the mind, and see his imagination walking hand-in-hand with his learning, the design he once cherished of writing a history of Poetry is painfully remembered, and we make our own the complaint of D'Israeli, that "in Gray we have lost a literary historian such as the world has not yet had, so rare is that genius which happily combines qualities apparently incompatible. In his superior learning, his subtle taste, his deeper thought, and his more vigorous sense, we should have found the elements of a more philosophical criticism, with a more searching and comprehensive intellect, than can be awarded to our old favourite Thomas Warton."[1]

The poetical beauties of Gray are considered in the introductory notices. Beattie, in the spring of 1770, declared him to be, of all the English poets of that age, the most admired; but he confined this fame to the "Elegy," by which alone—"by no means the best of his works"—he was known to the public. Upon another occasion, Beattie had contrasted the popular tone of the "Elegy," with that of his own "Minstrel," and shown the former poem to express sentiments familiar to all men; while the latter speaks only to certain individuals.

The admirers of Gray claim for him the invention of a new lyrical metre in English, before unknown in its symmetry of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode. The "Bard" is a noble specimen of this verbal architecture, which Dryden has not equalled in his "Ode for Music." Each poem is a dramatic picture: the destruction of a city being the subject of the one; of a minstrel, the other. In Dryden, while we applaud the torrent of language, the animated

[1] "Amenities of Literature," i. 317.

transitions, and the striking contrasts, we may, with Mr. Hallam, see some lines sinking to the level of a drinking-song. The stateliness of Gray is unbroken. Here, as in all his poetry, appears the Artist, disposing every colour, face, dress, and expression, according to the light and the general effect. No pencil ever possessed a finer touch than his pen. The exact elegance of his diction is the delight of the scholar. An epithet is a picture; a word is a landscape. "It seems to me," Swift wrote to Addison of a miserable scribbler, "as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them over her paper." If our modern poetry had sat for its likeness, it could not have been better drawn. The verses of Gray are the reproof and the lesson. His habits of composition assisted him.

"As a writer," is the remark of Johnson, "he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition." The plan agreed with his theory of excellence. "We think," he said, "in words; tpoetry consists in expression." I cannot doubt that a beautiful couplet, always mentioned as an extempore thought, had undergone this process in his memory. Walking with Nicholls, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, upon a fine spring morning, he turned to his companion, exclaiming,—

> There pipes the wood-lark, and the song-thrush there
> Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.

Two lines, finished with such exquisite skill, will hardly be received as an impromptu. The descriptive fitness of the epithet "scattering," must strike every reader who has watched the lark in the blue sky.

Warton discovers a pleasing art of rural poetry in th

unexpected introduction of a wise sentence, or lesson. The fancy is moralized in its play. This charm is conspicuous in all the verses of our author. He portrays a natural object, not so much by its effect on the senses, as the mind. The landscape is viewed in relation to the sentiment it inspires. This is the manner of Virgil, who paints (Æn. iv. 522) the silent fields, the starry skies, the slumbering birds; or, (Æn. vi. 270) a traveller picking his hazardous path among thick woods, by a doubtful moon, while the earth is colourless in the dull night.[1] Nature is always shown by life. If Gray had drawn a sea-view, it would not have been shipless.

The originality of his genius has long been a question. D'Israeli compares the poems to a rich tissue woven on the frames and with the gold threads of others. The thought is ingenious. But even if he borrows the material, he invents the design; or if a former work suggested it, he so enlarges and embellishes it, that the copy breathes a new life. A passage in the "Merchant of Venice," (Act ii. scene 6,) is pointed out as the source of a famous stanza in the "Bard." There is a ship in both. In the drama, she is driven back to port, battered and torn; in the lyric, she sinks behind the ocean line, and the imagination, foreboding danger, already catches a murmur of the storm. Shakspere addresses the eye—Gray, the heart. Poussin produces the same effect in his "Deluge." We behold only the Ark in a distant haze, a house swept down by a torrent, a snake creeping up from the low country, and a heavy leaden sky lowering over all. The artist in colour, as in language, leaves room upon the canvass.

The daring of Dryden[2] carried him very far, when he compared the employment of a poet to that of a curious gunsmith, or watchmaker, who gives to the iron, or the

[1] See M. Quatremère de Quincy on "Imitation of the Fine Arts," 93.
[2] "Prose Works" (Malone), ii. 209

silver, its true preciousness by the workmanship and the decoration which he bestows; but are not those thoughts the most endeared to the memory, which have received a new setting by successive hands? and does not a garden of Arcady breathe a sweeter bloom under the culture of Milton?

THE

POEMS OF GRAY.

ODES.

1. ON THE SPRING.

[Mason tells us, that, in the original manuscript, Gray had given to this ode the title of "Noontide," intending, he thinks, to write companion-pieces upon Morning and Evening. Gray, who read the verses of Green with much admiration, acknowledged his debt to him in this poem, of which the moral turn is taken from that writer's "Grotto;" not knowingly, but the passage, once imprinted in his memory, became so blended with later reflections, that he took it for his own. Gray must have forgotten, also, the lines in Thomson's "Summer," which Wakefield pointed out, as breathing the same serious tone of observation:—

> Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
> Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
> The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
> Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day:
> Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
> An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
> A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
> From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
> Till, blown away by death, Oblivion comes
> Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
> "Summer," 342.

His obligation to Horace ("Ad Sestium") is likewise noticed.

An affecting incident is connected with this ode. Gray wrote it at Stoke, in the beginning of June, 1742, and sent it to West, who had already passed away from earth. The letter, with the ode, was returned to the author unopened.

The poem reflects the pleasant scenery in which it was composed, such as we see it in "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and

the "Arcades," when Milton lived in the green village of Horton. The ivied banks, and the moss-grown beech, are familiar features of Buckinghamshire, where in the warm spring, from every thick copse

The Attic warbler pours her throat.]

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,[1]
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:[2]
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.[3]

[1] "——— a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine."
Mids. Night's Dream.

[2] "Nare per æstatem liquidam." Georg. iv. 59.—GRAY.

[3] "——— sporting with *quick glance*,
Shew to the *sun* their wav'd coats dropt with gold."
Par. Lost, vii. 410.—GRAY.

To Contemplation's sober eye
  Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
  Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
  In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
  They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
  The sportive, kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?[1]
  A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
  No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
  We frolic while 'tis May.

II. ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

[This poem, written in the spring of 1747, was published in *Dodsley's Miscellany*. We have its history in a letter to Walpole, March 1, of that year:—"I knew Zara and Selima, (Selima, was it, or Fatima?) or rather, I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then, as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or, if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred, or so imprudent, as to forfeit all my in-

[1] "While insects from the threshold preach." Green, in the "Grotto." *Dodsley's Misc.* v. p. 161.—Gray.

terest in the survivor. I feel that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feuë* Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight."

The new life which Gray gave to "Selima" has now lasted more than one hundred years, and she has taken her place, in friendly companionship, with the poet's pets of many countries and ages,—Lesbia's sparrow, Petrarch's dog, and Cowper's hares. Walpole, after the death of Gray, placed the china vase on a pedestal, inscribing on it the first four lines of the Ode. From Strawberry Hill it was removed to the seat of Lord Derby, at Knowsley.

The fault of this playful and elegant poem seems to be a want of harmony in the images. It opens with an oriental richness, that suits well the scene of the story. Selima reclines on the vase from China. But the illusion is soon broken. Angels and genii cannot both represent the gold fishes; and "presumptuous maid," at once displeases the ear and the taste. Fate sitting on the water's edge, and the drowning cat "eight times mewing," as she came up, are most happy and picturesque circumstances; but the charm dissolves before the view of the Servant's Hall, with "Tom" and "Susan," who will not hear the cry. Pope has taught us the exquisite management of such machinery. His Sylphs and Gnomes are never confused with human beings; and the lapdog, in its most poetical development, is always "Shock."]

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.[1]

[1] "The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that 'a favourite has no friend,' but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; it what glistered had been gold the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned."—JOHNSON.

III. ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος. ἱκανὴ προφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
Menander. Incert. Fragm. ver. 382. ed. Cler. p. 215.

[This was the earliest printed poem of Gray. We learn from his school-fellow, Jacob Bryant, the touching history of its composition. Not very long after Gray's return to England, his companion, Walpole, arrived also, and went to reside at Windsor, while Gray was staying in Stoke. To that place Walpole sent a conciliatory letter, desiring to see him; and the poet set out to answer the appeal. His path lay through the playing-fields of Eton, in which the boys were enjoying the pastimes of their age. The present scene turned his thoughtful eyes back upon the past, and the future of those young hearts rose sadly before him. The Ode was the musical expression of these feelings. Warton informs us that it drew little notice on its appearance; though he supposes that no critic can be found who will not place it above the Pastorals of Pope. But, in truth there could be no parallel between them; the sweet, calm autumnal colour of Gray's meditation being altogether unlike the cheerfuller descriptions of his predecessor. With the single exception of the "Elegy," he has left no poem so warm from the heart.]

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;[1]
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.—Gray.

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,[1]
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen[2]
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,

[1] "And bees their honey *redolent of spring*." Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.—GRAY.

[2] Upon Johnson's ridicule of Gray's appeal to the Thames—"This is useless and puerile: Father Thames had no better means of knowing than he himself"—Lord Grenville observes: "He forgets his own address to the Nile in 'Rasselas,' for a purpose very similar; and he expects his readers to forget one of the most affecting passages in Virgil. Father Thames might well know as much of the sports of boys as the great Father of rivers knew of the discontents of men, or the Tiber itself of the designs of Marcellus."

And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,[1]
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild[2]
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:

[1] Mason considered the elision of the genitive case in this verse to be very ungraceful, and mentions the second line of the Ode on Spring as marked by the same blemish.

[2] "Madness laughing in his ireful mood."—DRYDEN.

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.[1]

[1] I am tempted to quote, by way of commentary on this Ode, a very thoughtful and elegant passage which will probably be new to nearly all my readers:—"After a description, in which the monuments of antiquity, the charms of nature, and the recollections of our early youth concur to awaken the fancy and affections, we are presented with a lively and interesting picture of the innocent sports and achievements of the younger generation, which is pathetically contrasted with the evils ready to befall them 'in the changes and chances' of this eventful life. We have to regret that the author did not exert his uncommon genius to display some of those topics of instruction and consolation which are so needful to reconcile us to this view of our condition. The natural and happy influence of adversity to check our follies; to render us severe to ourselves, and indulgent to others; to train us to patience and courage; to soften the heart; to raise our thoughts to a better world; the ever-watchful providence of our Heavenly Father, who makes 'all things work together for good to them that love Him,' who soothes and supports them in every time of need, and in a few years at the longest exalts them to a felicity 'to which the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared:' these considerations, which enable us to brighten the darkest gloom of affliction, may be wrought into the most engaging form of sublimity and beauty, and well deserve the exertion of the highest talents."—"Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures derived from Literary Compositions." Second Edition, 214. 1813.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

—Ζῆνα—
. . . . . .
Τὸν φρονεῖν Βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μαθος
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCH. "Agam."

["I SEND you this (as you desire)," Gray told Walpole, "merely to make up half a dozen, though it will hardly answer your end in furnishing out either a head or a tail piece. But your own fable may much better supply the place." Walpole's fable was "The Entail." An ode of Dionysius to Nemesis suggested the Hymn, which gives unmistakable signs of its classic birth. This Hymn, and the Ode upon Eton College, were written in the August following the death of West, a circumstance very likely to throw over them the melancholy grace which Mason remarks.]

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.[1]

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
Χατίζει. PINDAR, Ol. ii. v. 152.

[WRITTEN in 1754, and printed at Walpole's press, August 8, 1757. The absence of notes caused it to be dark to general readers. Even a critical reviewer blundered. "I would not," exclaimed the author, "have put another note for all the owls in London. It is

[1] When the author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.—GRAY.

extremely well as it is; nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied." But his second thoughts were wiser. Goldsmith considered the "Progress of Poetry" to be inferior to the "Bard;" the plan being less regular, and the imagery appealing more to the understanding than to the affections. A juster distinction has been drawn between the latter Ode, as *dramatic*, and the former, as *narrative*. The pageant of Snowdon fills the eye. Passages of the "Progress" are extremely noble; and Goldsmith commended the animation and the rhythmical skill of the stanza ending—

The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

The description of the eagle charmed by music is also to be particularly admired: it may be compared with Darwin's picture of the "bristling plumes;" an epithet, as Mr. Cary remarked, which transfers the very spirit of Pindar. Some controversy has been raised with respect to the ruffling of the eagle's wings. Gilpin saw in it an illustration of his own theory, and Price an error of the English poet. The victory, I think, remains with Price, whose ingenious criticism may be found in his "Essays on the Picturesque" (i. 365). The ending of the poem is not free from objection; and Warton disliked its antithetical smartness.

The heroic, or five-footed verse, intermixed with that of four feet, and occasionally solemnized by the swell of the Alexandrine, is the measure of the Ode. Everywhere the ear detects a happy distribution and change of accent. Mason informs us that a remark of his own delayed the completion of this poem. "You have thrown cold water on it," was the answer of Gray.]

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,[1]
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

[1] "Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp."
David's Psalms.—GRAY.

"Awake, awake, my lyre,
And tell thy silent master's humble tale."
Cowley, "Ode of David," vol. ii. p. 423.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολὶς μολπὴ, Αἰολίδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.—GRAY.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here de-

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,[1]
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his ear,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,[2]
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

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scribed; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions."—GRAY.

[1] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.—GRAY.

[2] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.—GRAY.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.[1]

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await![2]
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar[3]
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

[4]In climes beyond the solar road,[5]
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chief and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,

[1] Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσί
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynicus apud Athenæum.—Gray.

[2] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.—Gray.

[3] "Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar."
Cowley.—Gray.

[4] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connexion with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

[5] "Extra anni solisque vias—" Virg. Æn. vi. 795.
"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."—Petr. Canz. 2.—Gray.

Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,[1]
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,[2]
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,[3]
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

[1] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.—GRAY.

[2] "Piu lontan del Ciel." DANTE, "Il Inferno," c. ix.

[3] Shakespeare.—GRAY.

"The flowery May, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."
Milton, "Son. on May Morn."—GRAY.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime[1]
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:[2]
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,[3]
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.[4]
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.[5]

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.[6]

[1] Milton, "Paradise Lost," vi. 771.—GRAY.

[2] "Flammantia mœnia mundi," Lucret. i. 74.—GRAY.

[3] "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord." Ezek. i. 20, 26, 28.—GRAY.

[4] Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.
Hom. "Od. O." ver. 64.—GRAY.

Gray refers to the bard in the "Odyssey" whom the muse had deprived of sight, but enriched with song; on which Mr. Mathias observes:—"In the celebrated and sublime eulogy on the author of "Paradise Lost," where an allusion is made to the visions of glory before him, after he had passed the flaming bounds of space and of time, and of the mortal creation, Gray turns to that inspired prophet who, "by the river of Chebar, when the heavens were opened, saw visions of God." The poet calls forth and adopts the expressions of that prophet, and with more than mortal rapture exclaims, —"*The living throne*," &c. Surely the simple allusion to loss of sight in Homer, by Gray himself, or the mere dry reference of Mr. Mason to the sonnet to Cyriak Skinner, or the idle mode of resolving it into a *conceit*, are all of them remarks either feeble, or inadequate, or unjust. Passages like this, of a sublimity almost past utterance, are scarcely matter of reasoning, but of strong sensation. To feel them is to explain them."—GRAY'S "Works," by MATHIAS, ii. 623.

[5] "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Job.—This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.—GRAY.

[6] "Words that weep and tears that speak." Cowley.—GRAY.

But ah! 'tis heard no more[1]——
  Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
  Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
  That the Theban eagle[2] bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
  Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
  Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
  Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[LITERATURE, not less than life, teaches us never to despise the day of small things. We owe Gibbon's "History" to the bare-footed friars, whom he heard singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter; and but for a Welsh harper, at Cambridge, we might have wanted the "Bard." It had long been neglected by the author. "Odicle," he wrote, "is not grown a bit, though it is fine, mild, open weather." However, Odicle became an Ode at last. It is founded on a tradition of Wales, that Edward the First, after conquering the country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. The original plan was preserved in one of the poet's commonplace books:—"The army of Edward, as they march through a deep valley (and approach Mount Snowdon), are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure, seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a

[1] We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus:—

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?" &c.—GRAY.

[2] Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον, "Olymp." Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.—GRAY.

voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race; and, with prophetic spirit, declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."

The conduct of the Ode differs from this outline. Poetical illustrations were wanting. Spenser could only be praised for his allegory; Shakspeare for his skill in moving the passions; and Milton for his epical grandeur. Mason regards this fact as the stumbling-block of the author. But after a pause, he crossed it triumphantly.

Why Johnson did not see the "truth, moral or political," which the "Bard" teaches, I am unable to say. Like the lesson of the Corn-field, the Picture, or the Martyrdom, it may be read even by the careless. Mr. Mitford's answer is conclusive. He shows the moral of the poem in the retributive punishment of crime; the judicial interest deepening with the progress of the story, until the victory of suffering Virtue discloses itself in the vision of glory that descends upon the Minstrel. Warton at one time conjectured that the catastrophe would have been more effective if the plunge of the Bard had been left out, the reader remaining in a pleasing and awful suspense; but reflection altered his opinion.

Gray, in two letters, gives a summary of criticisms upon his odes. Garrick called them the best in our own, or any other language; Lyttleton and Shenstone were admirers, but wished more clearness; Mr. Fox doubted if King Edward would have understood the "Bard" at one recitation; Warburton was loud in congratulation; and Goldsmith admonished the writer to study the people, and abandon the culture of exoties, at the same time rendering the homage due to his genius:—"The circumstances," he said, "of grief and horror in which the 'Bard' is represented, those of terror in the preparation of the votive web, and the mystic obscurity with which the prophecies are delivered, will give as much pleasure to those who relish this species of composition, as anything that has hitherto appeared in the language, the odes of Dryden himself not excepted."

When we remember the essential differences of taste and feeling

in Goldsmith and Gray, this tribute seems especially warm and earnest. The poet met with sharper treatment from others. "Somebody," Warburton told Hurd (June 17, 1760), "has abused Mason and Gray in two miserable buffoon odes." The "somebody" was Colman, the "Connoisseur." "What have you done to him?" Gray asked his friend, "for I never heard his name before. He makes very tolerable fun with me, when I understand him, which is not always." Colman and Lloyd acknowledged to Dr. Warton their regret for the parodies. But the playful spite of Mr. Cambridge would have been far more stinging to Gray. Walpole preserved it. Lord Chesterfield, hearing Stanly read the Odes, and probably misled by his deafness, believed him to be the author. "Perhaps," was the suggestion of Cambridge, "they are Stanly's, and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray."]

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King![1]
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.[2]
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail.[3]
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride[4]
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side[5]
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

[1] "The materials of the English language are abundant for all purposes. It can drop the honeyed words of peace and gentleness, and it can visit with its *withering, scathing, burning, blasting curse*. Hear the tender, the earnest, the irresistible appeal of Eve, when she is imploring the forgiveness of Adam. Contrast this language of repentant, earnest, humble, and affectionate supplication with the fiery indignation of the Welsh Bard, as he stands upon a rock, and looks down upon the invaders of his country."—HARRISON "On the English Language," 75.

[2] "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."
"King John," Act v. sc. 1.—GRAY.

[3] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion."—GRAY.

[4] "The crested adder's pride."
Dryden, "Indian Queen."—GRAY.

[5] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands

Stout Glo'ster[1] stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer,[2] and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair[3]
Stream'd, like a meteor,[4] to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore[5] they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.[6]

---

of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283) "Apud Abereonway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."—GRAY.

[1] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hereford, son-in-law to King Edward.—GRAY.

[2] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.—GRAY.

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.—GRAY.

[3] The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans's collection at Paris.—GRAY.

[4] "Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."—Par. Lost.—GRAY.

[5] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite the isle of Anglesey.—GRAY.

[6] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyrie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
  Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops[1] that warm my heart,
  Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
  On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
  Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.[2]

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
  Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring,[3]
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
  She-wolf of France,[4] with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
  From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies![5]
  No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

---

by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest upon the peak of Derbyshire. (See Willughby's "Ornithol." by Ray.)—GRAY.

[1] "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."
"Jul. Cæsar," Act. ii. sc. 1.—GRAY.

[2] See the Norwegian ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows.—GRAY.

[3] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.—GRAY.

[4] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.—GRAY.

[5] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.—GRAY.

Is the sable warrior[1] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,[2]
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,[3]
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,[4]
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

[1] Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.—GRAY.

[2] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.—GRAY. "It would be idle to descant on the diction or imagery of verses like these. I will only advert to the prophetic intimation of the catastrophe in the last clause. Had the poet described the tempest itself with the power of Virgil in the first book of his "Æneid," it would have failed, in this instance, to produce the effect of sublime and ineffable horror, of which a glimpse appears in the background, while the gallant vessel is sailing with wind, and tide, and sunshine, on a sea of glory. All the sweeping fury of the whirlwind, awake and ravening over 'his evening prey,' would have been less terrible than his 'grim repose,' and the shrieks and struggles of drowning mariners, less affecting than the sight of

'Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,'

regardless of the inevitable doom on which they were already verging."—JAMES MONTGOMERY'S "Lectures," 205.

[3] Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton is of much later date.—GRAY.

[4] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.—GRAY. "This is in Pindar's best manner; but surely here is no confusion, indistinctness, or obscurity of imagery; but only bold metaphors, strong contrasts, and abrupt transitions from triumph to dejection, from mourning to gaiety, and from festivity to famine; to which sudden and violent oppositions the brilliancy of the effect in the whole is in a great measure owing."—PAYNE KNIGHT, "On Taste," 399.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,[1]
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's[2] faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's[3] holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,[4]
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar[5] in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.[6]
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's[7] issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

[1] Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.—GRAY.

[2] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. Ibid. Henry the Fifth.—GRAY.

[3] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.—GRAY.

[4] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.—GRAY.

[5] The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.—GRAY.

[6] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.—GRAY.

[7] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.—GRAY.

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port,[1] her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,[2] hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,[3]
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move[4]
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,[5]
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,[6]
That lost in long futurity expire.[7]
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

[1] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says:—"And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."—GRAY. "Mr. Hurd himself allows that *lion-port* is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth."—GRAY to MASON, May 1757.

[2] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.—GRAY.

[3] "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song." Spenser's "Proeme to the F. Q.—GRAY.

[4] Shakespeare.—GRAY.

[5] Milton.—GRAY.

[6] The succession of poets after Milton's time.—GRAY.

[7] "Why you would alter 'lost in long futurity,' I do not see, unless because you think 'lost' and 'expire' are tautologies, or because it looks as if the end of the prophecy were disappointed by it, and that people may think that poetry in Britain was some time or other really to expire, whereas the meaning is only that it was lost to his ear from the immense distance. I cannot give up 'lost' for it begins with an *l*."—GRAY to MASON, June 1757.

Enough for me; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

(IRREGULAR.)

[THE installation of the Duke of Grafton was celebrated in the Senate House, at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, on which day the Ode was performed with the music of Dr. Randall. "I thought myself," Gray told Beattie, "bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing these verses, which are usually set to music on this occasion. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day." His friend Nicholls visited him every year; and, one morning, when he knocked at his door after breakfast, he was amazed to see the poet throw it open, exclaiming at the same time, with a loud voice,—

Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

Nicholls feared that he was out of his senses; but was quickly reassured by the intelligence that this was the first line of the new Ode.

Coleridge, while censuring the "Bard" as cold and artificial, discovered "something very majestic in the Installation Ode;" and Hurd, warming out of his general frost, pronounced it to be "much above the rate of such things," and sure "to preserve the memory of the Chancellor, when the minister is forgotten." Hallam commends the skill with which the poet shows the bright point in Henry's character—"the majestic Lord," in that stanza, "where he has made the founders of Cambridge pass before our eyes, like shadows over a magic glass."

The rhythm is rich and varied, but Mr. Evans ("On Versification," 64) condemns the distances of the rhymes, especially in the two last stanzas; and points out seven lines occurring between "hand" and "band." He adds: "It was, indeed, written for

music; but did he expect the music to last, and go everywhere together with it? And yet it is one of the most regular of our Pindarics."

AIR.

"Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole:
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime.
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

AIR.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright

In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon,[1] on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,[2]
And Anjou's heroine,[3] and the paler rose[4]
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry[5] there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd.
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.

[1] Mary de Valentia, countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Ademar de Valentia, earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.—MASON.

[2] Elizabeth de Burg, countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.—MASON.

[3] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College.

[4] Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.—MASON.

[5] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.—MASON.

What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret[1] see!
"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's[2] grace.

AIR.

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heaven's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem."

RECITATIVE.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, nor obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil[3] wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay."

[1] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.—Mason.

[2] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.—Mason.

[3] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Mason.

GRAND CHORUS.

"Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

[We owe the publication of the three following poems to the wearing out of Bentley's plates to the Long Story. To supply the place of it, Gray promised Dodsley to send to him "an equal weight of poetry or prose;" and on his return to Cambridge he "put up," as he informed Walpole (February 25, 1768), "about two ounces of stuff, viz. the Fatal Sisters, the Descent of Odin, a bit of something from the Welch," &c. Walter Scott, in his diary of a voyage to the Shetland Islands (1814) mentions the Stacks of Duncansby, near which the Caithness man saw the vision here described. On this subject, the following story was related to Scott:—"A clergyman, while some remains of the Norse were yet spoken in North Ronaldsha, carried thither the translation of Gray, then newly published, and read it to some of the old people as referring to the ancient history of their islands. But as soon as he had proceeded a little way, they exclaimed they knew it very well in the original, and had often sung it to himself when he asked them for an old Norse song. They called it, *The Enchantresses*."

Mason prints the Latin versions from which Gray composed his illuminated copies. The general effect is noble, and not seldom the stern physiognomy of the Northern Muse is vigorously painted. Here and there the late Mr. Herbert detected a want of harmony with the tone of a rude age and mind, as in the "*coal-black* steed," which belongs to Spenser, and in a few other passages. The following is Gray's note of explanation:—

"To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus, p. 617, lib. iii. c. 1, 4to. (The

song of the Weird Sisters, translated from the Norwegian, written about 1029. Wharton, MS.)

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

"In the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian* their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness in Scotland (of the name of Darrud), saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North, and as many to the South. These were the *Valkyriur*, female Divinities (Parcæ Militares), servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale."]

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower[1]
Hurtles in the darken'd air.[2]

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

[1] "How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp *sleet of arrowy show'rs*."—"Par. Reg." iii. 324.—GRAY.

[2] "The noise of battle hurtled in the air."
"Julius Cæsar," Act ii. sc. 2.—GRAY.

See the griesly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field!

THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA;

OR, THE DESCENT OF ODIN. AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

[THE Descent of Odin is the most striking of these pieces, and deserves the praise given to it by T. Warton, of being conceived in the true spirit of the original, and in a genuine strain of poetry. Warton adds that, "the extemporaneous effusions of the glowing bard seem naturally to have fallen into this measure, and it was probably more easily suited to the voice or harp." Herbert's Icelandic Specimens may be consulted with advantage.]

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's[1] drear abode.

[1] Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour, and half blue.—GRAY.

Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:[1]
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,

[1] The original word is *Valgal'dr;* from *Valr,* mortuus, and *Galldr,* incantatio.—GRAY.

For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess,[1] arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

[1] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu (apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688). "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her poach full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*, i.e. Multi-scia; and *Visindakona*, i.e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i.e. Parcæ.—GRAY.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again;
Till Lok[1] has burst his tenfold chain;

[1] Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches: when he shall break his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology see "Introd. à l'Hist. de Dannemare, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.—GRAY.

Never, till substantial night
Has reassumed her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.

[GRAY refers to Evans's "Specimens of Welch Poetry," London, 1764, and reminds us that Owen "succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1120 [1137]. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards." Gray called his ode a fragment, but Mason inserts the prose version of Evans, from which only a concluding hyperbole is left out.]

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's[1] shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[2] plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;[3]
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.

[1] North Wales. [2] Denmark.—GRAY.
[3] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader.—GRAY.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,[1]
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * *

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE. SELECTED FROM THE GODODIN.

[MASON remarks upon these odes:—"Whoever compares Mr. Gray's poetical versions with the literal translations, will be convinced that nothing of this kind was ever executed with more fire, and, at the same time, more judgment. He keeps up through them all the wild romantic spirit of his originals; elevates them by some well-chosen epithet or image when they flag, yet in such a manner as is perfectly congruous with the general idea of the poems; and if he either varies or omits any of the thoughts, they are only of that kind which, according to our modern sentiments, would appear vulgar or ludicrous."]

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

[1] This and the three following lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MS.—MASON.

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Thrice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn;
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

Have ye seen the tusky boar,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

[West, the only son of the Irish Chancellor, died June 1, 1742, in the 26th year of his age, and was buried in the chancel of Hatfield Church. Jacob Bryant, his schoolfellow at Eton, spoke of him as a person of remarkable genius, excelling Gray in learning. His poetical powers were early developed. He made verses in his sleep. Of his occasional absence of mind, Bryant gives an amusing instance: —"One of his friends, who partook of the same room, told me that West, when at night composing, would come in a thoughtful mood to his table, and carefully snuff his candle, and then return quite satisfied to his own dim taper, which he left unrepaired. This he said he had often experienced." We read of Chatterton, that in his fits of reverie he frequently gazed earnestly in a person's face for several minutes, without addressing or seeming to see him.

Mr. Wordsworth quotes this sonnet in support of his argument, that the language of good poetry does not for the most part differ from that of good prose. He puts Gray at the head of those who have attempted to widen the space between prose and metrical composition, and selects five lines, beginning "*A different object*," and ending, "*I weep in vain*." Upon which he observes:—"It will easily be perceived that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious that except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose."—Wordsworth, "Works" (Preface).]

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

[This lady, the wife of Dr. John Clerke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and was buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent. Mason admits a little hardness of construction in some of the lines, making an obscurity "which is always least to be pardoned in an epitaph."]

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind,
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

[The history of the Epitaph is told in a letter to Mason (August 1761):—"Mr. Montagu (as I guess at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument which he means to erect at Belleisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir W. Williams so slightly as I did; but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither

like myself, nor will he, I doubt. However, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him." Sir W. P. Williams was shot by one of the enemies' sentinels. Walpole calls him "a gallant and ambitious young man, who had devoted himself to war and politics." The monument was never erected.]

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorned his frame,
Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendships bends, and weeps.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[THE title of Elegy was bestowed on these stanzas by the author at the persuasion of Mason. After being privately circulated in manuscript by Walpole, and incorrectly printed in periodicals, it was published by Dodsley, who gave it, as the writer pleasantly complained, a pinch or two in the cradle. From these injuries it quickly recovered, and seems to grow stronger every year. The churchyard of Stoke inspired the poem. The ivied tower, the rugged elms, the dark yew-tree, and the mouldering turf, still freshen and apply the moral of the verse. A calm evening of summer in that green sleeping-place, is the best commentary on the text. Then the swallow dives and twitters; the sheep-bell tinkles down the lanes, fragrant with wild violets; and across the boughs the gleam of cattle breaks and vanishes. Tall fir-trees, wreathed with ivy, make a verdurous wall about the church. There Gray loved

to linger. "When he returned home late in the evening," writes Jacob Bryant, "he was obliged to pass by the churchyard, which was almost close to the house, and he would sometimes deviate into 't, and there spend a melancholy moment. The stillness and solemnity of the scene after sunset, and the numerous dead deposited before his eyes, afforded room to a person of his turn for much contemplation." Bryant felt certain that the Elegy was conceived, and several stanzas of it composed, in this place; he adds that in some of the lines, towards the end, Gray has described "the lawn, heath, beeches, and springs of water near which he with his mother resided."

Other gardens, with new sepulcres, &c., have had their claims asserted; such as Granchester and Madingley, two of the prettiest villages near Cambridge; and the curfew has been reasonably identified with the great bell of St. Mary's. Upton supplies its ivy-mantled tower. These and other homes of the dead might naturally be in the mind of the poet. The Elegy is not a scene, but a composition. Beattie was assured by Dr. Gregory, that Gray, "with a good deal of acrimony," attributed the success of this poem entirely to the subject, affirming that its reception would have been as favourable if it had appeared in prose. And the saying was partly true. But why should he be displeased? That which is nearest to a man touches him most. The Bard needs the steady gaze of learning and taste; the Elegy wants only the eye that has wept. In the opening lines, Mr. Mitford sees a confused picture; because the ploughman returns from work before the curfew rings. His figure, therefore, is said to be out of keeping with the landscape and the hour. But rural toil has its changes to suit the season and the want, sometimes the plough may be seen moving even in the dusk of a summer evening. So poetic pens have shown it. Crabbe gives a sketch of children called from play while the sun is setting:—

> And now, at eve, when all their spirits rise,
> Are sent to bed, and all their pleasure dies;
> Where yet they all the town about can see,
> And distant plough-boys moving o'er the lea.

And Mr. Rogers:—

> 'Tis the sixth hour,
> The village clock strikes from the distant tower
> The ploughman leaves the field; the traveller hears,
> And to the inn spurs forward; nature wears
> Her sweetest smile; the day-star in the west,
> Yet hovering, and the thistle-down at rest.

And especially valuable is the testimony of Clare, speaking from his own experience in Northamptonshire farms:—

> Swains to fold their sheep begin;
> Dogs loud-barking drive them in.
> Hedgers now along the road
> Homeward bend beneath their load;
> And from the long furrow'd seams
> Ploughmen loose their weary teams;
> Bell with urging lashes weal'd,
> Still so slow to drive afield,
> Eager blundering from the plough,
> Wants no whip to drive him now.

It should be observed that the ploughman in the Elegy is not returning from the furrow with loose traces. Gray chooses a later hour, like Milton, who, describing the descent of an angel in Eden, compares his motion to the evening mist, that

> Gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
> Homeward returning.

His work is done; his horses are in the stable; and he has bade good-night to the farm. A considerable space of time comes between the resting of the plough and the walk to the cottage; and when at length we discover him plodding his way over the fields, the simple story of the day is told in that short word "weary." Nor is there anything unnatural in the transition to darkness and the moon. The ploughman is in-doors, with the little ones climbing his knees, but the moralizing poet lingers among the graves of the hamlet until the landscape glimmers faintly into shade, and the moonlight gilds the old ivy on the church.

Neither can I at all admit "rod of empire" to be a "semi-burlesque expression," degrading the image. Its scriptural use alone ought to preserve the word from that indignity. In the Bible and the Psalms it is frequently employed as a synonyme for sceptre and authority. Some notice might also be taken of Goldsmith's opinion, which acknowledges the pathos of the verses, though with a hesitating and languid applause. But the Elegy has long been removed beyond the jurisdiction of the critic. Its sentence is delivered by a surer judge. The varying verdicts of taste may well be indifferent to a poet who is praised by tears, and receives his crown from the heart.

The fastidiousness of Gray caused him to omit three stanzas,

which every reader, I suppose, numbers among the treasures of his memory: —

> Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
> Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
> In still small accents whispering from the ground,
> A grateful earnest of eternal peace.
>
> Him have we seen the greenwood-side along,
> While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
> What time the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
> With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.
>
> There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

There may be some reason for the omission of the first and third stanzas, but the second stanza is required to complete the action of the poem. Mason shows the poet's day to be broken without it. The morning walk and the noontide repose ought to melt into the warmth and colours of the evening scene. Mason endeavoured—very unsuccessfully—to fill up the picture when he visited a green churchyard in South Wales.[1]]

> THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,[2]
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
>
> Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
> Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
>
> Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
> The moping owl does to the moon complain
> Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
> Molest her ancient solitary reign.

[1] I give in a note the opinion of a continental critic as a slight curiosity of literature:—"L' Elegia in un cimitero di campagna respira un' aria di mancanconia, che colpisce l' immaginazione degl' inglesi, e di quanti amano il tetro e il cupo nella poesia. Ma io non so trovare gran diletto in quell' ammucchiamento d' idee senza ordine, e senza proporzione, in certe immagini basse, e in molte espressioni, che per voler esser forti riescon aspre ed oscure."—ANDRES, "Dell' Origine, Progressi, &c. d' ogni Litteratura," ii. 79.

[2] "—— squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."
Dante, "Purgat."—GRAY.

P. 66.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.—GRAY.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,[1]
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening-care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

[1] "This is one of the most striking stanzas in Gray's 'Elegy,' which owes much of its celebrity to the concordance of numbers expressly tuned to the subjects, and felicity of language both in the sound and the significance of words employed. Yet in the first line of the verse above quoted the far-sought elegance of characteristic description in the 'breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' is spoiled utterly by the disagreeable clash between '*breezy*' and '*breathing*,' within a few syllables of each other. Contrast this with the corresponding line, and the dullest ear will distinguish the clear full harmony of 'the cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn.'"—JAMES MONTGOMERY'S "Lectures," 204.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a Gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.[1]

For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook, that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove;[2]
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

[1] "Ch' io veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
Petr. Son. clxix.—GRAY.

"Yet in our ashen cold, is fire yreken."
Chaucer, "Reve. Prol." v. 3880.

[2] Gray's copy of the second edition of Dodsley's Collection was sold in 1845. It contained one emendation by the poet himself in the 27th stanza of the Elegy, which has been overlooked by Mr. Mitford in his latest reprint of the the Poems—the Eton edition. Gray changed *he would rove*, into, *would he rove*, with evident advantage to the harmony of the verse.—"Notes and Queries," i. 221.

"One morn I miss'd him from the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the Church-way Path we saw him borne.—
Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)[1]
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

A LONG STORY.

[LADY COBHAM resided in the old mansion at Stoke, and, having read the Elegy in manuscript, wished to know the author. To fulfil her desire a relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub paid a visit to Gray, and left a note on the table. Not even a poetical hermit might disregard such an invitation. He returned the "call," and to divert Lady Cobham and her family the "Long Story" was written. As Gray informed Warton it succeeded accordingly. In 1753 it was printed with some illustrations by Mr. Bentley, whose drawings are said to have been greatly superior to the engravings.

[1] "—— paventosa speme." Petr. Son. cxiv. —GRAY.

The fortunes of the Manor House have been related by Sir Harris Nicolas in his life of Hatton. Rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth by the Earl of Huntingdon, it was held by Sir Edward Coke, as lessee under the Crown, in 1601; and about twenty years afterwards James the First granted it to him. Sir Harris discovered no trace of Hatton's occupation; and he conjectures that the marriage of Lord Coke, with the widow of Sir William Hatton, probably originated the tradition that the residence had belonged to the Chancellor. The Manor House was replaced by a design of Wyatt in 1789, since considerably altered and enlarged. But the antique chimneys are preserved.

Gray omitted this Story from his collected Poems, and perhaps of his more elaborate works it is the least interesting. But in parts there is a pleasant sprightliness, and Mason mentions the stanza beginning, "But soon his rhetoric," &c., as being much in Prior's manner.]

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper[1] led the brawls;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

[1] Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—GRAY. The 'brawls' was a figure-dance.

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conq'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,[1]
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She 'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,

[1] Mr. Robert Purt. It has been said that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Gray's in the country, was much displeased with the liberty here taken with his name: yet surely without any great reason.—Mason.

Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased, like dogs'-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will believe?)
But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.[1]

[1] "Fancy is here so blended with the humour, that I believe the two stanzas which succeed this line are among those which are least relished by the generality. The description of the spell I know has appeared to many persons absolutely unintelligible; yet, if the reader adverts to that peculiar idea which runs through the whole, I imagine the obscurity complained of will be removed. An incident, we see, so slight as the simple matter of fact, required something like machinery to enliven it. Accordingly the author chose, with propriety enough, to employ for that purpose those notions of witchcraft, ghosts, and enchantment which prevailed at the time when the mansion-house was built. He describes himself as a dæmon of the lowest class, *a wicked imp who lamed the deer*, against whose malevolent power Lady Cobham (the Gloriana of the piece) employs two superior enchantresses. Congruity of imagery, therefore, required the card they left upon the table to be converted into a spell. Now all the old writers on these subjects are very minute in describing the materials of such talismans. Hence, therefore, his grotesque idea of a composition of transparent bird-lime, edged with invisible chains, in order to catch and draw him to the tribunal. It must, however, be allowed that no person can fully relish this burlesque, who is not much conversant with the old romance writers, and with the poets who formed themselves on their model."—Mason.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great House
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray:)
To Phœbus he preferred his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sate; the culprit there:
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as, in silence of the night,
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack[1] has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce queen Mary.

The Peeress comes: the audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squibb,[2]
And all that Groom[3] could urge against him.

[1] *Styack*, the housekeeper.—GRAY.

[2] *Squibb*, groom of the chamber.—GRAY. James Squibb was the son of Dr. Arthur Squibb, the descendant of an ancient and respectable family, whose pedigree is traced in the herald's visitations of Dorsetshire, to John Squibb of

But soon his rhetoriek forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane.[1]

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park, beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bade him come to dinner.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
"The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

Whitchurch in that county, in the 17th Edward IV. 1477. Dr. Squibb matriculated at Oxford in 1656, took his degree of M.A. in November, 1662, was chaplain to Colonel Bellasis's regiment about 1685, and died in 1697. As he was in distressed circumstances towards the end of his life, his son, James Squibb, was left almost destitute, and was consequently apprenticed to an upholder in 1712. In that situation he attracted the notice of Lord Cobham, in whose service he continued for many years, and died at Stowe, in June, 1762. His son, James Squibb, who settled in Saville-row, London, was grandfather of George James Squibb, Esq., of Orchard-street, Portman-square, who is the present representative of this branch of the family.—NICOLAS.

[3] *Groom*, the steward.—GRAY.

[1] *Macleane*, a famous highwayman, hanged the week before.—GRAY.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

[GRAY, who considered Gresset to be a charming and elegant writer, mentioned his 'Ode to a Sister,' as suggesting the present verses. The debt is chiefly due from the seventh stanza, in which Gray has scarcely equalled his predecessor. The "meanest floweret," the "simplest note," the common sun, and skies, are less particular, and therefore less pleasing than the songs of the swallow; the beautiful morning; the green of the woods; and the fresh violet. The "new world" of Gresset is certainly inferior to the "opening Paradise" of Gray; but to that image Fairfax, Dryden, and Pope contest the title. Other thoughts, not less lovely, belong to Gray. The sleeping fragrance which April calls from the ground, and the sky-lark melting in the blue ether, are circumstances of rural description that might have gladdened Chaucer. The ode, left unfinished by the author, was completed by Mason, whose words are within brackets.]

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
  The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
  And leads the gen'ral song:
[Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.]

Yesterday the sullen year
  Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
  The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
  Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
  A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,[1]
  See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
  Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

[1] "One thing both in light and shade should be observed, especially in the former—and that is *gradation;* which gives a force beyond what a glaring display of light can give. The effect of light which falls upon the stone, produced as an illustration of this idea, would not be so great, unless it *graduated* into shade. In the following stanza:—

'Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,' &c.

Mr. Gray has, with great beauty and propriety, illustrated the vicissitudes of life by the principles of picturesque effect."—GILPIN, "On Picturesque Beauty," Essay i. 76.

See the wretch, that long has tost
  On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
  And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.[1]

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
  Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
  And tastes it as it goes.
[While far below the madding crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,]
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence and Pride,
  [Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,]
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
  Their dull, but daily round:
[To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime
  Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed Envy sees him climb,
  And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

[1] Dugald Stewart, in his Philosophical Essays, very happily applies this stanza to the condition of a man in whom, after a long season of ignorance, the mind has been cultivated and enriched by taste and learning: "The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusement his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth."

Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.]

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.

[GRAY was twenty years old when he sent this translation to West. Mason, who believed it to be his earliest attempt in English verse, selected a few of the most excellent lines, in which he discovered the tone and spirit of Dryden. The earlier portion is now added from Mr. Mitford's recent edition (1853) of Gray's correspondence with Mason. It will be remembered that Statius inspired one of the boyish flights of Pope, and some verses of his translation are warmly commended by Warton, who remarks that only in childhood could he have chosen so injudicious a writer, whom with Lucan, Claudian, and Seneca, he wished to lock up from every youth of genius. This dislike seems to have been felt also by West, for we find Gray writing:—"I have been playing with Statius; yesterday we had a game of quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him."

Statius offers innumerable stumbling-blocks to a pure and refined taste; but his manner is animated; his invention is full of vigour; and gleams of exquisite fancy occasionally break out; as in the description of the infant left on the grass by Hypsipyle. Statius

was the popular poet of the middle ages, and the reader of Dante will recollect that Virgil remains in torment while Statius is admitted into Paradise. Gray's translation is made from the Sixth book of the Thebais. West agreed with Gray that he had broken Statius's head, but only as Apollo broke Hyacinth's, by foiling him at his own weapon. He added :—

"And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold

is exactly Statius—'Summos auro mansueverat ungues.' I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammercloths were so old a fashion."]

Then thu the King :—Adrastus :—

Whoe'er the quoit can wield,
And furthest send its weight athwart the field,
Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast.
Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
Labouring, the disc, and to small distance threw.
The band around admire the mighty mass,
A slipp'ry weight, and form'd of polish'd brass.
The love of honour bade two youths advance,
Achaians born, to try the glorious chance;
A third arose, of Acarnania he,
Of Pisa one, and three from Ephyre;
Nor more, for now Nesimachus's son,[1]
By acclamations roused came tow'ring on.
Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
Then thus: "Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,
Who trust your arms shall rase the Tyrian towers
And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
Let youngsters toss."
He said, and scornful flung th' unheeded weight
Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
Prevent disgrace, the palm despair'd resign;
All but two youths th' enormous orb decline,
Those conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.
As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
With double light it beam'd against the day;
So glittering shows the Thracian's Godhead's shield,
With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,

[1] Hippomedon.

When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
And, clash'd, rebellows with the din of war.
Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
Summon'd his strength; and call'd forth all the man.
All eyes were bent on his experienced hand,
For oft in Pisa's sports, his native land
Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore
The pond'rous brass in exercise he bore;
Where flow'd the wider stream he took his stand,
Nor stopp'd till it had cut the further strand.
And now in dust the polish'd ball he roll'd,
Then grasp'd its weight, elusive of his hold;
Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
Suspends the crowd with expectation warm;
Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurl'd upright,
Emits the mass, a prelude of his might;
Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
Collecting all his force the circle sped;
It towers to cut the clouds; now through the skies
Sings in its rapid way, and strengthens as it flies;
Anon, with slacken'd rage comes quiv'ring down,
Heavy and huge, and cleaves the solid ground.
So from th' astonish'd stars, her nightly train,
The sun's pale sister, drawn by magic strain,
Deserts precipitant her darken'd sphere;
In vain the nations with officious fear
Their cymbals toss, and sounding brass explore;
Th' Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour,
And smiles malignant on the labouring power.
Third in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;

The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar:
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay.
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

THE FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY ON THE SUBJECT OF THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.

[GRAY placed Racine next to Shakspere; and the performance of "Britannicus," which he witnessed in Paris, led him to choose the death of Agrippina for a dramatic composition. The history is painted by Tacitus (13th and 14th books of the "Annals") with all the sombre impressiveness of his pen. Twining ("Aristotle," 385) was at a loss to understand the source of Gray's attachment to Racine, whose faults only he appeared to have copied, his own beauties being of a higher order. Agrippina would probably have been completed but for the objections of West. In a letter to Walpole, 1747, Gray says of his heroine:—"You do her too much honour; she seemed to me to talk like an Oldboy, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion. Poor West put a stop to that tragic current he saw breaking in upon him." Mason gives the plan as he selected it from two detached papers:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress-mother.
NERO, the Emperor.
POPPÆA, believed to be in love with OTHO.
OTHO, a young man of quality, in love with POPPÆA.
SENECA, the Emperor's Preceptor.
ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.
DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.
ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

SCENE—The Emperor's Villa at Baiæ.

"The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as it will tend to show that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

"The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband, Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly: but demands to see her son, who on his arrival acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her honours. In the mean while, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been intrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho, hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse, who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this interval Otho has an interview with Poppæa, and being duped a second time by Anicetus and her,

determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she then encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves, and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama."]

ACT I. Scene I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

Agrip. 'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd,
[*Speaks as to* Anicetus *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale and trembled:
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 't would dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of th' unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.

Acer. He's gone: and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

Agrip. And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,

To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dared
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.
ACER. Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heaven's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft, in weak and sickly minds,
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged

Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway:
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.
AGRIP. Thus ever grave, and undisturb'd reflection[1]
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say,
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease,[2]
And pleasure's flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions

[1] Mason divided the speech of Agrippina. Gray, writing to West at the beginning of April, 1742, says, "I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of Agrippina; much too long, but I would be glad you would retrench it. Aceronia, you may remember, had been giving quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of Nat Lee's Bedlam Tragedy, which had twenty-five acts and some odd scenes." West agreed in thinking the speech too long, but could not tell how to shorten it. The style also he considered antiquated. In reply, the poet vindicated the fitness of a poetic diction older than the age in which it is employed. For this reason the picture-words of Shakspere seemed to him to be untranslatable. However, he professed his willingness to be guided by his friends' judgment in the shaping of the web; being "only a sort of spider; and having little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there."

[2] "I guess the most faulty expressions may be these—*silken* son of *dalliance* —*drowsier* pretensions—wrinkled *beldams*—arched the hearer's brow, and *riveted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. The first ten or twelve lines (beginning *thus ever grave*, &c.) are the best, and as for the rest I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus; only what he has said in five words I imagine I have said in fifty lines. Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable." —GRAY.

Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.
ACER. Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp have long revered,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.
AGRIP. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appeared, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried Genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Roused by the shout of millions: there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine

Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACER. 'Tis time to go, the sun is high advanced,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

AGRIP. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

ACER. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may—

AGRIP. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful extasy: no matter
What; so't be strange and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[1] "You think the ten or twelve first lines the best, now I am for the fourteen last; add, that they contain not one word of ancientry."—WEST to GRAY.

SCENE II. OTHO. POPPÆA.

OTHO. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * * * *

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.

Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was Ignorance, and all was Night.
Oh! sacred ages! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * * *

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY I.

—— Πόταγ', ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτι πω εἰς Ἀίδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.
Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

[Dr. Warton said that this poem would have equalled Pope's "Essay on Man," if the author had finished it. But we have not only his confession of inability to complete the work, but of fear that, if perfected, it would have been found wanting in that relief which painters call chiaro-oscuro. The apprehension was just. The reader is dazzled by a series of lines which Pope never excelled in their unbroken brilliancy and point. Mason suggests another cause for the abandonment of the design:—Montesquieu, whose book appeared at the time, seemed, in the opinion of Gray, to have anticipated some of his most effective thoughts. His admiration of him was most lively, and in his style he saw the gravity of Tacitus, tempered by the gaiety of a Frenchman. Gibbon's panegyric on this philosophic fragment is well known. One exquisite couplet, which was to adorn the poem, has been fortunately preserved:—

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

The commentary that Mason has printed, furnishes some hints which Gray intended to draw out and adorn in verse. The following passage opens several poetic scenes of much richness and beauty:—

"Those persons would naturally have the first turn to commerce who inhabited a barren coast, like the Tyrians, and were persecuted by some neighbouring tyrant, or were drove to take refuge on some shoals, like the Venetian and Hollander; their discovery of some rich island, in the infancy of the world, described. The Tartar, hardened to war by his rigorous climate and pastoral life, and by his disputes for water and herbage in a country without land-marks, as also by skirmishes between his rival clans, was consequently fitted to conquer his rich southern neighbours, whom ease and luxury had enervated; yet this is no proof that liberty and valour may not exist in southern climes, since the Syrians and Carthaginians gave noble instances of both; and the Arabians carried their conquests as far as the Tartars. Rome also (for many centuries) repulsed those very nations which, when she grew weak, at length demolished her extensive empire." Mason supplies on the same subject a few detached sentiments, which he regards with the interest of a connoisseur collecting the slightest sketches prepared for a great picture:—

"Man is a creature not capable of cultivating his mind but in society, and in that only where he is not a slave to the necessities of life.

"Want is the mother of the inferior arts, but Ease that of the finer; as eloquence, policy, morality, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, which are the improvements of the former.

"The climate inclines some nations to contemplation and pleasure; others to hardship, action, and war; but not so as to incapacitate the former for courage and discipline, or the latter for civility politeness, and works of genius.

"It is the proper work of education and government united, to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air.

"The principal drift of education should be to make men *think* in the northern climates, and *act* in the southern.

"The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble; it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it gloss and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

"To a native of free and happy governments his country is always dear;

He loves his old hereditary trees: (Cowley)

while the subject of a tyrant has no country; he is therefore selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, no desire of fame; or, if he has, of one that turns not on its proper object.

"Any nation that wants public spirit, neglects education, ridicules the desire of fame, and even of virtue and reason, must be ill governed.

"Commerce changes entirely the fate and genius of nations, by communicating arts and opinions, circulating money, and introducing the materials of luxury; she first opens and polishes the mind, then corrupts and enervates both that and the body.

"Those invasions of effeminate Southern nations by the warlike Northern people, seem (in spite of all the terror, mischief, and ignorance which they brought with them) to be necessary evils; in order to revive the spirit of mankind, softened and broken by the arts of commerce, to restore them to their native liberty and equality, and to give them again the power of supporting danger and hardship; so a comet, with all the horrors that attend it as it passes through our system, brings a supply of warmth and light to the sun, and of moisture to the air.

"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society; it had its rise when Greece was declining, and perhaps hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome; it is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effect in both.

"One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

"Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short-lived as our frame; and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."]

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;

And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the ruling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe:
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep;
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;

And where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away:
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue:
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame,
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway,
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,

To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * *

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

[Richard Bentley, the only son of the "slashing" Doctor; Gray admired his elegance of invention and happiness of execution, and praises them with some forgetfulness of critical reserve. His panegyric might be applied to Vandyck, or Raffaelle. The manuscript being torn, Mason completed the last stanza.]

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line,
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven:

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy "impart;"
And as their pleasing influence "flows confest,"
A sigh of soft reflection "heave the heart."

* * * *

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761, AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.[1]

[1] TOWNSHEND was called the "weather-cock" of politics; but he will live, while books remain, in the panegyric of Burke, who described him as "another luminary" rising in the opposite quarter of the sky, before the splendid orb of Chatham was entirely set. SAMUEL SQUIRE obtained the Bishopric of St. David's, in 1761.

AMATORY LINES.

[The following lines by Gray first appeared in Warton's edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 285.]

With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning;
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!—
Ah! say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell me!

SONG.[1]

Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

[1] Written at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani:—the thought from the French. This and the preceding Poem were presented by Miss Speed, then Countess de Viry, to the Rev. Mr. Leman, of Suffolk, while on a visit at her castle in Savoy, where she died in 1783. Admiral Sir T. Duckworth, whose father was vicar of Stoke from 1756 to 1794, remembers Gray and Miss Speed at that place. Gray left Stoke about the year 1758, on the death of his aunt Mrs. Rogers: when his acquaintance with Miss Speed probably closed.—Mitford.

TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

[There was a Cambridge man—Henry Etough, rector of Therfield, Herts—who seems to have been the ugliest person of that age. The verses were intended to illustrate an etching of his head. The epigram turns on a circumstance in the life of Etough, who, born a Jew, became a Christian, as severe people affirmed, for the sake of a good Living.]

Thus Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

[One of the least known of Gray's friends was Mr. William Robinson, a Berkshire clergyman, who had a house—Denton Court—near Canterbury, where the poet twice visited him. On one of these occasions, the following lines, written and left by the poet, were found in a drawer of his dressing-table. Sir Egerton Brydges informed Mr. Mitford, that when Gray and his friend went over to Ramsgate, the stone-pier had just been built. Some one said, "For what did they make this pier?" Gray immediately answered, "For me to walk upon;" and proceeded with long strides to take possession of it. The cause of Gray's antipathy to Lord Holland is not stated; Scott calls him a "thorough-bred statesman of that evil period." Only a few years before Gray's visit to Denton, the enlarged edition of "Chrysal" had appeared, in which Lord Holland has a very dark portrait.]

Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.[1]

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B——te been true,
Nor M——'s, R——'s, B——'s,[2] friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:

"Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

THE CANDIDATE.

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

[Not long before Lord Sandwich canvassed the electors for the High-Stewardship of Cambridge, Gray wrote these bitter lines.]

When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.

[1] "As he seldom *vented* his powers in strains of a higher mood, with all the enthusiasm, and (it must be added) with some of the *invention* of a poet, and with the magic wildness of a painter, it is desirable to preserve the animated *descriptive* stanzas, all personal and political reflections being set aside and forgotten."—Mathias.

[2] Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's.

"Lord! sister," says Physic to Law, "I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies:—You know I'm no prude,—
But his nose is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear."
"I don't know," says Law, "but methinks for his look
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, Phyzzy,—his morals—his life—
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and ——
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring!
His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks;—
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six."
Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
"What a pother is here about wenching and roaring!
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon ——,
Did not Israel fileh from th' Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd;
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—

[*To* Jemmy]

'Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.'"

* * * *

EXTRACTS.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. III. ELEG. V. v. 19.

"Me juvat in primâ coluisse Helicona juventâ," &c.

IMITATED.

Long as of youth the joyous hours remain,
Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses' dance.
Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;
And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
Age step 'twixt Love and me, and intercept the joy;
When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
And all its jetty honours turn to snow;
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways;
To Providence, to Him my thoughts I'd raise,
Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first, eternal, universal Cause;
Search to what regions yonder star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night:
How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain:
How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,

When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads;
Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night;
Whence the Seven-Sisters' congregated fires,
And what Boötes' lazy waggon tires;
How the rude surge its sandy bounds control;
Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll;
If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream;
Or are our fears the enthusiast's empty dream,
And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
But pictured horror and poetic woes.
These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my age.

1738. Æt. 22.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. II. ELEG. I. v. 17.

"Quod mihi si tantum, Mecænas, fata dedissent," &c.

Yet would the tyrant Love permit me raise
My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,
To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laurell'd triumph and the sculptured car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain-structures in my verse should rise,
Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.
Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou Mecænas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined wave of Sicily,

And sceptered Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud Ios rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way and vainly threat.
Thee too the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful name.
But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustomed vigour trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race.
Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of his flocks, the soldier of the fight;
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of Love.
Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die:
But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill, but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phœbus' son recall'd Androgeon to the light.
Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture and the midnight spell;
The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,

May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'Tis hard th' elusive symptoms to explore:
To-day the lover walks, to morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.
When then the Fates that breath they gave shall claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,
A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slacken'd speed restrain;
(Thou envied honour of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er that place you drop the tear,
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she frown'd, he died.

April, 1742. Æt. 26.

TASSO GERUS. LIB. CANT. XIV. ST. 32.

"Preser commiato, e sì 'l desio gli sprona," &c.

Dismiss'd at length, they break through all delay
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,
Whose walls along the neighbouring sea extend,
Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore;
Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to roar,
When 'thwart the road a river roll'd its flood
Tempestuous, and all further course withstood;
The torrent stream his ancient bounds disdains,
Swoll'n with new force, and late-descending rains.
Irresolute they stand; when lo, appears
The wondrous Sage: vigorous he seem'd in years,
Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows
A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fall'n snows;

Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a rod.
As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.
So moved the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care:
"Vast, oh my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your hero in a distant soil!
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than winged speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable sands!
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world:
Great things and full of wonder in your ears
I shall unfold; but first dismiss your fears;
Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
That to the grotto leads, my dark abode."
Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes,
When mountain-high the waves disparted rise;
The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed;
The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent;
Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
The birth of rivers rising to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills;
The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.
Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
And embryon metals undigested glow,

Sulphureous veins and living silver shine,
Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
In one rich mass unite the precious store,
The parts combine and harden into ore:
Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream,
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attemper'd in a various day;
Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
Proud of its thousand dyes and luxury of light.[1]

1738. Æt. 22.

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[When Mason became acquainted with Gray, he seemed to value his Latin poetry more than his English; and Mason believed his ardour to have been checked by the slight popularity which the Anti-Lucretius of M. de Polignac obtained. Johnson very highly esteemed the Latin compositions of Gray, in which he saw uncommon copiousness of language, marred, indeed, by occasional harshness, to which practice would have given a musical utterance. Mackintosh called him the only modern English poet whose Latin verses demand general attention. A more competent judge—the late Mr. Canon Tate—deemed the taste of Gray in the Virgilian hexameter to be most skilful and exquisite; but with the lyrical system of Horace he thought his acquaintance imperfect. His earlier verses show the greater ease.]

Ignaræ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ

[1] Mr. Mitford mentions having heard Dr. Clarke, the traveller, conclude one of his lectures on Mineralogy with these beautiful lines, lingering on the last verse with peculiar emphasis.

Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:
Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidias tacitum et sub pectore vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus hue faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modus, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sed enim juvenis comitatur euntem,
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris;
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis

Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens eum matre Cupido
Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Ilicet haud pietæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata Venus jussit eum vivere signum,
Fœmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luetari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburneæ.

THO. GRAY. Pet. Coll.

LUNA HABITABILIS.

DUM Nox rorantes, non incomitata, per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelidâ spatiere sub umbrâ.
Scilicèt hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putandum est,
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virûmque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva,
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?
Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hìc, supera ut simul illa petamus:

Discε, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
Visa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.
Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas),
Compositum tubulo; simul imum invade canalem
Sic intentâ acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingredière solo, et caput inter nubila condes.
Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris
Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustri; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes;
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes;
Montes queis Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
Vertice: tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorum umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber;
His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.
Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos
Victores: sunt hic etiam sua prœmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum;
Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;

Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras;
Jam tandem in Borean, en! parvulus Anglia nævus
(Quanquam aliis longè fulgentior) extulit oras;
Formosum extemplò lumen, maculamque nitentem
Invisunt crebri Proceres, serumque tuendo
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
Se dominum vocat, et nostrâ se jactat in aulâ.
Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queîs parcior usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Nî, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.
Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta silebo
Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.
Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus;
Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
Fœdera mox icta, et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ;
Aëris attollet fasces, veteresque triumphos
Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.

SAPPHIC ODE: TO MR. WEST.[1]

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen;

[1] Mason considered this as the first original production of Gray's muse the two former poems being imposed as exercises, by the college.

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere noeti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quâ leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris; amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LATIN LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

QUA Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

CARMEN AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.[1]

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audîsse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naïsin ingeminâsse rupes;
Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

[1] To West, May, 1740, and written after the poet's visit to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM ON THE GAURUS.

[Sent to West from Florence, September 25, 1740: "What I send you now, as long as it is, is but a piece of a poem. It has the advantage of all fragments, to need neither introduction nor conclusion; besides, if you do not like it, it is but imagining that which went before, and came after, to be infinitely better. Look in Sandys' Travels for the history of Monte Barbaro and Monte Nuovo."]

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque, heu! jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt: tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequiequam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos,
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum

(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mœsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.[1]

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

[1] "Eleven months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me!) know not either people or language. Yet the place and the charming prospects demand a poetical farewel!; and here it is." April 21, 1741.

IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET

OF SIGNOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto;
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli è l' istesso Amor.

Lusit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST, 1741.

[So lately as 1789, a French visitor found the Album in the Chartreuse, and copied this Ode from it. Not long afterwards, a mob of ruffians from Grenoble broke into the monastery and destroyed the books. An amusing story is told by an English lady ("Notes and Queries," ii. 31) who was arrested during the reign of terror. The Jacobins, in their search among her books, happened to see the line in Gray's Ode,—

Oh! tu severi religio loci.

and said,—"*Apparemment ce livre est quelque chose de fanatique.*"]

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine! (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;

Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas Senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

Egregium accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphi
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
Objecta et sævæ plausibus orbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si, tardius utar
Munere: non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,

[1] See Gray's interesting account of this poem, in a letter to West, May 27, 1742. This is the only original specimen of Gray's skill in Ovidian verse.

Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * * *

DIDACTIC POEM, UNFINISHED:

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

[When Gray was in Florence, in the April of 1741, West sent to him some fragments of a tragedy which he had begun to write on "Pausanias." Gray deferred his opinion of the piece until he had seen the whole, and by way of letting West have his "revenge," he enclosed fifty-three lines of "De Principiis Cogitandi," which he called a metaphysic poem. "Poems and metaphysics (say you with your spectacles on) are inconsistent things; a metaphysical poem is a contradiction in terms. It is true; but I will go on. It is Latin, too, to increase the absurdity. It will, I suppose, put you in mind of the man who wrote a treatise of Canon law in Hexameters. Pray help me to the description of a mixed mode, and a little episode about space." Some interesting remarks will be found in "Mason" (ed. Mathias, ii. 273).]

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

Unde Animus scire incipiat; quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,[1]
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quâ primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,[2]
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.

[1] Invocation to Mr. Locke. [2] Use and extent of the subject.

Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.
Principio,[1] ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas, tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras[2]
Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes arcemque cerebri.
Namque illìc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur[3]
Agmine notitiæ simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamesis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dono recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
æruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet:
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.

[1] Union of the soul and body. [2] Office of the nervous system.
[3] Sensation, the origin of our ideas.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ[1]
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius illæ
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellîsque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis, simul ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis[2]
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique malique
Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli[3]
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos[4]
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,

[1] Touch, our first and most extensive sense. [2] Sight, our second sense.
[3] Digression on light. [4] Sight, imperfect at first.

Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa reperces
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,[1]
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Junctura quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,[2]
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa[3]
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,[4]
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant,
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci[5]
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissìm
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)

[1] Ideas of beauty, proportion, and order.
[2] Hearing, improvable by the judgment.
[3] Taste.
[4] Smell.
[5] Reflection, the other source of our ideas.

Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum[1]
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,[2]
Sæva, et in eternas mersit, natura, tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique[3]
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit[4]
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit illud,[5]
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras[6]
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimìs spatii quam multa par æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora sechis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propiùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus[7]
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,

[1] Ideas approach the soul, some by single avenues, some by two, others by every sense.
[2] Light, an example of the first. [3] Figure, motion, extension, of the second.
[4] Pleasure, pain, of the third.
[5] Also power, existence, unity, succession, duration.
[6] Primary qualities of bodies.
[7] Magnitude, solidity, mobility, texture, figure.

Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus; (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliusque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum, non ullo interprete, per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * *

Liber Quartus.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mœstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olim miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

GREEK EPIGRAM.[1]

Ἀζόμενος πολύθηρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λεῖπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὑλάγμοι,
Ἀνταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῳ.

[1] "I send you an inscription for a wood adjoining to a park of mine (it is on the confines of Mount Cithæron, on the left hand, as you go to Thebes): you know I am no friend to hunters, and hate to be disturbed by their noise."—GRAY to WEST, May 27, 1742.

EXTRACTS.

PETRARCA PART I. SONETTO 170.

"Lasso! ch' i' ardo, ed altri non mel crede;" &c.

IMITATED.[1]

Uror, io; veros at nemo credidit ignes:
Quin credunt omnes; dura sed illa negat,
Illa negat, soli volumus cui posse probare;
Quin videt, et visos improba dissimulat.
Ah, durissima mî, sed et, ah, pulcherrima rerum!
Nonne animam in miserâ, Cynthia, fronte vides?
Omnibus illa pia est: et, si non fata vetâssent,
Tam longas mentem flecteret ad lacrymas.
Sed tamen has lacrymas, hunc tu, quem spreveris, ignem,
Carminaque auctori non bene culta suo,
Turba futurorum non ignorabit amantûm:
Nos duo, cumque erimus parvus uterque cinis,
Jamque faces, heu! oculorum, et frigida lingua,
Hæ sine luce jacent, immemor illa loqui;
Infelix musa æternos spirabit amores,
Ardebitque urnâ multa favilla meâ.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

EDIT. HEN. STEPH. 1566.

[Mr. Gray paid very particular attention to the "Anthologia Græca," and he enriched an interleaved edition of it (by Henry Stephens, 1566) with copious notes, with parallel passages from various authors, and with some conjectural emendations of the text. He translated, or imitated, a few of the epigrams, and as the editor thinks that the reader may not be displeased with the terse, elegant, and animated manner in which Mr. Gray transfused their spirit into the Latin language, he is presented with a specimen.—Mathias.]

[1] Great judgment is evinced in the imitation of this sonnet in elegiac Propertian verse, and the substitution of the name of Cynthia, for the Laura of Petrarch, gives it an air of originality in the Latin language, and marks that propriety which distinguishes *every* composition of Mr. Gray.—Mason.

IN BACCHÆ FURENTIS STATUAM.

CREDITE, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

IN ALEXANDRUM, ÆRE EFFICTUM.

QUANTUM audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære
Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:
Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:
Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

IN MEDEÆ IMAGINEM, NOBILE TIMOMACHI OPUS.

EN ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!
Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris
Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

IN NIOBES STATUAM.

FECERAT e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter; at me
Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

A NYMPH OFFERING A STATUE OF HERSELF TO VENUS.

TE tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa
Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

IN AMOREM DORMIENTEM.[1]

DOCTE puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,
Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?
Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quiescit,
Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;
Longè mater abest; longè Cythereïa turba:
Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,
Non ego; nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam
Forsan et in somnis ne meditere mali.

FROM A FRAGMENT[2] OF PLATO.

ITUR in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylva comam,
Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,
Dum roseo roscos imprimit ore toros;

[1] "Anthol," p. 332. Catullianam illam spirat mollitiem.—GRAY.
[2] "Elegantissimum hercle fragmentum, quod sic Latinè nostro modo adumbravimus."—GRAY.

Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,
Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella
Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apis.

IN FONTEM AQUÆ CALIDÆ.

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.
Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,
Tempus adest, ultra quid dubitamus? ait.
Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque
Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:
Demens! nam nequiit sævam restinguere flammam
Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?
Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,
O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,
Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas;
Est viola, est anemòne, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,
Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo:
Sume; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ;
Qui pinxit, brevis est, sertaque teque, color.

AD AMOREM.

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,
Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;
Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori:
Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!
Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,
Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:
Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,
Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.
Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,
Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;
Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!
Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS PARNELL.

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PARNELL.

Our knowledge of Thomas Parnell is slight and imperfect. He was born in Dublin, in 1679, and found in Dr. Jones, a schoolmaster of that city, his earliest instructor. Of his memory very wonderful stories are told, but his greatest achievement has been exceeded by Walter Scott. When he had scarcely crossed the threshold of boyhood—in his fourteenth year—Parnell was sent to the Irish University, and took his Master's degree, July 9, 1700, being twenty-one years old. By reason of his age, he required a dispensation to enable him to receive Holy Orders. Having been ordained by the Bishop of Derry, he waited three years before he was made a Priest. But preferment did not linger. Sir George Ashe, the bishop of the diocese, raised him to the Archdeaconry of Clogher, and his marriage with Ann Minchin, whose beauty and virtues long survived her in tradition, seemed to crown his good fortune. But Clogher had few charms for its lively and accomplished Archdeacon. We soon hear of him in London, where, dropping his Whig-mantle, when the Whig-fashion in politics went out, he was welcomed by the Tory party with a cordial delight. If, is the remark of Southey, his conversion was sincere, he chose an unlucky time to avow it. But the ill luck must be confined to his character; it did not affect his own enjoyment. By a rare felicity of temper and manners, in changing his side, he kept his friends; and even the Treaty of Utrecht was not a gulf wide enough to separate Addison and Arbuthnot. Parnell's life was gay and brilliant. Statesmen and poets

flattered and feasted him. The Prime Minister sought him out among the crowd in the antechamber. The eloquent Bolingbroke corrected his rhymes. The hearty Gay embraced him like a brother. Pope loved him. And the dark and stormy Dean, beguiled by his grace, exulted in making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, not Parnell with the Ministry.

Amid the charms of this accomplished society, his graver duties were not entirely forgotten; his sermons in the London churches were frequent and popular. His ambition grew with his fame. But the fine weather broke up, just when it appeared to be settled. The Tories were displaced, and his wife died. One of the few touches of tenderness, to be found in Swift's journal, refers to Parnell, of whom he writes to Stella, Aug. 12, 1712:—"I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent, good-natured young woman, and, I believe, the poor lad is much afflicted." Again, to the same correspondent:—"It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death." And once more, in allusion to a dinner with Lord Bolingbroke:—"Lady Bolingbroke came down to us, and Parnell stared at her, as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too."

From this time, Parnell's manner of life seems to have been altered. The light of his home was quenched. A more unfavourable view is taken by Ruffhead, from the information of Warburton, who had received it from Pope. But it is impossible to reconcile this darker aspect of character with the expressions employed by Swift, when he requested Archbishop King to bestow a prebend on Parnell. He praises him as being "in great esteem with the most valuable persons" in London, and possessing a strong claim to the favour of the Prelate. Moreover, we know that Swift's desire was fulfilled: Parnell obtained a stall in 1713, and in May, 1716, the vicarage of Finglass. But,

like his zealous friend, his eyes looked across the Irish Sea. The Dean himself did not hate the country with a sincerer aversion. Nor was emolument an object of importance to Parnell. His private means were considerable; for the estate of his family, one of the most ancient in Cheshire, together with the property which his father purchased in Ireland after the Restoration, was inherited by the Poet. These, however, and all earthly advantages, were soon to forsake him. He was returning to Ireland, when, falling sick at Chester, he died, and was buried in Trinity Church, in that city. His burial is entered in the Parish Register, October 18, 1718. If the Epitaph, which Johnson wrote for his monument,[1] may be literally interpreted, the admirer of Parnell will stand by his grave with some comfort and hope.

All that we read of his history shows him to have been endowed with the captivating qualities of a companion. Those weaknesses of temperament, which were thorns to his own bosom, increased his charm for other people. His good nature, his gentle feeling, his cultivated taste, and his desire of pleasing—all made him one of the most popular and delightful persons of the age. Perhaps Berkeley alone

[1] "Hic requiescit THOMAS PARNELL, S. T. P.
Qui Sacerdos pariter et Poeta,
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque Sacerdoti Suavitas poetæ,
Nec Poetæ Sacerdotis Sanctitas deesset."

It is curious to read the following conversation, immediately after the epitaph. "Talking of biography, I said, in writing a life, a man's peculiarities should be mentioned, because they make his character. (*Johnson.*) 'Sir, there is no doubt as to peculiarities; the question is, whether a man's vices should be mentioned; for instance, whether it should be mentioned that ADDISON and PARNELL drank too freely; for people will probably more easily indulge in drinking from knowing this; so that more ill may be done by the example than good by telling the whole truth.' Here was an instance of his varying from himself in talk; for when Lord Hailes and he sat one morning calmly conversing in my house at Edinburgh, I well remember that Dr. Johnson maintained that, if a man is to write a *Panegyric*, he may keep vices out of sight; but if he professes to write a *Life*, he must represent it really as it was; and when I objected to the danger of telling that PARNELL drank to excess; he said, that it would produce an instructive caution to avoid drinking, when it was seen that even the learning and genius of PARNELL could be debased by it."—*Boswell*, by Croker, vi. 295.

excelled him in the fascination of his manners; though to Berkeley's sanctity of mind he could make no pretensions. This is not the mere panegyric of a biographer. "You have," Pope wrote to Parnell, "made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate Papists of a clergyman of the Church of England. Even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and, for aught I know, would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master." Pope declared that he carried in his memory a brighter portrait of the poet than Jervas had painted. The Scriblerus Club sighed for his presence; Bolingbroke wished for leisure to enjoy his wit; and Oxford, from among the shades of Brampton, looked back to the evenings that he had usefully and agreeably spent with Parnell and his companions.

Pope, in one of his playful and affectionate letters to Parnell, draws a contrast between himself and his friend: —"You are a generous author, I a hackney scribbler; you are a Grecian and bred at an university, I a poor Englishman, of my own educating; you are a reverend parson, I a wag." Gay, to whom Parnell presented the copy-money of his poems, could confirm the first particular, and Pope had his own testimony to the second; but the third is contradicted by the poet's life. It is probable that in society Pope had most of the "reverend," and Parnell of the "wag." One amusing instance is mentioned by Goldsmith. Every reader has heard of the sayings and doings of the Scriblerus Club, and of their wonderful researches among the monkeys of Ethiopia. But the usual journeys of the club were in a narrower circle; and upon one occasion they resolved to walk from London to the seat of Lord Bathurst, near Twickenham. In the midst of the excursion, Swift, whose powers of foot were large, pushed on before his comrades, with the intention of securing the best bed for himself; a custom of the Dean,

and altogether in harmony with his character. In the present case the design miscarried. Parnell, by borrowing a horse and taking a different road, outstripped even the stride of Swift. Arriving at the house he consulted Lord Bathurst, as to the likeliest method of defeating the covetous traveller. Now, as it happened, the Dean never had the small-pox, and was especially afraid of it. This fact unlocked the difficulty. Swift was no sooner seen advancing rapidly, than a servant hastened out to meet him, and communicate the disastrous news, that the disease which he most dreaded, was making fierce ravages in the family; but he added a message, that the visitor would be provided with a bed in the garden, where there was a summer-house, and with a cold supper; that repast was accordingly sent to him. Meanwhile the companions of "Dr. Martin" were feasting joyously in-doors, but presently relenting, they released their brother from his involuntary quarantine, on a promise never to offend in the matter of beds again. Surely this was the work of Parnell the "wag."

His scholarship, rather elegant than deep, is chiefly shown in his connexion with Pope, whose version of the Iliad was improved by his aid. "The moment I lost you," Pope told him, "Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, rose to my view:" while the long array of Daciers and Scaligers rushed on the translator, and overwhelmed him with headache. Pope might grow weary of correcting what Parnell supplied; but without it the life of Homer would hardly have been composed. He deserves the thanks of the architect, who brings to him the marble from the quarry.

Parnell's prose is neither musical nor accurate; but the papers, which he contributed to the *Spectator*, are entitled to warmer praise than they have received. The elegant

pen of Addison had made allegory popular; in his hands it became a picture sermon; and there is something peculiarly pleasing in the skill with which he wrote, as if by stealth,[1] on the hearts of his readers the sublimest truths and the most affecting lessons. By a wise arrangement his serious articles were usually inserted in the *Spectators* of Saturdays; as, for example, the exquisite "Vision of Mirza," which appeared on Saturday, September 1, 1711. It was, doubtless, from the same motive that the number for the week, ending October 4, 1712, was filled by a reflective essay of Parnell. The short introduction to it, written, we may conclude, by Addison, is worthy of notice: "As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the "Vision" in the 460th paper." Parnell might have been proud of Addison's praise. Nor is it unmerited. His papers read like prose outlines of poems. The "Paradise of Fools" has several gleams of a playful fancy; to these belong the description of the palace of Vanity appearing out of "a blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning, when the mists go off;" its foundation of moving clouds, and the road to it painted like a rainbow; the Grotto of Grief; and Comfort receiving the wanderer, on his return, while the sky is immediately tinged with a sweet and cheering purple. These descriptions only wanted the music of Parnell's verse to recommend them to the heart and the fancy of his readers.

[1] Aikin's "Life of Addison," ii. 65.

But it is as a poet alone that he engages our attention. Of the sermons that melted the heart of Southwark and the city, no fragment has been recovered. His sunshiny talk disappeared with his friends. His criticism is seldom consulted; and only in his elegant descriptions, his sweet moral, and his pleasant rhymes, does he delight the imagination and charm the ear. That spell will not soon be broken. No English poet occupies a safer post. He is an earlier Goldsmith, with a scholarly taste. His poems are pre-eminently the offspring of refinement. The more he did, the better he did it. His fancy was a tree that burst into richer bloom the oftener it shed its leaf. The last year's fruit is mellower than that of the former; between the verses on the Peace and the Fairy Tale, a century of cultivation and fine weather seems to be interposed. His versification is evidently modelled on Pope's, but it retains a simpleness and a natural harmony of its own. The village girl singing at her door, is not more different from Belinda in the pride of her mirror. Goldsmith exhibits Parnell's true character in the epithets of his inscription; his path to pleasure is "flowery," his lesson is "gentle," and the voice that utters it is "tuneful." Johnson introduces a pleasant illustration of the poet's genius in the diary of his Welsh Tour, where he contrasts the beauties of two very different scenes:— "Ilam has grandeur tempered with softness; the Wanderer congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think that he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the valleys, he is composed and soothed. He that mounts the precipices at Hawkstone wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure and his departure an escape. Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains; Hawkstone can have no fitter in-

habitants than giants of mighty bone and high emprise; men of lawless courage and heroic violence. Hawkstone should be described by MILTON, and Ilam by PARNELL."[1]

The following pages comprise the poetical works of Parnell, as they were selected by himself, and revised by Pope; "Piety" and "Bacchus" being added. Some years after Parnell's death, a supplementary volume appeared, but with no advantage to his fame. Never could there be a fitter occasion for applying the remark of Cowley, respecting poets whose works, printed after their decease, "we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces or false money, put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or of such, which, though their own coin, they would have called in themselves for the baseness of the alloy." But the publication has been censured beyond its deserts. "The books you inquire about," Gray wrote to Mason, August 11th, 1758, "are not worth your knowledge. Parnell is the dunghill of Irish Grub-street." This, like every other smart saying, is only partly just. The collection has several passages in Parnell's easy and pleasant style, and a few lines over which even the eye of Gray himself might have lingered. Some short examples may confirm this praise:—

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,
Bright gift of Verse descend, and here below
My ravish'd heart with raised affection fill,
And waving o'er the soul, incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expression wait,
Let ranging numbers form thy train complete;
While at thy motions over all the sky,
Sweet sounds, and echoes sweet, resounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flowery Spring erect its head.

A COMPARISON.

As one whom o'er the sweetly-varied meads
Entire recess and lonely pleasure leads,

[1] Diary, July 25, 1774.

To verdured banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To shady trees, to closely waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
That softly gliding soothes a waking dream:
Through sacred anthems, so may fancy range,
So still from beauty, still to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with sweet numbers, what it feels repay.

THE SONGS OF DAVID DESCRIBED.

As through the Psalms, from theme to theme I changed,
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I ranged;
And ev'ry grace of song I seem'd to see,
As the gay pride of ev'ry season she;
She, gently treading all the walks around,
Admired the springing beauties of the ground:
The lily, glistering with the morning dew,
The rose in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips coloured in a thousand shows;
Then here and there, perhaps, she pick'd a flower,
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bower;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

A MORNING SCENE.

When the first rays their cheering crimson shed,
We'll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread;
See vines luxuriant-verdured leaves display,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
And smell pomegranate blossoms as they blow.

HEZEKIAH.

Twas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he toss'd,
When the mid court the grave Isaiah cross'd,
Whom, in the cedar columns of the square,
Meets a young angel, hung in glittering air.
Seized with a trance, he stopped; before his eye
Clears a raised arch of visionary sky,
Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night.
A moon succeeding leads the starry train,
She glides and sinks her silver horns again;

A second fancied morning drives the shades,
Closed by the dark, the second evening fades.
The third bright dawn awakes, and straight he sees
The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.

THE MARCH OF THE ALMIGHTY.

God came from Teman, southward sprung the flame,
From Paron-mount the One that's Holy came;
A glittering glory made the desert blaze,
High heaven was covered, earth was fill'd with praise;
Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,
'Twas here the pure substantial fount of light,
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams;
Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair
As bounded nature has been framed to bear;
But all his further marks of glory hid,
Not what he would was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before Him ran at his command,
To waste the nations in the promised land,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.

A RAPTURE.

Come, Peace Divine! shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love!
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tie,
And point the passage where I want to fly,
But whither, whither now? what powerful fire
With this bless'd influence equals my desire?
I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes);
Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the sun, and now the stars are gone,
Yet still methinks the Spirit bears me on,
Where trails of ether purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day.

A PANEGYRIC ON SWIFT.

She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose:
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of music warbles on her tongue;
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And from the spheres she takes a pitch to sing.

Thrice happy genius his, whose works have hit
The lucky point of business and of wit.
They seem like showers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air;
The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.

A SIMILE, ILLUSTRATED.

By these the beauteous similes reside,
In look more open, in design allied,
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
With near approaches in expression flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
And dress and practise with resembling air.
Thus Truth by Pleasure doth her aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes in the double view.

These rhymes are not base, but have the colour and the ring of the true metal, and sustain the praise of Swift that the writer out-did all his rivals by a bar's-length. Nevertheless, Parnell is fortunate in being only known and remembered for his choicer works. The embossing hand of Pope is seen on the gold. Natural, without being obvious, he is always pleasing. Each verse, like a delicate flower, draws us on to another. The reader seems to saunter along a green and decorated path, of which the scenery is engaging, though never magnificent. "At the end of his course," in the elegant words of Goldsmith, "he regrets that his way has been so short, he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and resolves to go the journey over again." This is the real charm of Parnell, and the remark of Hume will be confirmed by experience, that the compositions most familiar and dear to Taste are always those, which win and soothe by simpleness and grace, instead of dazzling or striking us by novelty and force:— "When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in

Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. 'Tis sufficient to run over Cowley once, but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first." Parnell is thought to have been a careful student of Dryden, a few of whose expressions he has borrowed; but a garden with trim walks, urns, and statues, is not more unlike the broad heath, bounded by the mountain-line.

Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER.

[Pope has written no verses nobler than these; they are warm from the brain. A full heart breathes its admiration in the tenderest tones. Dr. Warton was informed, on good authority, that Bolingbroke bitterly resented this panegyric on his old antagonist. A pleasing light is thrown over the poem by Pope's correspondence; he had requested the permission of Lord Oxford to prefix it to the edition of Parnell, and the answer shows the gratification that such a tribute could not fail to impart: "My mind reproached me," he wrote, "how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it; to what straits does this reduce me? I look back, indeed, to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Dr. Parnell, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew that you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of." History confirms the applause of the poet. Speaking of Lord Oxford, Dr. Warton observes, "Strength of mind appears to have been his predominant characteristic; of which he gave the most striking proofs when he was *stabbed*, *displaced*, *imprisoned*. And of which fortitude and firmness another striking proof still remains, in a letter which the Earl wrote from the Tower to a friend who had advised him to meditate an escape, and which is worthy of the greatest hero of antiquity."—*Essay on Pope*, ii. 384.]

Such were the notes, thy once-loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
O just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!

Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend.
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Who careless, now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure if ought below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to the silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
When all the oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day.
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. Pope.

Sept. 25, 1721.

THE

POEMS OF PARNELL.

HESIOD; OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

["THE Story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener." So Pope wrote to Parnell, having just before remarked, "In the poems you sent I will take the liberty you allow me." Mr. Mitford believes that Pope's correction is to be traced in the high finish and the musical language of this poem, which, in its rich fancy, its elegant humour, and its metrical structure, reminded him of the Rape of the Lock. The diamond-water, poured over the eyes of the new-created woman, might well have made Belinda envious. It is like a sunny touch of Titian. But the lines that chiefly show the finger of Pope are the moral and the sarcastic; as,

—Wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

And still more strikingly,

—in a marriage life,
The little, pilfering temper of a wife.

A sentiment altogether contrary to the disposition and (I suppose) the experience of Parnell. There is a writer of a much earlier age—Robert Southwell—probably known to Parnell, as he certainly was to his refiner, and whose Love's Servile Lot contains the rudiments of the Rise of Woman, and occasionally excels it in colour and expression. These are delicious stanzas:—

A honey shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words inthralled souls
She chains in servile bands;
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

The reader will find the parable of Pandora opened with rare beauty by Bacon in his "Wisdom of the Ancients." xxvi.]

What ancient times, (those times we fancy wise,)
Have left on long record of *Woman's* rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author died,
All these I sing. In Greece they framed the tale
In Greece, 'twas thought a woman might be frail,
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men,)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth
(Our author's song can witness,) lived on earth.
He carved the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

O versed in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands,
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear;

To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful Queen of Charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breathed her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink,
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,
For decent yielding looks declining down,
The practised languish, where well-feign'd desire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-sceptred Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and *some* desire to chide:
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod:
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,
The price of favours, the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;

And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little, pilfering temper of a *wife*.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tuned all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And placed their boxes o'er a rich brocade
Where pictured Loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had framed to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
To call the locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours
Confined her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac't
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet; to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave the sister Fates explore,

Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave.
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature *Woman*, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produced to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show,
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds that fly to breath the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
(The present treach'rous, but the bearer more)
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold shou'd aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceived afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star;
But so surprised, as none but he can tell,
Who loved so quickly, and who loved so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely framed to teize,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cried,
"This box thy portion, and myself thy bride:"
Fired with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone:
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was traced upon the flattering deep;
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was framed alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods,
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd.
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confined
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:

The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And alt'ring nature wore a sickly face;
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues to suffer, and to please, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenced, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad, the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
The curse of jealousy; expense, and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand, yet unnamed, we find;
Ah fear the thousand, yet unnamed, behind!
Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung:
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung;
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show;
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow;
The sky grew bright; and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment proved the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanced one evening ('twas the lover's day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod wandering, mused along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:

A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind.)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood.
"Now take," at once they cry, "thy due reward,"
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
His corpse the sea received. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks, I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
"Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware
How far your moral tales incense the fair:
Unloved, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
Without his quiver Cupid caused the deed:
He judged this turn of malice justly due,
And Hesiod died for joys he never knew."

SONG.

[The conjecture that Pope wrote this song has grown out of an allusion to it by Lord Peterborough, in a letter to Lady Suffolk, where he attributes it to Pope, whom he calls "the little gentleman." His correspondent replies, "Your song does the very thing which already I have been endeavouring to expose, which is the ridiculous cant of love. A person that is in real distress expresses his wants and desires naturally; similes and studied expressions savour more of affectation than of real passion. I fancy the man who first treated the ladies with that kind of celestial complaisance used it in contempt of their understandings."[1] There seems to be no ground for giving the song to Pope, who assigns it to Parnell in the selection from his poetry, which he edited in 1721. He may have communicated it to Lord Peterborough, without naming the author.]

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky:
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

[1] "Suffolk Letters," i. 164.

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside
But still be a woman to you.

A SONG.

Thyrsis, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes, which love cou'd only blind;
So set the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia! (sly Sabina cried.)
Though neither love, we're both denied;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! (says Cælia.) say no more;
For should the swain but one adore,
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

[Written by Parnell before his marriage, and breathing the simple tenderness of a true affection.]

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fixt upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractised heart,
To make my Nancy mine!

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.[1]

[1] In Steele's "Miscellany," 1714, (p. 63,) this stanza is inserted:—

"An eager hope within my breast,
Does ev'ry doubt control,
And charming Nancy stands confest,
The fav'rite of my soul."

ANACREONTIC.

[The gay spirit of the south sparkles in this lyric, which has the festivity and the grace of Marôt. Goldsmith deemed it to be better than its original. The description of the various feathers, by which Love's arrows are winged, is singularly lively and elegant. "The peacock's painted eye" kills the vain and airy; a shaft, "speckled by the hen," inflicts a sufficient wound on the plain and sensible; while for the dull, a goose's plume fledges the fatal weapon.]

When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Raised on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspired to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen:
The pies and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts:
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledged by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this, as late I chanced to rove,
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And see, (says Love, who called me near,)
How much I deal with Nature here,
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart.
Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
If Nature cross ye, so do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies:
But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you, mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poise the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts

ANACREONTIC.

[This song is adapted from a Latin poem by Augurellus, but the agreeable application is Parnell's. Dic Estcourt (or Eastcourt) was a comic actor of much merit. Towards the end of his life, he opened a tavern, called the Bumper, in James-street, Covent-garden, of which there is a pleasant advertisement in the *Spectator* (No. 264), with a recommendatory epistle from Sir Roger de Coverley. Estcourt died in 1712, and Steele wrote an interesting notice of him in the 468th *Spectator*. His stories and repartees were unusually happy, without being coarse. "Poor Eastcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest—they will no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids." In reading the "Anacreontic," I am reminded of Elia's charming essay, "The New Year coming of Age."]

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus placed;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And Mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid named at every glass
A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toss'd his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They eall'd and drank at every touch
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drunk like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made 'em soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies' selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeased, raised Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

[It is to be hoped that many "a Sybil nurse" still reads this legend, as she "softly strokes the youngling's head;" for English tongue never warbled a lay more deserving Pope's panegyric of "sweetly moral." It fulfils the strictest requirements of criticism. The images and the lessons, being tried by the principles of truth set up in the heart, are fairly pronounced to be just and beautiful; and after reading it, we more than ever feel the force of the remark—"All which raises pity in false places; all which makes vice appear beautiful; all which encourages those delusive appearances of pleasure which the first shows of their fancy are apt to seize from a thousand objects of life, cannot be admitted among excellent poetry, because it wants the primary ingredients, *truth and wisdom*."[1] Every reader will agree with Goldsmith that the "old manner of speaking" has not been more happily applied, nor a tale told more pleasantly, than this, which he affirmed to be "incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language." Higher praise cannot be given; and it is deserved. The stanzas dance along with the life of Drayton's. But the versification of the poem is its slightest charm: it combines the beautiful in the drama, the descriptive, and the didactic, and is alike interesting in the actors, the scene, and the catastrophe. It is, indeed, an acting Picture. Two young men are in love with Edith; one is Edwin, brave, accomplished, and true, but with a large hump on his back; the other is Sir Topaz, with a fine figure, dressed to advantage. Sir Topaz is the favoured

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges.—*Censura*.

lover; one night, when the moon was shining among the trees, Edwin, brooding over his "slighted passion," wanders into an old court, and lies down upon the floor. In a moment the place is lit with a hundred tapers, and a train of masquers from Fairyland comes trooping in, clothed in rare apparel. The stranger is discovered, and obtains a partner in the dance. Then follow the wonderful supper, in which the dishes come and go of their own accord, the disappearance of the hump, and the happy meeting with Edith. The story takes another turn. Sir Topaz has heard of the adventure, and resolves to witness the revel. Accordingly, he sets forth. The wind rustles, the walls shake, and the lights blaze out, as before; but a different fate befalls the intruder. Oberon perceives him, and he is instantly flung to the chamber-top, where he dangles until the fairy ball is ended, when he drops down, wearing the very bunch which Edwin cast off on the former evening. No plot could be worked out with a skilfuller hand. It will ever be, while young eyes or ears remain to read or hear it, The Faery Tale of the Heart.]

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along

All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where sportive faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease;
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles) never yet
Was dight[1] a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

[1] Dressed.

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
We faeries never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or e'er we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen;
The rest their faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker[1] such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the faerie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one at last that Robin hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night,)
Has hent[2] him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice

[1] Surely. [2] Seized.

The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
Content thee Edwin for a while,
The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd,)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortall passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah losell[1] vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of faerie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell[2] courage fell;
And faeries, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,

[1] A worthless person. [2] Hawk-like

Then deem'd the dole[1] was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-Nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."[2]

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR, AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

[We have a letter from Jervas, the painter, to Parnell, inquiring after this poem, and entreating the author not to let him languish for it any longer. The original is pleasingly reflected; but the eye discovers two or three spots on the glass. Scarcely any composition of Parnell is without flat and prosaic epithets or lines. This translation has several. His dew-drops *depend at* the spray; the buds *receive the breeze;* and they who escaped the siege of Troy are called its *remainder*. These blemishes might easily have been removed. Mr. Mitford thinks that Parnell has occasionally miss the meaning, as in

Quando faciam, ut Chelidon ut tacere desinam?

here rendered—

How long in coming is my lovely spring,
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?

[1] The suffering.

[2] "There is a kind of writing wherein the poet loses quite sight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons, as have many of them no existence but what he bestows. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, &c. This Mr. Dryden calls the 'faery way of writing,' which is indeed more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention."—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 419.

but which he interprets to mean, "When shall I sing as the swallow is now singing?—when will *my* spring arrive?" He also finds one defective couplet, which he is uncertain how to rectify, while the metre and the rhyme are preserved:

> But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,
> *As harpers better by the loss of eyes.*

He would read—

> As harpers better *play* by loss of eyes.

Surely the verse is happier as it stands. Parnell uses the word "*better*" like our elder writers, in the sense of a verb. Thus we read of the sick woman who touched the Lord's garment, that she "had suffered many things of physicians, and was nothing *bettered*." Pope considered the "Pervigilium" to be a masterpiece of its kind.]

Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
The spring, the new, the warbling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain
And drest in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves:
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.
Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras
amet.

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue;
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with varied show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow;
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees:
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair:
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spiritu
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit humentes aquas,
Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere;
Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos;
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Humor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus,
Mane virgines papillas solvit humenti peplo.
Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ,

From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Fusæ prius de cruore deque Amoris oculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.
Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus igneâ,
Unico marita nodo non pudebit solvere.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ipsa nimfas diva luco jussit ire myrteo:
Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest
Esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
Ite Nimfæ: posuit arma, feriatus est amor:
Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est:
Neu quid arcu, neu sagittâ, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen nimfæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcher est:
Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est Amor.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modest airs:
"Chaste Delia, grant our suit! or shun the wood,
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."
Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove,
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowerets strow the scenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here wit's enchanting God in laurel crown'd
Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And, Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the favourite band,
(Her smiling Graces,) share the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla, dress thy flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines:
Una res est quam rogamus: cede virgo Delia;
Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.
Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem:
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus,
Congreges inter catervas, ire per saltus tuos,
Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas.
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus;
Decinent, et tota nox est pervigila cantibus.
Regnet in silvis Dione: tu recede Delia.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Jussit Hyblæis tribunal stare diva floribus;
Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adsederunt Gratiæ.
Hybla totos funde flores, quidquid annus adtulit,

Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From every quarter rural Nymphs resort,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And "lovely girls," she whispers, "guard your hearts;
My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts."
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day; old Ether wedded Earth in green.
The Vernal Father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year;
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, the circling sea;
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,

Hybla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ campus est
Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,
Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.
Jussit omnis adsidere pueri mater alitis,
Jussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus:
Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus,
In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,
Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.
Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu
Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,
Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,
Pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite

And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome:
Decoy'd by shows the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

In rural seats the soul of Pleasure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
E'en Love, (if fame the truth of Love declare,)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast;
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit;
Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit;
Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem;
Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias;
Unde Ramnes et Quirites, proque prole posterum
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem sentiunt.
Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu;
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.
And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year.
Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain.
We fancy love express'd at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat:
Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure as for grief before,
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the Siren end.

How long in coming is my lovely spring!
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela, cease;—Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.
Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus!
Quisque taurus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum greges:
Et canoras non tacere diva jussit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt:
Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi;
Ut putas motus amoris ore dici musico,
Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.
Illa cantat: nos tacemus. Quando ver venit meum?
Quando faciam ut chelidon, ut tacere desinam?
Perdidi musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
Sic Amyelas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.
Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;

OR, THE

Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Peycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomyle, a licker of meal.
Pternotroctas, a bacon eater.
Lychopinax, a licker of dishes.
Embasichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name from licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cnissodioctes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Physignathus, one who swells his cheeks
Peleus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the waters.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Seutlæus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babbler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lies in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlick.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Prassæus, called from garlick.
Craugasides, from croaking.

["IF you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with—that of St. Patrick—to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. Parnell was when he translated the 'Batrachomuomachia') to come into England to espy the frogs, and such other vermin, as were never seen in that land since the time of that Confessor." This was Pope's banter to Jervas, November, 1716. His own opinion of Parnell's translation was most favourable, and does not at all countenance his witticism in another letter, that a translator is no more a poet than a tailor is a man. Parnell's version is skilfully done, and gives a good example of the old "Burlesque." The obvious and fatal defect lies in the names which the Greek writer made illustrative of his heroes, but which his English follower overlooked. A "bacon-eater" and "a sweller of cheeks" may cause a smile, when their eloquence and exploits are set forth like the speeches of Ulysses or the deeds of Ajax, but the mouse and the frog disappear altogether in the sounding names of "Pternotroctas" and "Physignathus." The point of the humour lies in the disproportion; it is the giant's challenge in the dwarf's voice. Embasichytros, calling on all high-spirited frogs to come out to battle, has nothing of the mock-heroic, until we discover that this champion, bearing the herald's staff, and breathing rage and slaughter, is known among his own people by the peaceful name of "Creeper into Pots." In the same manner our interest is deepened in the catastrophe of

"Mr. Barn-robber," when we recollect that it was upon the back of "Mr. Puff-cheek" that he began the enterprise which had so melancholy an end. It may be remarked that the Homeric authorship of this poem is generally rejected, and that critics assign it to an age considerably later. Nelson Coleridge thinks that the description of the combatants arming, may put the student in mind of Shakspere's Queen Mab.]

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighb'ring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dipt his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding said,
What art thou, stranger? What the line you boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.

Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A sceptred king; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view;
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear:
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill;
Sleeping he feels and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait:
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks, nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,

The lake-resounding frog's selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear.
As thus the downy prince his mind exprest,
His answer thus the croaking king addrest.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro':
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and bent his back: with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around;
Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow;
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant row'd
And safe in Crete deposed his lovely load.
Ah safe at last! may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confused the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful frog! The friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.

He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage exprest.
Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died.
His death the young Lychopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd morn had tinged the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds;
Slow rose the sovereign, heaved his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addrest.

For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.

Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gaped, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying killed my gallant boy.
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in every breast inspired alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Faced with the plunder of a cat they flayed;
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wond'ring frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclosed to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre graced his hand,
And thus his words express'd his king's command.

Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fired, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who rising, spoke, to clear his tainted fame.

O friends, I never forced the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton died.

To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head.
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierced the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride!
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravaged o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the Power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind;
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,
But thus, resolved, the blue-eyed maid replies.
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil,
(Ills following ills) but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give,
And learning's goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceased at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Let heavenly blood, or what for blood may flow,
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe,

Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclined, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine.
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouthed hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
E'en Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew.
The luckless warrior filled with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung;
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus avenged the slain,
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd,
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierced, supine he lay,
And breathed his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,

(A warrior versed in arts, of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate;)
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor, second of the glorious name,
Striding advanced, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies;

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inured to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excelled in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he moved, Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fallen in death he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borbocætes fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incensed Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake deprived of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provoked the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heaved with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enraged, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, (whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days.)
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The frog supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
Hoarse-croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse relieved from heat,
And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires:

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.

And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground;
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man.

What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceased, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said.
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;

Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advised the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground,
The bolt discharged inwrapp'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies,
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly braced;
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom placed;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head.
These, mortal wits to call the crabs, agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend,

Here, short of feet, deprived the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceased, in one revolving sun.

TO MR. POPE.

[PARNELL'S verses to Pope are the noblest that ever flowed from his pen. The allusion to the translation of the "Iliad" is exceedingly happy, and the comparison of Homer, shut up in the lonely majesty of Greek, to a king glittering on a distant throne, is, I think, the most poetical passage in the works of Parnell. And the language is worthy of the image. The remembrance of the friendly hours spent together among the trees of Windsor, is not less tender than the former picture is sublime. The sudden music of the lark, the thrush, and the nightingale, breaks on his ear again, and "a whole season warbles round his head." The epistle ends with a sketch of the dismal country, on which his lines had fallen; remarkable for the manner in which the stern pencil of Crabbe is anticipated. The six verses beginning "Here moss-grown," &c., might be interpolated in the "Borough." Pope probably thought Parnell's complaints of his Irish home to be not very well-founded; at all events, he took a wise way of checking them by paying him in kind. "I can easily imagine," he answered, "to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield." And again: "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think, the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the deserts of the west." Perhaps Parnell, as he read the rueful condolence of his friend, recalled the pleasant house at Binfield, with its forest scenery, the shady lawns, the purple heath, the pheasant flashing up from the brake, the castle-turrets, and the blue hills fading in the distance, and then went to his own window with a sigh.]

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.

Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream,
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrensy of the chymic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits.
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon o'er the vulgar wise
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.
Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy valleys in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retired,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admired,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, raised by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choked by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, the mines were here:
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For fortune placed me in unfertile ground;

Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, O far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please,
Even here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE, AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

[Goldsmith relates an amusing story in connexion with this translation. Pope was reading the "Rape of the Lock" to Swift, in the presence of Parnell, who appeared to be unconcerned, but was all the while treasuring up in his memory the exquisite picture of the lady before her glass. The next day he astonished the author by producing the passage in Latin verse, and asserting that the description itself was taken from an old manuscript. We are assured that Pope was quite confounded by the charge, and with difficulty recovered his self-possession.]

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ.
Tum primum lymphâ se purgat candida nympha;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda.

PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.

Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ.
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè te pectit, Lesbia, dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munè mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo,
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visûs,
Jam promit cultu miracula latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

HEALTH: AN ECLOGUE.

[None of Parnell's verses are more finished than the following. The long footsteps of the shepherds treading down the dewy grass, might have been inserted in an early poem of Milton; while

O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,

reads like a rough first thought of Thomson. Perhaps there is only one line altogether bad:—

With various prospect gratify the sight.]

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour closed the distant view;
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
The rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,

The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerved with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

O come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;

When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES: AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he:
Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way
Where flowering hawthorn broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet,
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,

Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux,
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a fly (if what a fly can say
Deserves attention) raised the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolved to drown me in the cup;
Till, brush'd by careless hands she soar'd above:
Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne seized my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame
Yet sat indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms,
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms.
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath.
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.

Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove.
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceased: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

[Johnson calls this the meanest performance of Parnell, while Mr. Mitford discovers in it some of the sprightliness of Pope. The tenderer judgment is the truer. Two or three lines are epigrams from Twickenham, such as

The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

And,

He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.]

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
And once (since envy's dead before you die)
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip--

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red,
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou (since nature bids) the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, (or such as pleases more,)
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sidoling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days, she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue
Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage;
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake;)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young:
And view the shade and substance as you pass
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,

Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair,
Unmoved by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And—"What a world I never want?" he cries;
But cries unheard: for Folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

[Pope, writing to Jervas, November, 1716, after alluding to the chivalry of Gay in behalf of the Dean, adds:—"I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more, unless Parnell sends me his "Zoilus" and "Book-worm." The thought is borrowed from Beza, whose Latin verses often show more cleverness than purity.]

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produced by parent Earth, at odds
(As fame reports it) with the gods
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below:
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forced to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er.
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;

Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
O had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine.
(That only way you please the Nine:)
But since I chance to want the two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that braced it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

'This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here Ignorance and Hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round:
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
Two foes in one I sent to hell.

Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me
Ye critics, born to vex the Muse.
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.'

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have called him too,)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And loved to work, though no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contrived a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleased to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god:
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake:)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes;
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she raised, (as Ovid said,)
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashioned from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave removed away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
(Quoth Virgil in a later age.)

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day, and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new months his train adorn;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where since his hours a dial made;)

Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of fate.

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove received a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find, by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

Relentless Time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh:
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.
In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.
My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
On newly-born Desire.
But now experience shows the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.
My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp she shone,)
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:
But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.
I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons moved my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.
My manhood felt a vigorous fire,
By love increased the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.
In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?
But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths, which would disturb my peace,
Are painful truths at best.
Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that used to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

[I SUPPOSE it was this composition that suggested to Andres his remarks upon what he calls the lugubrious poems of Parnell.[1] He thinks it a style peculiarly English, and that Parnell chilled his genius in attempting it. The opinion is curious in one who must have been familiar with the most sombre of all fancies—Spanish sermons. But the "Night Piece" is not gloomy—it is only serious. Every thoughtful person walking in a churchyard by moonlight would express the same sentiments if he were able. Goldsmith is known to have preferred it to the "Elegy" of Gray, which he said would be improved by leaving out a word in each line; and yet he seems to have been conscious that Parnell had injured his poem by the metre, which he admits to be "very improper for the solemnity of the subject." There can, of course, be no comparison. The "Elegy" is to the "Night Piece" what a violin is to an organ; the music may be the same: the solemnity is only preserved in the second. Here, as in other poems, Parnell recollected his classical commonplaces; but a Christian burial-ground should not be lighted by Cynthia. Otherwise, the scene is picturesquely chosen; and the "silent water" washing the wall of the churchyard, the doubtful gleams lingering on the steeple, the osiers over the graves, and the smooth, flat stones, from which the frequent footstep wears away the memorial, are touching circumstances. Nor is the sound of the clocks, heard over the shadowy lake, less affecting.]

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

[1] Dell' Origine, Progressi, e Stato attuale d'ogni litteratura, ii. 436.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide,
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones.
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Hah! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!

All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things,
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas."

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

[Joseph Warton numbers this hymn with the "Faery Tale," the "Rise of Woman," the "Night-Piece on Death," and the "Hermit," and calls "all five of them delicious morsels." The suspicion that Parnell borrowed the hint of his hymn from Cleveland, is very vague indeed. In any case, the obligation is insignificant. The face of a passer-by may suggest a look, and yet be lost, in the beautiful picture to which it is transferred. The poem is carefully polished, and its general character is sweet and musical; the thought of Eden being recovered by the peaceful man, who finds it in his own breast, is extremely poetical.]

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,

Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

[Among those tales which have been happily called the learning of a rude age, the collection, known as the "Gesta Romanorum," is particularly famous. The romance of the Saints, the apologue of the East, and the strange legends of Gothic story, are blended together in picturesque confusion. From this fountain, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate filled their urns. The story of a Hermit is among the most pleasing and poetical. Near his abode a shepherd kept his flock, from which several sheep having been stolen, he was himself put to death. The Hermit, indignant at the sacrifice of the innocent, and distrusting the oversight of God, resolves to abandon his retirement, and go into the world. In his travels he is joined by an Angel, in the disguise of a young man, who tells him that he is sent to be his companion on the road. They enter a city where a Knight entertains them sumptuously, but in the dark the Angel strangles his only child, as it sleeps in the cradle. The Hermit is too much terrified to remonstrate, and the travellers reach another town, and are received by a wealthy citizen; but in the night the Angel steals a golden cup of enormous value. The Hermit now supposes his companion to be a demon. The morning seems to confirm his apprehensions. As they journeyed, the Angel inquired of a poor man the way to the next city, and being answered, forced him into the water, where he was drowned. That evening they were meanly lodged, by a rich man, in a cattle-shed, and in the morning the Angel gave to him the cup which he had stolen. The Hermit, now certain that his friend is a wicked spirit, longs to be rid of his company; then the Angel opens the mystery. The shep-

herd whom his master killed was innocent of the theft, but if he had lived, his crimes would have been great, and his death impenitent. The father of the murdered child was so absorbed in schemes for his aggrandisement, that all his former charities were neglected. These his loss revived. The citizen was spoiled of his cup; but the loss changed him from a drunkard into the most temperate of men. If the poor wayfarer who was dashed into the river had walked only half a mile farther, he would have committed a dreadful murder. The golden cup was presented to a churlish miser, who thus received his portion in this life, with no prospect of blessings in the next. The Hermit, touched by the Angel's explanation, beseeches his forgiveness, and returns in wonder and resignation to his solitude, which he no longer doubts to be under the eye and the care of Providence.

Upon this beautiful legend Parnell founded his Hermit, embellishing it with all the graces of his captivating pen. Warton commends the description of the Hermit's anger at the conduct of his companion, and the sudden transformation of shape, when the moral lesson is to be taught. A serene lustre brightens his face; his white robe glistens; wings open from his back; and the air is sweet with perfume. This surprise is said not to be an original idea, but at least its expression is exquisite in delicacy and music. Warton thinks that Parnell chiefly followed the tale as it is told by Henry More in one of his dialogues, where it is adorned by some fine reflections of that Spenser of metaphysics.[1]

"The Hermit" brings out very effectively two of the peculiar charms of Parnell—his transparency of diction, and the pensive dignity of his moral feeling. His most distinguished critics have scarcely given him his due. Johnson wrote—"If there is some appearance of elaboration in the Hermit, the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing;" and Goldsmith, with fainter praise, spoke of the story as being "told with perspicuity and conciseness." A few lines are beautiful in fancy and sound; such is the description of a stone flung into a quiet lake, upon which the trees and the coloured skies are reflected, breaking up the lovely vision into "glimmering fragments of a broken sun;" and such, also, is the picture of the calm after the tempest, when the clouds roll away from the sky, and the fragrant leaves look greener,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.

[1] "History of English Poetry," Dissertation iii.

These charms are accompanied by some defects occasionally the composition is flat, and once, at least, it borders on burlesque. The following line—

This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway,

is more pedestrian than the most halting prose; and when we are told that

A sound in air presaged *approaching rain*,

the ear recollects the grandeur of the gathering tempest in Thomson—

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all.
Summer, 1128.

The weakest part of the poem is the conclusion, where we learn that the angel "*withdrew*," on "*sounding* pinions," and that the Hermit, who stood watching his ascent in wonder, was like Elisha,

When, to mount on high,
His master *took* the chariot of the sky.

Blackmore, in a rapture of dulness, never excelled this specimen of the bathos. How could an Archdeacon have forgotten the sublime description of the chariot and horses of fire that suddenly parted the two friends as they walked together, when *Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven*.[1]

The rhythm of the Hermit is singularly sweet and flowing. I know not why Goldsmith called it "tolerably harmonious." A modern writer ("Evans on Versification," p. 119) finds the two most perfect examples of our rhymed couplet in Pope's "Rape of the Lock" and Parnell's "Hermit," although in each he marks one rhyme in twelve as defective. This is exaggeration. The "Hermit" comprises nearly two hundred and fifty lines, and the sharpest scrutiny will scarcely detect more than nine imperfect harmonies of final sounds—such as "boast" and "lost;" "praise" and "ease;" "severe" and "there;" "retreat" and "gate;" "unknown" and "throne;" "eye" and "high;" "view" and "too;" and some of these keep the promise of concord to the ear, though they break it to the eye. Parnell is less careless than Pope: the "Hermit" has no couplet so incomplete as the portrait of Belinda at her toilet, when she

intent adores,
With head uncover'd the cosmetic pow'rs.
Rape of the Lock, i. 124.

[1] 2 Kings ii. 11.

And it is only just to Parnell to remember a remark of Warton, that he is one of the small company of poets who have enriched our language with new and uncommon rhymes.]

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)[1]
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

[1] While Johnson was busy with his prefaces to the "English Poets," Boswell asked him to decide a controversy respecting these lines, which he affirmed to be inconsistent with each other, because the Hermit could not be said to know the world by *swains alone*, if his acquaintance with it was drawn from books also. His inquiry received no answer; but a dinner at Mr. Dilly's furnished him with an opportunity of submitting a "ease" for the Doctor's opinion. He decided that the poet is inaccurate in mentioning two instructors in the first line, and only one in the next. Malone took a different view, and considered the meaning to be:—"To clear his doubts concerning Providence, and to obtain some knowledge by actual experience; to see whether the accounts furnished by books, or by the oral communications of swains, were just representations of it." Malone disconnects *alone* from the former line, and restricts it to all mankind, which he supposes to be understood. But the explanation wants explaining. Perhaps a better key may be found in the word "*report*." The Hermit had met with news of the world both in books and conversation; but the people who came to him were his only source of real information—by *swains alone* he knew the manners of the world.

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil, his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first received a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face!
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age,) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY; OR THE VISION.

[This poem, omitted by Pope, was inserted by Goldsmith; the versification is remarkably sweet and pleasing; but the characteristic of the whole is languor, and the appearance of Phœbus is unexpected and disagreeable.]

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;

'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in, a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore.
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gazed, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:

"Where glorious mansions are prepared above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought.)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy Muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis heaven is thine.
Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,

Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,
Produced where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death;
His bow he sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.

"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God;
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.

"Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there

Placed on the right. He shows the wounds he bore,
(My fervours oft have won him thus before);
How pleased he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."

She ceased. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.
"Thou beauteous vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise."

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS; OR, THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Lesbos isle.

The god, returning ere they died,
"Ah! see my jolly Fauns," he cried,
"The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread:
The beasts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the clusters grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow."

So cheer'd, with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.
The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The Fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.

Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after:

The Fauns aside the vats remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground;
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The sun and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author sung,
The vine manured with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seized the Fauns.

Here one was crying out, "By Jove!"
Another, "Fight me in the grove;"
This wounds a friend, and that the trees:
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he;
Chattering, idle, airy, kind;
These take the monkey's turn of mind.

Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain;
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;

Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine,
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep;
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,
(If what the poets say be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclined to one or other beast;
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

[Donne shines only in his sermons, and is scarcely ever sublime, except in prose. It is true that Ben Jonson esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things, but he was dazzled by his thoughtfulness and learning. Pope, instigated by the Duke of Shrewsbury and Lord Oxford, set some of Donne's harsh tunes to music; and he intended to modernize the vigorous rhymes of Bishop Hall, which are far more susceptible of moulding and expression. The satires of Donne, which Pope versified, are the second and the fourth. He had a personal interest in the task, his object being to rebuke the clamour against his sarcasm, by showing that good men like Hall and Donne had publicly portrayed and exhibited vice in the boldest colours. The revival made a slight impression. Johnson believed Pope to be aware of the weakness of his attempt, and not to have sent it forth before his fame would cause its defects to be imputed rather to Donne than to himself. The editor of "Pope" (1770) is severe on the performance of Parnell, which, he says, may display the force of Donne's genius, and of Pope's, "by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the one, and by not being able to reach a single grace of the other." A plea might

fairly be put in against this sentence. The lines from the character of Cæpio are surely neither weak nor unmusical.

> He grants salvation centres in his own,
> And grants it centres but in his alone;
> From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
> And they confer his faith, who give his name.]

Compassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes:
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cured an old disease.
Is not Religion (Heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promised joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of heathen sages clothed in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode?

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.
Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy monarch's ire;
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exiled the sun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northen pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw
Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of straw!

Thus, desperate coward, wouldst thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has placed thee sentry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,
Seek thou Religion primitively sound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago;
And loves her relict rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd;
Though young, unhandsome; though unhandsome, proud;
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home;
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation tied,
To visit his, and visit none beside;
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;

So from the guardian's hands the wards who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.
From all professions careless Airy flies,
"For all professions can't be good," he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to choose;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:
So fares Religion, changed in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go:
This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong to choose the right.
But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, ask thy reverend sire,
Let his of him, and him of his inquire;
Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins allied,
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no religion, nor the worst.
T' adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best;
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred Truth enthroned; and he, who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at present is the use of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain.

And mysteries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possest
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'st thy soul be tied
To human laws! or must it so be tried?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this;
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to power a proper duty show?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once pass'd, it holds the same no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low idolatry at best.
Power from above, subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below;
Each flower, ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.[1]

[1] "This noble similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand; or was not able to express it in its original force. Dr. Donne says,—

'As streams are, Pow'r is; those blest flow'rs that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well;
For having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consumed in going, in the sea are lost.
So perish souls,' &c.

"Dr. Donne expressly compares *power* to streams; but the comparison of *souls* to flowers being only implied, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part; and so has hurt the whole thought by making the flowers *passive;* whereas the original says, *they leave their roots and give themselves to the stream*—that is, wilfully prefer human authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes."—*Pope's Works*, note, iv. 247. (1770.)

ON BISHOP BURNET BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

[I do not remember to have read of this accident in any account of Burnet. Swift, who often furnished a hint to Parnell, was probably concerned in the invective, which bears no resemblance to the style of his gentler friend. Burnet had the "Scriblerus Club" at his heels; Pope discharged a quiver in his "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk;" Arbuthnot threw a few missiles; Swift never tired of abusing him; and here we see the elegant author of the "Hermit" exerting himself to look angry. It must be acknowledged that Burnet had no claim to the forbearance of poets, after calling Dryden a monster, and speaking of "one Prior, who had been Jersey's secretary."]

From that dire era, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks and writes that popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly proved;
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest removed!)
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow seat;
Down fell the candle; grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their sire.
Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-sight!
In such a ministry you safely tell,
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell.

ON MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON.

[PARNELL's friend bestowed a brighter fame on Arabella; and that lock of hair, which Lord Petre cut off, has been set in gold that will last as long as taste. Only a few miles of green lane and sunnier common separate me, while I write this note, from that village church, with its wooden spire, where all that was mortal of Pope's heroine was long ago deposited. Ufton Court is one of the most interesting of the old Berkshire houses, and there, in the glow of her beauty, came Arabella Fermor, when she had changed her name by a marriage with Francis Perkins. There she brought up sons, of whom the last died without children, in 1769, and ending her pilgrimage in the same quiet shade, her monument is in the church and her name in the Parish Register.

My friend Miss Mitford has described Ufton Court in her own delightful manner. The noble avenue of trees is gone, but the elms on the lawn may have sheltered Pope; the old-fashioned garden, the pinnacles and gables, the twisted chimneys, the tall, narrow casements, the heavy oaken door, and the carved panels, recall the years that have been. Miss Mitford mentions some reliques of Arabella, which are yet preserved; and among these, a portrait in her twelfth or thirteenth year. It confirms the poetical colour of Pope. "The face is most interesting; a high-set, broad forehead, dark eyes, richly fringed and deeply set, a straight nose, pouting lips, and a short chin finely rounded. The dress is dark and graceful, with a little white turned back about the neck and the loose sleeves." The beauty is said to be of that spiritual kind which strikes the warmest flame into a poetical admirer.]

FROM town fair Arabella flies;
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, softly breathing, rise;
The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire,
Yet quickly find their ease;
For, as she goes, their flames retire;
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, sadly sighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again!

'Tis constancy enough in love
That nature's fairly shown:
To search for more, will fruitless prove;
Romances, and the turtle-dove,
The virtue boast alone.

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS

Oft have I seen a piece of art,
Of light and shade the mixture fine,
Speak all the passions of the heart,
And show true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That strikes with love, and with surprise,
And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The shifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
Nor any female softness knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save!
'Tis drawn by her own matchless skill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And she need only look to kill.

Ah! fair one, will it not suffice,
That I should once your victim lie;
Unless you multiply your eyes,
And strive to make me doubly die?

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER TRANSLATION OF THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE FROM OVID.

In Phœbus, Wit (as Ovid said)
Enchanting Beauty woo'd;
In Daphne Beauty coily fled,
While vainly Wit pursu'd.

But when you trace what Ovid writ,
A diff'rent turn we view;
Beauty no longer flies from Wit,
Since both are join'd in you.

Your lines the wondrous change impart
From whence our laurels spring;
In numbers fram'd to please the heart,
And merit what they sing.

Methinks thy poet's gentle shade
Its wreath presents to thee;
What Daphne owes you as a Maid,
She pays you as a Tree.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Where waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,
Saw the loose flocks through shrubs unnumber'd rove,
And piping call'd them to the gladded grove:
'Twas there he met the message of the skies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The message known, one love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time assign'd,
Drew forth her proud white swans, and traced the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his side depends;
Pointing to these he nods with fearless state,
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.
Another love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory sleek, the shining hair
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,
In full expansion, all its native snow.

A third enclasps the many-coloured cest,
And, ruled by Fancy, sets the silver vest,
When to her sons, with intermingled sighs,
The goddess of the rosy lips applies.
"'Tis now, my darling boys! a time to show
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe;
Yet would we think that any dared to strive
For charms, when Venus and her Love's alive?
Or, should the prize of beauty be denied,
Has beauty's empress aught to boast beside?
And tinged with poison, pleasing while it harms,
My darts I trusted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The world's great Ruler bending owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue;
But, graced with triumph, to the Paphian shore
Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o'er,
And joyful see my hundred altars there
With costly gums perfume the wanton air."
While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The grove resounded where a goddess came;
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,
Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside;
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or something like, her visage show'd;
So with her eyes serene, and hopeful haste,
The long-streteh'd alleys of the wood she traced;
But where the woods a second entrance found,
With sceptred pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The stately Juno stalk'd to reach the seat,
And hear the sentence in the last debate;
And long, severely long, resent the grove,
In this what boots it she's the wife of Jove?
Arm'd with a grace at length, secure to win,
The lovely Venus smiling enters in;
All sweet and shining near the youth she drew,
Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw;
The sacred scents, diffused among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, so amorous all, and each so great,
The conquer'd judge no longer keeps his seat;
Oppress'd with light, he drops his wearied eyes,
And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize.

EPIGRAM.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi ——— Juv.

The greatest gifts that Nature does bestow,
Can't unassisted to perfection grow:
A scanty fortune clips the wings of Fame,
And checks the progress of a rising name:
Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain.
And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain:
Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind,
And cramp those thoughts which should be unconfined:
The cries of Poverty alarm the soul,
Abate its vigour, its designs control:
The stings of Want inflict the wounds of Death,
And motion always ceases with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.
Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

Beauty rests not in one fix'd place,
But seems to reign in every face;
'Tis nothing sure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men;
Or is its shape and colour framed,
Proportion just, and Woman named?
If Fancy only ruled in Love,
Why should it then so strongly move?
Or why should all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in Three?
In Three it shows a different face,
Each shining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeness gives,
Which pleases, as in all it lives;
And, where the features disagree,
We praise the dear variety.
Then Beauty surely ne'er was yet
So much unlike itself, and so complete.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

To stifle passion is no easy thing;
A heart in love is always on the wing;
The bold betrayer flutters still,
And fans the breath prepared to tell:
It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
And moves the lips to form the note;
And when the speech is lost,
It then sends out its ghost,
A little sigh,
To say we die.
'Tis strange the air that cools, a flame should prove;
But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
My words such artful accents break,
You think I rather act than speak:
My sighs, enliven'd through a smile,
Your unsuspecting thoughts beguile;
My eyes are varied so,
You can't their wishes know:
And I'm so gay,
You think I play.
Happy contrivance! such as can't be prized,
To live in love, and yet to live disguised!

HYMN FOR MORNING.

[These Hymns for Morning, Noon, and Evening, are taken from the Poems of Parnell, published after Pope's select edition. They are not in his happiest manner, as he appears under the pen of his friend, but are pleasing specimens of his serious and devotional frame of mind.]

See the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go,
From Heaven above and Earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;

From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun;
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quick'ning beams upon my breast;
And kindly clean it all within
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care;
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast,
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O Giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,—
All whose hearts are fix'd on Thee:
Who revere Thy Son above,
Who Thy sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

The Sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful Earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with Thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of Thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky:
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus, while here I'm forced to be,
I daily wish to live with Thee,
And feel that union which Thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow Thine ear,—
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and Earth begun,
And show'd its beauties in the Sun.
With pleasure I Thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too—
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to Thee.
Oh, teach me due return to give,
And to Thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies;
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Son of Glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes,
Which make the weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never He forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous beauty let me find,
With a still more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast Thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me blest
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on Thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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COLLINS.

Chichester may lie low, and its Cathedral, as Gilpin said, look heavy with its Saxon age; but very pleasant are the green lanes that embower the city, lighted by sudden gleams of the distant sea: the church blends the interest of genius and sorrow with its own deeper solemnity of associations; in the library is the oldest book of English sermons; the ashes of Chillingworth sleep in the cloisters; and on the wall is the monument of Collins.

William, the only son of William and Elizabeth Collins, was born in Chichester, December 25, 1721. His father, by trade a hatter, was mayor of the city, a rank to which one of his ancestors had attained so far back as 1619. The parents of Collins seem to have looked to an ecclesiastical provision for their child: to forward this design he was sent to Winchester School, of which he was entered a scholar, February 23, 1733; and after remaining seven years, his name headed the list of Candidates for New College. No vacancy occurring, he went, a commoner, to Queen's; and, July 29, 1741, obtained a demyship at Magdalen. Respecting his college life, we hear vague rumours that his idleness was as noticeable as his talent; and that his compositions were chiefly marked by the capacity of the writer to produce better.

Having taken his Bachelor's degree, Collins, abandoning any prospect of academic success that might have opened, towards the close of 1743, or the beginning of the following year, appeared in London, according to his celebrated friend, "a literary adventurer, with many projects in his

head, and very little money in his pocket." He had already shown a dawn of power for which a bright fulness might be fairly anticipated. The "Persian Eclogues," published in the January of 1742, gave notice of an ear tuned to the music of fancy.

I may here insert a letter, dated January 20, 1781, and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Sir Egerton Brydges, late in life, remembered its publication, and the eagerness, sorrow, and disgust with which he read it:—

"William Collins I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester, I think a hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll,[1] and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen college; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, commenced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the playhouses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune.

[1] Mr. Joseph Warton, now Dr. Warton, head master of Winton school, was at the same time second upon roll; and Mr. Mulso, now [1781] prebendary of the church of Winton, third upon roll.

"In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle, a colonel in the army, to whom the nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square-court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know; but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects: and I always understood, that not long after he died in confinement; but when or where he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, which, properly improved, must have raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular, as far as I remember, one for 'A History of the Darker Ages.'

"He was passionately fond of music; goodnatured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a

light and clear complexion, with gray eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member of a certain college,[1] as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel; and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfall, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor; but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly—

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

"I am your very humble servant,

"V."

Collins lost his father in childhood; his mother was buried July 6, 1744. Of the three following years, we have no record. Johnson, who could have told so much, is silent; or rather, his broken hints only heighten our desire for ampler news. That Collins loved and trusted Johnson, we may conclude from the fact that he gained his confidence, and was once admitted to him while "immured by a bailiff prowling in the street." On this occasion, the poet's escape was effected by an advance of the booksellers upon a promised translation of Aristotle's "Poetics," with a commentary. The kindly office which Johnson under-

[1] Hampton, the translator of Polybius.

took for Collins, he seems to have performed for Goldsmith; rescuing one poet from the law, and the other from his landlady. During this period, Johnson himself suffered abject poverty. It was in 1744 that a gentleman, dining with Cave, the printer, observed a plate of food sent behind a screen, to be devoured, as he was presently informed, by the shabby and hungry author of "The Life of Savage." If Johnson had done for Collins what he did for Savage, we might have heard of pleasanter night walks round St. James's-square, when the houseless wanderers inveighed against the minister, and resolved to stand by their country. It is worthy of remark, that Boswell claims for Johnson the same extenuation which Johnson allows to Collins. Of the poet he had written—"His morals were pure and his opinions pious; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want, by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long associations with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity." And Boswell said of his philosopher and friend—"I am afraid that by associating with Savage, Johnson, though his good principles remained steady, did not entirely preserve that conduct for which in days of greater simplicity he was remarked by his friend Mr. Hector; but was imperceptibly led into some indulgences, which occasioned much distress to his virtuous mind."

In the beginning of December, 1746, Collins published his "Odes,"—a shilling pamphlet—which, after the custom of the Trade, have the next year marked on the title-page. About the same time, Joseph Warton sent forth a collection of lyrical poems, and with more success than his schoolfellow, for a second edition was demanded in the next year. The simulta-

taneous appearance of the two friends in print, may be explained by the failure of their scheme to publish a volume together. Collins probably received ten guineas from Millar for the copyright. Both of these publications seem to have immediately attracted the notice of Gray. "Have you seen," he asks Dr. Wharton, December 27, 1746, "the work of two young authors, a Mr. Warton and Mr. Collins, both writers of Odes? It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear; the second a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, and no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not." Who can be surprised if the "Odes" of Collins fell dead from the press, when even Gray could so blunder in an estimate alike false in its blame, its praise, and its prophecy? Thus do we ever find the history of genius to be an episode in the records of bad taste. It was the "Don Carlos" of Otway, and not the "Belvidera," that woke the tears and the wonder of the town. Gray himself was to be chilled by a colder welcome than he gave. Wharton assured Mason that when the "Progress of Poetry" and "The Bard" appeared, "there were not twenty people in England who liked them."

They who trace the first shock of the poet's mind to the failure of his verse, have, perhaps, some reason on their side. The commentary of D'Israeli[1] is not more affecting than just:—"None but a poet can conceive, for none but a poet can experience, the secret wounds inflicted on a mind made up of romantic fancy and tenderness of emotion, who has staked his happiness on his imagination, and who feels neglect as ordinary men might the sensation of being let down into a sepulchre and buried alive. The mind of

[1] D'Israeli, "Calamities of Authors," ii. 201.

Tasso, a brother in fancy to Collins, became disordered by the opposition of the critics; but their perpetual neglect had not injured it less. The elegant Hope of the ancients was represented holding some flowers, the promise of the spring, or some spikes of corn, indicative of approaching harvest—but the Hope of Collins had scattered its seed, and they remained buried in the earth." And we have the confession of a spirit more glowing than the commentator's:—"There is a species of applause scarcely less genial to a poet, than the vernal warmth to the feathered songsters during their nest-building or incubation; a sympathy, an expressed hope, that is the open air in which the poet breathes, and without which the sense of power sinks back on itself, like a sigh heaved up from the tightened chest of a sick man."[1]

The death of Thomson, in the August of 1748, drew from Collins one of the most pathetic dirges which affection has breathed over friendship. His own fortunes seemed now to be clearing. His uncle, Colonel Martin, died in 1749, bequeathing a considerable property among his relations, and to the poet the sum of two thousand pounds. A well-known anecdote informs us that the first use which he made of his unexpected wealth, was to repay the purchase-money to the publisher of the "Odes," and to destroy the remainder of the edition. But the gleam of sunshine quickly vanished in the cloud that already began to creep over his mind. In vain he strove to disperse or brighten it by the gaiety of foreign scenery and manners, and the more desperate stimulants of the table and the bottle. It was after the return of Collins from France, that Johnson visited him at Islington, when he was waiting for his sister. His mind showed no symptom of disorder, but he had relinquished study, and carried with him only a New Testament, such as children use at school. When his friend

[1] Coleridge's "Table Talk," p. 270.

took it into his hand, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen: "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best." No poet's life contains a tenderer story. Johnson has not mentioned the date of his interview. In 1750, Thomas Warton frequently saw Collins in London; his literary tastes had then revived, and he talked of a "History of the Restoration of Learning." About Easter, in the following year, Warton was again in London; but the glow of hope had already faded from his friend, who desired to see him that he might take his farewell look. Recovering some strength, he sent a letter to Warton from Chichester, June 9, 1751, written in a fine hand, and with perfect clearness of expression. Three years afterwards, during a month's stay at Oxford, Warton saw him continually; but great weakness rendered him unequal to converse. His lodgings were opposite Christ Church, and in walking to Trinity College he required the support of a servant.

In the September of the same year, the brothers Warton visited Collins at Chichester, where he lived with his sister, the wife of a clergyman, in the Cathedral cloisters. His pleasure and animation on the first day exhausted him so much that he could not appear on the second. Warton has furnished a touching illustration of Johnson's anecdote of Islington. He received it from Mr. Shenton, vicar of St. Andrew's, by whom Collins was buried:—"Walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening, during Collins's last illness, I heard a female (the servant I suppose) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent, through the whole of the 27th chapter of Genesis."

The remaining life of the poet was passed in Chichester.

During all those melancholy hours, one noble heart in London—wounded and burdened by cares and sorrows of its own—never ceased to beat tenderly for his griefs. No feature of Johnson's character is sweeter than his interest in Collins. J. Warton communicated some particulars of his state, in a letter which has not been preserved; but it inspired Johnson with a hope that, by great temperance, or abstinence, the sufferer might recover. Three days later, we find him inquiring of T. Warton—"Poor dear Collins! would a letter give him any pleasure? I have a mind to write." And he did write; but no answer came; doubtless because, as he conjectured, writing was too troublesome. Two years afterwards, he is still haunted by the remembrance of the friend whom he had known "full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention;" and he breathed out the deep sympathy of his soul in the sublimest of his reflections: "The moralists talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change; that understanding may make its appearance and depart, may blaze and expire."

This may be a fitting place for another letter, which was found among the papers of Mr. Hymers, of Queen's College, Oxford, by whom an edition of the poet's works was preparing, but who died before its completion:—

"Hill-street, Richmond in Surrey, July, 1783.

"Sir,—Your favour of the 30th June, I did not receive till yesterday. The person who has the care of my house in Bond-street, expecting me there every day, did not send it to Richmond, or I would have answered sooner. As you express a wish to know every particular, however trifling, relating to Mr. William Collins, I will endeavour, so far as can be done by a letter, to satisfy you. There

are many little anecdotes, which tell well enough in conversation, but would be tiresome for you to read, or me to write, so I shall pass them over. I had formerly several scraps of his poetry, which were suddenly written on particular occasions. These I lent among our acquaintance, who were never civil enough to return them; and being then engaged in extensive business, I forgot to ask for them, and they are lost: all I have remaining of his are about twenty lines, which would require a little history to be understood, being written on trifling subjects. I have a few of his letters, the subjects of which are chiefly on business, but I think there are in them some flights which strongly mark his character; for which reason I preserved them. There are so few of his intimates now living, that I believe I am the only one who can give a true account of his family and connexions. The principal part of what I write is from my own knowledge, or what I have heard from his nearest relations.

"His father was not the manufacturer of hats, but the vender. He lived in a genteel style at Chichester; and, I think, filled the office of mayor more than once; he was pompous in his manner; but, at his death, he left his affairs rather embarrassed. Colonel Martin, his wife's brother, greatly assisted his family, and supported Mr. William Collins at the university, where he stood for a fellowship, which, to his great mortification, he lost, and which was his reason for quitting that place, at least that was his pretext. But he had other reasons: he was in arrears to his bookseller, his tailor, and other tradesmen. But, I believe, a desire to partake of the dissipation and gaiety of London was his principal motive. Colonel Martin was at this time with his regiment; and Mr. Payne, a near relation, who had the management of the colonel's affairs, had likewise a commission to supply the Collinses with small sums of money. The colonel was the more

sparing in this order having suffered considerably by Alderman Collins, who had formerly been his agent, and, forgetting that his wife's brother's cash was not his own, had applied it to his own use. When Mr. William Collins came from the university, he called on his cousin Payne, gaily dressed, and with a feather in his hat; at which his relation expressed surprise, and told him his appearance was by no means that of a young man who had not a single guinea he could call his own. This gave him great offence; but remembering his sole dependence for subsistence was in the power of Mr. Payne, he concealed his resentment; yet could not refrain from speaking freely behind his back, and saying 'he thought him a dull fellow;' though, indeed, this was an epithet he was pleased to bestow on every one who did not think as he would have them. His frequent demands for a supply obliged Mr. Payne to tell him he must pursue some other line of life, for he was sure Colonel Martin would be displeased with him for having done so much. This resource being stopped, forced him to set about some work, of which his 'History of the Revival of Learning' was the first; and for which he printed proposals (one of which I have), and took the first subscription money from many of his particular friends: the work was begun, but soon stood still. Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Langhorne are mistaken when they say, the 'Translation of Aristotle' was never begun: I know the contrary, for some progress was made in both, but most in the latter. From the freedom subsisting between us, we took the liberty of saying anything to each other. I one day reproached him with idleness; when, to convince me my censure was unjust, he showed me many sheets of his 'Translation of Aristotle,' which he said he had so fully employed himself about, as to prevent him calling on many of his friends so frequently as he used to do. Soon after this he engaged with Mr. Manby, a book-

seller on Ludgate-hill, to furnish him with some Lives for the 'Biographia Britannica,' which Manby was then publishing. He showed me some of the lives in embryo; but I do not recollect that any of them came to perfection. To raise a present subsistence, he set about writing his odes; and, having a general invitation to my house, he frequently passed whole days there, which he employed in writing them, and as frequently burning what he had written, after reading them to me: many of them, which pleased me, I struggled to preserve, but without effect; for, pretending he would alter them, he got them from me, and thrust them into the fire. He was an acceptable companion everywhere; and, among the gentlemen who loved him for a genius, I may reckon the Doctors Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill, Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee Houses. From his knowledge of Garrick, he had the liberty of the scenes and green-room, where he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people; and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining. In this manner he lived, with and upon his friends, until the death of Colonel Martin, who left what fortune he died possessed of unto him and his two sisters. I fear I cannot be certain as to dates, but believe he left the university in the year '43. Some circumstances I recollect, make me almost certain he was in London that year; but I will not be so certain of the time he died, which I did not hear of till long after it happened. When his health and faculties began to decline, he went to France, and after to Bath, in hope his health might be restored, but without success. I never saw him after his sister removed him from M'Donald's madhouse at Chelsea to Chichester, where he soon sunk into a deplorable

state of idiotism, which, when I was told, shocked me exceedingly; and, even now, the remembrance of a man for whom I had a particular friendship, and in whose company I have passed so many pleasant happy hours, gives me a severe shock. Since it is in consequence of your own request, Sir, that I write this long farrago, I expect you will overlook all inaccuracies. I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"JOHN RAGSDALE.

"Mr. William Hymers, Queen's College, Oxford."

But the stormy voyage is nearly over; the haven is in view; and surely never did a troubled spirit long more for the great calm. Collins fell asleep, June 12, 1759, after living only thirty-eight years. He was buried on the 15th, at St. Andrew's, in the same city. The chisel of Flaxman has recorded his piety and his sorrow. He is seen in a pensive attitude, in one of the seasons, when He who unchained the tempest had said to it—BE STILL. The Book of God lies open on a table before him, while his lyre is neglected upon the ground. Two female figures—Love and Pity—clasped in one another's arms, are the emblems of his genius and his life. The epitaph, by Hayley,[1] is

[1] "Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins, hapless name,
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Though nature gave him, and though science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
He pass'd in maddening pain life's feverish dream,
While rays of genius only served to show
The thickening horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise.
For this the ashes of a bard require,
Who touch'd the tenderest notes of pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers;
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the book of God the best."

natural and pleasing; but a sweeter harp of our own day has shed over the poet's tomb a more melodious tear.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

Composed upon the Thames, near Richmond, 1789.

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought! Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart—
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm!—how still! The only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
The evening darkness gathers round,
By Virtue's holiest Powers attended.[1]

The Richmond friend of Collins has supplied a key to his misfortunes in the pass-word of Garrick and the welcome of the "Bedford." His constitution sank before the evening of the Green-room and the riot of the Coffee-house. Nor might his spiritual frame escape unharmed. What bond of union could be found between the farce of Foote and the ideal beauty of the "Passions"? That enchanting fancy had a diviner mission than to set the table in a roar by the audacity of its burlesque. In the first

[1] Wordsworth's Works, i. p. 15.

year of Collins's literary sojourn in London, Armstrong, with whom he afterwards grew intimate, had published a poem on the "Art of preserving Health." One passage gave a solemn admonition:—

> —Most, too passive, when the blood runs low,
> Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
> And bravely, by resisting, conquer fate,
> Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
> Of poison'd nectar, sweet oblivion swill.
> Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
> In empty air, Elysium opens round,
> A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul;
> And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
> And what was difficult, and what was dire,
> Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
> The happiest you of all that e'er was mad,
> Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
> But soon your Heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
> Shuts o'er your head: and as the thundering stream,
> Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
> Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
> So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
> Subside, you languish into mortal man;
> You sleep, and waking, find yourself undone.
>
> *Art of Health*, b. iv.

The example of the physician was likely to be more persuasive than his lesson, and if his morals may be judged from the infamous book which he had formerly produced, he must have carried contagion whithersoever he went.

Collins beheld no dawn of fame before he died. Yet the sun was already behind the hills. Nineteen years after the appearance of the Odes, and six after the decease of the author, Langhorne did, in a humbler way, for Collins what Addison had done for Milton. He made him known to the public. The edition came out in 1765, with observations on the poems and the poet, agreeably written, and in a tone of the warmest admiration.[1] The commentary

[1] "The following ridiculous incident respecting this very great poet, happened some years ago to that elegant writer, Dr. Langhorne, who, hearing that Collins was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all

often feeble and exaggerated, is the work of a scholar and a man of taste. The appeal was cordially received; and Sir Egerton Brydges, whose poetical memory went back to 1770, found, in that year, the verses of Collins familiar to cultivated minds.

But this statement should be received with caution. The pleasure of the readers might be exquisite, but their number would be small. And the publication of Johnson's criticism upon Collins certainly helped to lessen it. From Zoilus to Dennis, no disgracefuller outrage on taste had been committed. There is scarcely one characteristic of a miserable poetaster that is not forced into the libel. We read of a harsh style, laboured without skill; unwise selection; affectation of the obsolete; words dislocated to lend to prosaic flatness the aspect of verse; and rhythm dragging itself sluggishly along, clogged by "clusters of consonants." Such were the epithets bestowed upon one of the most transparent describers and sweetest singers in English poetry. Cowper's letter to Unwin about Johnson's Lives is a witness of the poet's obscurity and neglect:—"It is a melancholy observation which it is impossible not to make after having run through this series, that where there were such shining talents there should be so little virtue. These luminaries of our country seem to have been kindled into a brighter blaze than others, only that their spots might be more noticed." And in the same month he remarks to Newton:—"In all the number I observe but one man (a poet of no great fame, of whom I did not even know that he existed till I found him there)

---

the luxury of poetic sorrow, and to weep over his grave. On inquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloister of the Cathedral, which is called 'the Paradise.' He was let into this place by the sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it came forth with all the solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrows, he was told that he had by no means been misapplying his tears; that he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society—*Mr. Collins the tailor.*"—("Drossiana," *European Magazine*, Oct. 1795.)—MITFORD.

whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion; and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins."[1] When Cowper made this confession of ignorance, thirty-eight years had gone by since the appearance of the Odes.

The remarks of Southey[2] are full of feeling:—"That he should never have heard of Collins, shows how little Collins had been heard of in his lifetime; and that Cowper, in his knowledge of contemporary literature, was now awakening, as it were, from a sleep of twenty years. In the course of those years Collins's Odes, which were utterly neglected on their first appearance, had obtained their due estimation. It will never be forgotten in the history of English poetry, that with a generous and a just, though impatient sense of indignation, Collins, as soon as his means enabled him, repaid the publisher the price which he had received for their copyright, indemnified him for his loss in the adventure, and committed the remainder, which was by far the greater part of the impression, to the flames. But it should also be remembered that in the course of one generation these poems, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling."

The estimate of Southey is open to the same objection as that of Brydges. If we turn to the Essays of Vicesimus Knox, a writer of reputation in his day, we see him, in a revised and mature edition, comparing the genius of Collins and Tickell, and suggesting a parallel between the authors of "Colin and Lucy," and the "Ode to Evening."

Of Collins, the man, we have already seen a slight sketch in the letter of V., who speaks of his stature as of the mid-

[1] Private Correspondence, March 19-21, 1784. [2] Works of Cowper, ii. 153.

dle size, his complexion bright and clear, his eyes gray, and so weak as not always to bear, without pain, a candle in the room, and raising in himself a frequent apprehension of blindness. The reader will recollect the more sensitive eyes and the sadder fears of a mightier Minstrel, whom his Task-master taught to

> —consider how his life was spent
> Ere half his days, in this dark world and wide.

There are some differences between the accounts of the poet's friends or describers. From Johnson's allusion to his decent and manly appearance, no clear information can be drawn; but the picture of Langhorne is precise, and contradictory of the former; for it represents him with a tall figure, a brown complexion, keener eyes, and "a fixed, sedate aspect, which from intense thinking had contracted an habitual frown." A small engraving—the only one I know—of Collins in his fourteenth year exhibits the happy, vigorous look of that age. His manners, doubtless, shared in the grace of his mind; and in his conversation we should expect to discover the sportive playfulness which, in harder intellects, lours in satire, but in the poetical temper commonly turns to sunshiny smiles of humour. The pathetic are seldom witty. The good memories of Chichester have sent down to us one specimen of the gaiety of Collins, in six verses upon a quack doctor of that city:—

> Seventh son of Doctor John,
> Physician and chirurgeon,
> Who hath travelled wide and far,
> Man-midwife to a man-of-war,
> In Chichester hath ta'en a house,
> Hippocrates, Hippocratous.

His classical scholarship, if not equal to Gray's in exactness or breadth, certainly possessed the same sensibility and quickness of taste. The recluse of Pembroke never

listened to the Greek nightingale with a more charmed ear. His acquaintance with later literature was large and familiar, embracing the chief authors of Spain, Italy, and France. T. Warton was told that the introduction to the "History of Learning," which seems to have been ready for the press, displayed great elegance and knowledge of the subject. The manuscript probably perished when Mrs. Anne Durnford—let her name be written large for the execration of his admirers—destroyed her brother's papers in a paroxysm of rage, at his waste of that money which she loved so well.

Collins resembled Gray in the studious delight with which he revisited the old fields and shady places of English poetry. Black-letter reading did not repel him. Warton notices a copy of "Fabyl's Ghost" (1533), that formerly belonged to his library. But his refined sense of the beautiful would lead him to dwell among the masters of a fruitfuller age. It is affecting to hear of the broken gleams of Shakspeare's genius, that shone with a disordered and vanishing light over his memory, darkening more and more in the last sickness. He had a particular admiration of Ben Jonson. His taste for music was delicate and lively, and, like Pope, he handled the pencil, though with even a ruder hand. Hayley, as he informed Mr. Park, who saw him at Eartham, obtained from the poet's sister a small drawing, which was only interesting as the work of his pencil.

In the visit of the Wartons to Chichester, when Collins showed to them his "Ode to Mr. Home," he produced another poem, of two or three four-lined stanzas, which he called the "Bell of Arragon," founded on an old legend, that before the death of a Spanish king, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa tolled of its own accord, and beginning—

> The bell of Arragon, they say,
> Spontaneous speaks the fatal day.

Warton quotes two other lines—

> Whatever dark aërial power,
> Commission'd haunts the gloomy tower;

and remarks that the "last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called "some simpler bell." Joseph Warton had "a few fragments of some other odes, too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery." So writes his brother, in a rare forgetfulness of the precious things we have lost. Imagine a tumulus, with the inscription over it—"Underneath are buried fragments of Phidias, noble in shape and expression; but, being only parts of features and limbs, they are unfit for inspection." Yet does not the sculptor breathe in the splintered marble? Is not the pencil of Da Vinci alive in the scrawl? Alas! for the remains of Collins! Must we abandon every hope of recovery? Will no explorer by the river-side of Time, washing with patient hands the dust and the stone, be some day rewarded with this fine gold? Surely every grain was not melted in Mrs. Durnford's fire.

It is not denied that, but for Spenser, Sackville, and Phineas Fletcher, the Odes of Collins might not have been. There must be ancestors to the Muse's child. Spenser, in particular, was the object of his love and devotion. If genius have its own superstition and calendar, "The Faery Queen" was the patron saint of his mind. But the influence was often unconsciously felt. Raffaelle may not have remembered Gentile's "Coronation of the Virgin," when he breathed the same mist of sleep over the eyes of his "Madonna." Collins refined Spenser. That magnificent poet enjoyed every faculty of genius except judgment. How often one base touch deforms the group. The rude wassailer stains the feast of Elysium. Collins restores the chastity to the scene. With wonderful delicacy of finger he selects the face, the expression, or the landscape. Every

shade of coarseness melts before the glow of his taste; and even the Sublime is always reflected through the Beautiful. He is the Fra Angelico of poets; like the painter of Fiesole, only failing in what is dark or revolting. His colouring is worthy of his designs. The warm yet dewy freshness of his language gives to the poem the lustrous expression of a picture in the sun. Such a writer can only fade with the morning-star and the summer-rose. He sets, but to rise; and languishes, that he may bloom. If the autumn-shade, or the winter of life, seem to obscure or benumb his rich colours and musical notes, the May-time of youth is opening, to rejoice in the one and be charmed by the other. Always, while Love and Hope walk up and down this earth, will be found happy, gentle hearts, beating in quick sympathy with whatever is beautiful in dreams, or tender in life; eyes enamoured of fairyland; and ears enchanted by its mellow horn, now, truly, by *distance made more sweet*. To all these Collins speaks in a voice that will meet an echo, and of them the Poet of the North was singing in the "Bridal of Triermain,"—

> For Lucy loves—like Collins, ill-starr'd name!
> Whose lay's requital was, that tardy fame,
> Who bound no laurel round his living head,
> Should hang it o'er his monument when dead—
> For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
> And thread, like him, the maze of Faery land;
> Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
> And slumber soft by some Elysian stream.

THE

POEMS OF COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

[The Eclogues were published at the beginning of 1742, under the title of "Persian Eclogues, written originally for the entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris, and now first translated." Collins was then an Oxford student, but the Eclogues, as we are told by his schoolfellow, J. Warton, were composed at Winchester, when he was about seventeen. The circumstances of their birth recall the "Kubla Khan" of Coleridge. Collins had just been reading the description of Persia in the Modern History, and was guided by it to a scene for his story. Warton adds, that in after life he professed the strongest contempt for the verses, calling them his Irish Eclogues, and desiring him to erase the motto from Virgil. His readers look with kinder eyes, and agree with a true poet (Mr. Campbell) in caring no more for characteristic manners than about the reality of Troy. "The neglected author of the Persian Eclogues," wrote Goldsmith, "which, however inaccurate, excel any in our language, is still alive; happy, if insensible of our neglect, not raging at our ingratitude." This was in 1759, and within less than four months, Collins found a home for his sorrows, and a rest for his heart.

Hurd (Works, i. 212) has some interesting remarks on the Pastoral poem, the popularity of which he traces to the three governing principles in human nature that are addressed by it—the love of ease, the desire of beauty, and the moral sense. He shows the forms which fancy has taken in the rural scenes of Theocritus, the pictures of Virgil, the illuminations of Spenser, the variegated story

of Tasso, the peopled landscapes of Fletcher, the classic groupings of Jonson—all closing in the romance and splendour of Comus.

Scott, of Amwell, displayed his admiration of these Eclogues by three compositions on a wider plan, embracing an Arabian, an Indian, and a Chinese story; of which the last is the most pleasing. The Eclogues of Collins were introduced by the following Preface:—

"It is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their dress; each nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

"The gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an Arabian or Persian is rich and figurative.

"There is an elegancy and wildness of thought which recommends all their compositions; and our geniuses are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these beauties are to be found in the following Eclogues, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original. I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets of the Persians. The little information I could gather concerning their author was, that his name was Abdallah, and that he was a native of Tauris.

"It was in that city that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the great Abbas.[1] As to the Eclogues themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniences, as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East.

"The time of writing them was probably in the beginning of Shah Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the Second.

"Whatever defects, as, I doubt not, there will be many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline him to make the following reflection:

"That the works of Orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice."]

[1] In the Persian tongue, Abbas signifieth "the father of the people."

Eclogue I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene—A valley near Bagdat.

Time—The morning.

"Ye Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspired;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desired:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resumed her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Graced with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray
Boast but the worth Bassora's[1] pearls display:
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:

[1] The gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires, the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The loved perfections of a female mind!

"Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain!
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.
O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

"Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all,—a wise suspicious maid;—
But man the most:—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known;
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve;
These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds loved, and Selim bless'd his song.

Eclogue II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Scene—The desert. Time—Midday.

[" 'Hassan, or the Camel-driver,' is, I verily believe, one of the most tenderly sublime, most sweetly descriptive poems in the cabinet of the Muses;" so Drake expresses his admiration. ("Literary Hours," No. xvi.) Headley quotes four lines from one of Browne's Pastorals, as exemplifying the unstudied music of the writer:—

> Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid
> Who that day's morn into the green wood stray'd.
> Sweet was the air, but sweeter was her breathing,
> Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing;

and he observes that every poetical ear will be struck by the resemblance to Collins:—

> Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day, &c.]

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.[1]
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:

[1] "In this line he does not merely seem to describe the sultry desert, but brings it home to the senses."—CAMPBELL.

Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure![1]
They 'tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won,—
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise,
Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs![2]
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

[1] From Pope's "Epistle to Lord Oxford:"—

"The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."—DYCE.

[2] "In pathetic situations, when similes immediately arise from the subject itself, or some collateral branch of it, they convey the most direct and unequivocal illustration, with a conciseness and expression truly admirable. I will subjoin an instance or two. Mallet thus describes the father of Edwin:

'The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.'

Above all others perhaps Collins affords one of the most beautiful specimens, in lines that few have read without emotion:—

'Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise,
Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs.'"

HEADLEY, "Select Beauties," ii. p. 13.

Eclogue III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene—A forest. Time—Evening.

[The name of the Sultana will recall the Abra of Prior, in his "Solomon," b. ii., and of whom he wrote four of the sweetest lines in the English language:—

> Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
> To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
> Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
> And, though I call'd another, Abra came.]

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green.
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain.
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
Gay-motley'd[1] pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;

[1] That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the "Modern History" of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.—Collins.

At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

Yet, 'midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclined;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green,
Her maids around her moved, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, all rural, in her hand:
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retired,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns, and busy courts, no more.
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne
Be famed for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!"

Eclogue IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene—A mountain in Circassia.
Time—Midnight.

[Miss Seward (Letters, t. iii. 126) traces the Eclogues of Chatterton to those of Collins; she notices a strong resemblance in Raufe and Robert to Agib and Secander, and prefers "the simpler tenderness and native scenery of the imitation to the Oriental descriptions and flowing numbers of the original." The Eclogue of Chatterton is a picture of England during the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, and it contains a sweet landscape of rural and sequestered life, when the ear was soothed by

The swote ribible dynning in the dell.

But no unprejudiced reader of the two poets will, I think, approve the lady's choice. The versification of Collins is so mellifluous that English words cannot excel it. The melody of the six lines beginning "Sweet to the sight," shows the perfection of rhythm; and Langhorne tells us that he never could read or hear of the Circassian maidens,

Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair,

without a degree of pleasure almost unaccountable. But the chief merit of the line is due to Pope, in the translation of the Iliad (xviii. 40)—

And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.]

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclined,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;

What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravaged plains, and valleys stole away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:[1]
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

[1] A Latinism—So Virgil:—
"Frigidus: et *sylvis* aquilo decussit *honorem*."
DYCE.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds loved in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest!
No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever famed for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inured, and nurst in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

ODES

ON

SEVERAL DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL SUBJECTS.

Ειην
Ευρησιεπης αναγει
Προσφορος εν Μοισαν Διφρω
Τολμα δε και αμφιλαφης Δυναμις
Εσποιτο. Πινδαρ. Ολυμπ. Θ.

[THERE appeared in the 30th volume of the *Monthly Review* a notice of these Odes, remarkable for refinement of appreciation and elegance of language; it pointed out the luxuriant fancy, the wild sublimity, and the felicitous diction, and asserted the claim of the author to bear away the palm from all his competitors in that province of the Muse. T. Warton said that Collins had borrowed, from a lost poem of his brother, the idea of a Temple of Pity and its decorations. But at least the treatment and the colouring are his own. The "eyes of dewy light" were never surpassed; the allusion to Otway is most affecting; like Collins, richly endowed, and like him, afflicted and unhappy. The blue robe is probably borrowed from a line of P. Fletcher, who represents Hope "clad in sky-like blue." ("Purple Island," c. ix.) But the elder poet excels the younger; for the epithet, applied to Hope, is emblematic, —to Pity, only descriptive. The garment, like the sky, of Hope is always blue; because she walks on earth with her head above the clouds, and, amid storms and darkness, breathes and lives in a great calm.]

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man, assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's[1] bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,

[1] Euripides, of whom Aristotle pronounces, on a comparison of him with Sophocles, that he was the greater master of the tender passions, ἤν τραγικώτερος.—COLLINS.

Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun[1] too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toils shall well relate
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

[1] The river Arun runs by the village of Trotton in Sussex, where Otway had his birth.—COLLINS.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who see'st, appall'd, the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly,
For lo what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside:
Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare:
On whom that ravening[1] brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse addressed her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard[2] who first invoked thy name,
Disdained in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

[1] Alluding to the Κύνας ἀφύκτους of Sophocles. See the Electra.—COLLINS.
[2] Æschylus.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a-while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shared the baleful grove

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, the incestuous queen[1]
Sighed the sad call[2] her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inspired each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,[3]
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought!
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought
Be mine, to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,

[1] Jocasta.

[2] ——— οὐδ' ἔτ' ὠρώρει βοή,
Ἦν μὲν σιωπή· φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς
Θώϋξεν αὐτόν, ὥστε πάντας ὀρθίας
Στῆσαι φόβῳ δείσαντας ἐξαίφνης τρίχας.
See the Œdip. Colon. of Sophocles.—COLLINS.

[3] "It may be remarked, that when we are anxious to communicate the highest possible character of sublimity to anything we are describing we generally contrive, either directly, or by means of some strong and obvious association, to introduce the image of the heavens, or of the clouds; or, in other words, of sublimity properly so called. In Collins's Ode to Fear, the happy use of a single word (*thunders*) identifies at once the physical with the moral sublime, and concentrates the effect of their united force."—DUGALD STEWART'S "Philosophical Essays," 119.

And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men![1]

O thou, whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke:
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee![2]

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,

[1] Langhorne refers us to the "old tradition, that on St. Mark's eve, the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the Channel, without their heads." Collins had read the speech of the first Brother in "Comus," about his sister:—

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

[2] The last line is imitated from L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Mrs. Barbauld observes: "It is difficult to keep entirely separate the active and passive qualities of allegorical personages; difficult to say whether such a being as Fear should be the agent in inspiring, or the victim agitated by the passion. In this Ode the latter idea prevails, for Fear appears in the character of a nymph pursued, like Dryden's Honoria, by the ravening brood of Fate. She is distracted by the ghastly train conjured up by Danger, and hunted through the world without being suffered to take repose; yet this idea is somewhat departed from, when the poet endeavours to *propitiate* Fear by offering her, as a suitable abode, *the cell where Rape and Murder dwell;* or a cave, whence she may hear the *cries of drowning men.* She then becomes the power who delights in inflicting fear. But perhaps the reader is an enemy to his own gratification, who investigates the attributes of these shadowy beings with too nice and curious an eye."

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her[1] whose lovelorn woe
In evening musings slow
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side
When holy Freedom died
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureat band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power,
Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless,
To some divine excess,

[1] The ἀηδὼν, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.—COLLINS.

Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find my temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.[1]

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest elfin queen has blest.)
One, only one, unrival'd[1] fair,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;

Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loathed dishonour'd side;
Happier, hopeless Fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour,
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given:
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame!

[1] "The measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the subject; and it has indeed an air of simplicity not altogether unaffecting. The allegorical imagery of the honied store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect."—LANGHORNE.

[1] Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.—COLLINS.

The band, as fairy legends say,[1]
Was wove on that creating day,
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the loved enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breathed her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born!
The dangerous passions keep aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the tarsel's[2] eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
—Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?

High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,

[1] "It is difficult to reduce to anything like a meaning this strange and by no means reverential fiction concerning the Divine Being. Probably the obscure idea that floated in the mind of the author was this,—that true poetry being a representation of nature, must have its archetype in those ideas of the Supreme Mind which originally gave birth to nature; and therefore that no one should attempt it without being conversant with the fair and beautiful, the true and perfect, both in moral ideas—*the shadowy tribes of mind*—and the productions of the material world."—BARBAULD'S "Essay," p. 24.

[2] The male falcon.

And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh sphered in heaven, its native strains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft, his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul, was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd the inspiring bowers;
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.[1]

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.[2]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

[1] "The Ode on the Poetical Character is so extremely wild and extravagant, that it seems to have been written wholly during the tyranny of imagination. Some, however, there are whose congenial spirits may keep pace with the Poet in his most eccentric flights, and from some of his casual strokes may catch those sublime ideas which, like him, they have experienced, but have never been able to express."—*Monthly Review.*

[2] "What a quantity of thought is here condensed in the compass of twelve lines, like a cluster of rock crystals, sparkling and distinct, yet receiving and reflecting lustre by their combination. The stanzas themselves are almost unrivalled in the association of poetry with picture, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality. The melody of the verse leaves nothing for the ear to desire, except a continuance of the strain, or rather the repetition of a strain which cannot tire by repetition. The imagery is of the most delicate and exquisite character—Spring decking the turfy sod; Fancy's feet treading upon the flowers there; Fairy hands ringing the knell; unseen forms singing the dirge of the glorious dead; but above all, and never to be surpassed in picturesque and imaginative beauty, Honour, as an old and broken soldier, coming on far pilgrimage to visit the shrine where his companions in arms are laid to rest. The sentiment, too, is profound:—

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

[Probably written, like the shorter Ode, on the occasion of the recent Rebellion; the former, as Langhorne supposed, being consecrated to the memory of those who fell; the latter, designed to awaken compassion for the unfortunate prisoners. Mr. Dyce compares with the opening picture a stanza in Fletcher's "Purple Island" (c. vi. st. 16) –

> But see, how 'twixt her sister and her sire,
> Soft-hearted Mercy sweetly interposing
> Settles her panting breast against his fire,
> Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
> Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
> The striking Thunderer recalls his blows,
> And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

The "Purple Island" appeared in 1633, and is remarkable as being the mirror on which the vanishing lights of Spenser were thrown; allegory did not shine out again until Thomson and Beattie rekindled it with a subdued splendour.]

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sitst a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!

'How sleep the brave!' Not how sweetly, soundly, happily! for all these are included in the simple apostrophe, '*How* sleep the brave!' Then in that lovely line,

'By all their country's wishes blest,'

is implied every circumstance of loss and lamentation, of solemnity at the interment, and posthumous homage to their memory, by the threefold personages of the scene—living, shadowy, and preternatural beings. There are in this poem associations of war, peace, glory, suffering, life, death, immortality, which might furnish food for a midsummer day's meditation, and a mid-winter night's dream afterwards, could June and December be made to meet in a poet's reverie."—James Montgomery's "Lectures," p. 203.

P. 48.

There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.

Ode written in the beginning of 1746.—Collins.

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierced with many a wound.

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to salvage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower;
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch' throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus,[1] fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,

[1] Alluding to that beautiful fragment of Alcæus:—

Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ωσπερ Αρμόδιος κ' Αριστογείτων,
Οτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην,
Ισονόμους τ' Αθήνας εποιησάτην.
Φιλταθ' Αρμόδι' οὔ τι που τέθνηκας,
Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σε φασὶν εἶναι,

At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power[1]
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, even where'er the least appear'd,
The admiring world thy hand revered;
Still 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escaped the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserved a part,
Till they,[2] whom Science loved to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.

Ινα περ ποδώκης Αχιλεὺς,
Τυδείδην τε φασιν Διομήδεα.
Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ωσπερ Αρμόδιος κ' Αριστογείτων,
Οτ' Αθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις
Ανδρα τύραννον Ιππαρχον ἐκαινέτην.
Αεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν,
Φίλταθ' Αρμόδιε, κ' Αριστόγειτων,
Οτι τὸν τύραννον κτάνετον,
Ισονόμους τ' Αθήνας ἐποιήσατον.

COLLINS.

[1] Μὴ μὴ ταῦτα λέγωμες, ἃ δάκρυον ἤγαγε Δηοῖ.
Callimach. Ὕμνος εἰς Δήμητρα.
COLLINS.

[2] The family of the Medici.

And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino[1] joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem:
Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
To those,[2] whose merchant sons were kings;
To him,[3] who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's[4] bleeding state.
Ah no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's[5] mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie roused in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those to whom thy stork[6] is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen[7] refused!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, adored by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand,[8]

[1] The little republic of San Marino. [2] The Venetians.
[3] The Doge of Venice. [4] Genoa. [5] Switzerland.
[6] The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penaltics for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.—COLLINS.
[7] Queen Elizabeth.
[8] This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.—COLLINS.

No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm even nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona,[1] once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the western tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she owed,
For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturned the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.

[1] There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island by covering it with a mist: so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.—COLLINS.

Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There, happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised?
Even now before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride, it seems to rise!
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mix'd design:
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues;
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graved with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her to her blissful train,
Blithe Concord's social form to gain;
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's bloodshot eyes in sleep;
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm:
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore;
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the west!

ODE TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION OF FONTENOY.

Written in May, 1745.

[This very pretty Ode, as he calls it in a letter to his brother, was shown to Joseph Warton when he met Collins at Guildford. The lady is believed to have been Miss Elizabeth Goddard, who was then staying at the house of Lord Tankerville, near Chichester, and overlooking the village of Harting. Of this lady, who was engaged to Colonel Ross, Collins is said to have been enamoured; she was one day older than himself, and he playfully complained that he came into the world a day after the fair. The Ode was printed, without the seventh and 8th stanzas, in *Dodsley's Museum* for June 7, 1746. T. Warton had seen the original manuscript, with many interlineations and alterations. In the first stanza, the MS. had "sunk in grief," for "stained with blood." The fourth stanza stood thus:—

> Ev'n now regardless of his doom,
> Applauding honour haunts his tomb,
> With shadowy trophies crown'd;
> While Freedom's form beside her roves,
> Majestic, through the twilight groves,
> And calls her heroes round.

The sixth stanza had "untaught" in the first line, instead of "unknown." In the ninth stanza, for "If weak to soothe so soft a heart," the reading was, "If drawn by all a lover's heart." Many variations Warton had forgotten. These now given are contained in a letter published in *The Reaper*, No. 26, and reprinted by Drake, in *The Gleaner*, iv. 475. Langhorne sees in the Iambic metre of the Ode a harmony with the subject; the repetition of the strain in the same stanza being suited to sorrow, which rejects variety of complaint.]

> While, lost to all his former mirth,
> Britannia's genius bends to earth,
> And mourns the fatal day:
> While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
> Unseemly from his sea-green hair
> The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheldt's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

Blest youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd;
Whilst Honour bathed in tears shall rove
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest:

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Crecy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod, which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph bursting round

Proclaim her reign restored:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft a heart,
These pictured glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye.
Exposed and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild War insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep;
Even humble Harting's cottaged vale[1]
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

[THIS has been regarded as the first happy specimen of the unrhymed ode. I suppose that Milton's translation of Horace will not be deemed an exception. So perfect is the modulation, that the want of concord in the concluding words is not immediately perceived, nor will be felt, except when the poem is read aloud. Delicious as the cadence is, I think that rhyme would have heightened the charm. The poet has unconsciously given to us an opportunity of comparison in the rhymes of the first and third lines of the fifth stanza; and the eye and the ear seem to be gratified by the accident. I know that Southey likened the effect of rhyme in verses to that of rouge and candle-light upon faces; indifferent poems and plain countenances are improved; genius and beauty do not require the aid. But the simile is imperfect; for music is pleasing in itself, which paint cannot be. If from the measure we turn to the composition, our delight is unbounded. They who see in it the refinement of Claude, and the visionary grandeur of Poussin, will scarcely be censured for exaggeration. The Ode is not so much

[1] Harting, a village adjoining the parish of Trotton, and about two miles distant from it.

to be read like a poem, as to be viewed like a picture. The eye lingers on it with a sweet and serious joy, that passes into the blood with a soothing, solemnizing influence. How it touched the heart of Gray, the "Elegy" bears witness. The landscape is thoroughly English, in the crimson sunset, the glimmering hamlet, and the village spire disappearing in the gloom; but even the homeliness is poetical, and the most familiar touch shows the hand of a great Artist. Compare, for instance, Clare's natural description of the buzzing beetles on a summer evening—

> Haunting every bushy place,
> *Flopping in the labourer's face,*

with the same insect in the Ode—

> As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
> *Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum—*

where we find the truthfulness to be the same, and the expression so inimitably superior.

T. Warton reminds us that his brother's Ode to Evening was written before that of Collins. It is the most pleasing piece which Joseph produced, containing two or three country circumstances well represented—as the lengthening shadow of the shepherd, the misty meadows, and the "hoarse humming of unnumbered flies." But there is no resemblance to Collins, either in fancy or manner. One ode is a mere water-colour sketch; the other is a rich landscape in oils. Collins had a design to write several poems in the same style, and English literature has seldom suffered so sad a loss.]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,[1]
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

[1] Or sound of pastoral reed, with oaten stops.—"Comus," 345.

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;[1]
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,[2]

[1] The following note is by the author of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." She is climbing the hill of Goodesberg:—"Bonn and the hill Sanctæ Crucis, appeared at a league's distance, and the windings of the Rhine gleamed here and there amidst the rich scene, like distant lakes. It was a still and beautiful evening, in which no shade remained of the thunder-clouds that passed in the day. To the west, under the glow of sunset, the landscape melted into the horizon in tints so soft, so clear, so delicately roseate, as only Claude could have painted. Viewed, as we then saw it, beyond a deep and dark arch of the ruin, its effect was enchanting; it was to the eye what the finest strains of Paisiello are to the heart, or the poetry of COLLINS is to the fancy—all tender, sweet, elegant, and glowing. From the other side of the hill the character of the view is entirely different; and instead of a long prospect over an open and level country, the little plain of Goodesberg appears reposing amidst wild and awful mountains. These were now melancholy and silent; the last rays were fading from their many points, and the obscurity of twilight began to spread over them. We seemed to have found the spot for which Collins wished—

'Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene.'"

—"Journey through Holland," &c., by ANNE RADCLIFFE (1795), p. 139.

[2] "In what short and simple terms does Collins open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowdon. —T. CAMPBELL.

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name![1]

ODE TO PEACE.

[COLLINS was a great admirer of Ben Jonson; and Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" (ii. 77) acknowledges that he first pointed out to him the beauties in the Epilogue to "Every Man out of his Humour." The allusion to the turtles was probably borrowed from that comedy, where Peace is called *turtle-footed*. This is one of the least harmonious of the odes, and, more than any other, justifies the assertion of Johnson, that his diction was sometimes harsh, and clogged with consonants.]

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

[1] I dissent altogether from the view of this ode by James Montgomery, who sees in it only a precious picture of Mosaic work, skilfully set, but with the hard cold look of enamel. I think that no falser judgment was ever delivered; but the following remark has more truth:—"The structure of the stanza is so mechanical to the eye—two long lines followed by two short ones—that a presentiment (like an instinctive judgment in physiognomy) instantly occurs that both thought and language must be fettered in a shape so mathematical."

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind!
O rise! and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train;
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

[Langhorne thinks that Collins wrote this Ode at the time when he left Oxford, and he particularly commends the description of Wit, on whose head the jewels play with reflected lustre; observing that nothing could more happily characterize wit, which consists in the flashes struck out by various images brought together, than this interchange of light from the precious stones. To the objection that Le Sage is not properly represented by the story of Blanche, which is rather an episode of the passions than of manners, Mr. Dyce replies, that the Ode was written when the "Tancred and Sigismunda" of Thomson had made the tale of Blanche popular.]

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retired,
My silent search in vain required!
No more my sail that deep explores;
No more I search those magic shores;
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:

If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard Passions fly;
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch whose roof is seen
Arch'd with the enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes, like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
O thou who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingling sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school:
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask;
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-robed maids combine;
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the Passions nursed, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!

O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me too amidst thy band admit;
There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are placed each other's beams to share;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loosed, attends thy side.

By old Miletus,[1] who so long
Has ceased his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In changed Italia's modern shades;
By him[2] whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refined a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him[3] whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore;
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind:
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

[1] Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.
[2] Cervantes.
[3] Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.—COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

[THIS is the masterpiece of Collins, to be placed between the "St. Cecilia" of Dryden and the "Bard" of Gray. In my judgment, it vanquishes both; speaking to purer and loftier feelings, and having no historical foundation, or embellishment, to sustain or brighten it. The allegory rises upon its own columns of fancy. Dr. Wooll prints a prose sketch by Joseph Warton, drawn up in his eighteenth year, and he not unreasonably believes it to have suggested the present Ode. The outline, which Warton intended for poetical completion, is elaborate and ingenious. Reason summons his rebellious subjects to appear before him; they come in a numerous train, comprising all the Passions, and receive his address. The sketch of Warton was to Collins what a rude drawing had been to Raffaelle. He raised and expanded it into life and grace, by a wise and delicate selection disengaging the most attractive figures, and grouping them in picturesque attitudes and costume. One hint of his friend he might have borrowed with advantage—that of Sorrow approaching the throne of Reason with a dead infant in her arms.

The Passions which he chose to represent are discriminated with astonishing accuracy and skill. Fear doubtfully laying his hand on the chords, and starting back at the first murmur; Anger rushing in the instrument with a plunge; and Despair ever changing the tune from complaint to tumult, are not more poetically vivid than metaphysically true. But it is in the exhibition of Hope that the author's genius breaks forth in its full lustre. What ear can be deaf to the enchanting grace with which she lengthens out the sweet sound with a pausing finger, and calls upon Echo to take it up after her? No other Passion has so dear a joy in publishing promises of peace and blessing. Not less delicious is the ecstatic smile of Hope, when the soft answering voice is heard warbling her song over again in a lower tone. English poetry, in its length and breadth, has no verses more beautiful and tender. The blue sky opens while we read them, and the Angelic life seems to dawn upon the world. Here, as in the Ode to Evening, the pen does the work of the pencil. The divinest look of Guido breathes from the portrait, over which the glory of inspiration is visibly resting.

The manner in which Hope is stopped in her melody, raises the highest expectations of the tragic powers of Collins; Revenge suddenly drowns the music with the thunder of his sword, flung to the ground with the blood upon it. Shakspere, in whose breast he thought that Fear had taken up her abode, has not a sublimer image. Pity sheds the same tempering light over Revenge, that Hope had lent to Despair. Jealousy is the least successful of the impersonations, and looks laboured and feeble. But a step along the gallery carries us before another face—and Melancholy joins her sisters in our memory. I may add that Mr. Mitford objects to the numbering of Cheerfulness with the Passions; and that Mrs. Barbauld notices the inferior part which Love is permitted to play, being only introduced among the companions of Joy in a dance with Mirth, who shakes odours and dew about her from his wings.

The Ode having been set to music by Dr. Hayes, the Professor at Oxford, was performed before the University in the summer of 1750. That circumstance is rendered more interesting by the fact, that the only letter of Collins which has reached us was written to Dr. Hayes, whose son communicated it to Mr. Seward, and by whom it was published in the Anecdotes:[1]—

"To Dr. William Hayes, Professor of Music, Oxford.

"Sir,—Mr. Blackstone, of Winchester, some time since informed me of the honour you had done me at Oxford last summer; for which I return you my sincere thanks. I have another more perfect copy of the Ode; which, had I known your obliging design, I would have communicated to you. Inform me by a line, if you should think one of my better judgment acceptable. In such case I could send you one written on a nobler subject; and which, though I have been persuaded to bring it forth in London, I think more calculated for an audience in the University. The subject is the Music of the Grecian Theatre; in which I have, I hope naturally, introduced the various characters with which the chorus was concerned, as Œdipus, Medea, Electra, Orestes, &c. &c. The composition, too, is probably more correct, as I have chosen the ancient tragedies for my models, and only copied the most affecting passages in them.

"In the mean time you would greatly oblige me by sending the score of the last. If you can get it written, I will readily answer the expense."

[1] ii. 318.

"If you send it with a copy or two of the Ode (as printed at Oxford) to Mr. Clarke, at Winchester, he will forward it to me here.

"I am, Sir, with great respect,

"Your obliged humble servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS.

"Chichester, Sussex, November 8, 1750.

"P.S.—Mr. Clarke passed some days here while Mr. Worgan was with me, from whose friendship I hope he will receive some advantage."

Whether the accompaniment of Dr. Hayes be preserved I do not know; but we are informed by Mr. Seward that "the choruses were very full and majestic," and that the airs "gave completely the spirit of the Passions which they were intended to imitate."]

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

[1] Collins was too loving a reader of Spenser not to recollect the wonderful life with which that poet represented images of surprise and terror, and we may suppose the following picture of Fear to have been in his eye:—

"Next him was Fear all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby;
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly."

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,[1]
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

[1] Collins found the smile of Hope and the colour of her hair, in his beloved Spenser (B. iii. Can. xii.), by whom Hope is charmingly painted, in her silken robe:—

"And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She always smiled."

The perpetual smile on the face of Hope is beautifully imagined.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
  And, dashing soft from rocks around,
  Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
  Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
    Round an holy calm diffusing,
    Love of Peace and lonely musing,
  In hollow murmurs died away.
But Oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
  Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
  The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
  Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,
  Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
  First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
  Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought who heard the strain
  They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
  Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
  Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
  Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
  And he, amidst his frolic play,
  As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O! bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

THE SCENE IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

[THOMSON died on the 27th of August, 1748; and in the following June the Ode appeared. No other memorial of this poetical friendship is preserved. Thomson has made Richmond sacred to Fancy. Even Twickenham does not possess so sweet a charm for the heart. His cottage in Kew Foot-lane has been absorbed in a mansion; but the garden may yet be traced, and a fine elm, I think, throws the same green and pleasant shade, as when the poet feasted his eyes upon the goodly prospect

> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

I feel confident that the reading of Langhorne and the modern editors should be replaced by that of Fawkes, which is adopted in this edition. The Poet's explanation of his Ode confirms me in my opinion. He tells us that the "scene is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond." Plainly, therefore, the tomb of Thomson is not viewed, but remembered. The boat glides up the river, the

ear is suspended for a moment, and the eye is turned to the spot, behind the elms and chestnuts, where the Bard lies buried. The trees of Richmond, embowering the terrace-walks, and sloping down to the water-edge, are aptly described by "yonder grove." The designation of "Druid" is another proof.]

In yonder grove a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp[1] shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening[2] spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.[3]

[1] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the "Castle of Indolence."—Collins.

[2] Richmond church, in which Thomson was buried.

[3] "When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended."—Wordsworth, v. 215.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads,[1] assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grove your Druid lies!

ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

[In the September of 1754, Thomas Warton and his brother visited Collins at Chichester, when he showed to them an Ode to Mr. John Home, on his leaving England. Home had no copy, and for several years the Ode was supposed to be lost. At length, in 1788, it appeared, with the title it now bears, among the literary papers of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It was communicated by Dr. Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, by whom it had been read at the meeting of the Society, April 19th, 1784. The manuscript, in the handwriting of Collins, came into the possession of Dr. Carlyle, together with the papers of a friend of Home. It was, apparently, a rough draft, the alterations and erasures of lines being numerous, and a stanza and a half wanting. The publication of the Ode drew forth a remonstrance, in the *St. James's Chronicle*, from "Verax," who

[1] Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.—Collins.

affirmed that the Wartons had seen a copy at Chichester, without one interpolation or hiatus, and evidently prepared for the press. The appearauce of the Ode in a complete shape seemed to support the assertion. It was inscribed to the Wartons by the anonymous editor, and has furnished the text for subsequent editions. Miss Seward (June 17, 1788) hails the new Ode with delight, and thinks it in the best manner of the author. Nothing is remembered of Collins's intimacy with Home, whose name has dwindled into an obscurity which only one composition enlightens. Sir Walter Scott observes in his Diary (April 25, 1827) :—"I finished the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them ; good blank verse and stately sentiment, but something luke-warmish, except 'Douglas,' which is certainly a masterpiece Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage and it is certainly one of the best acting plays going." But a finer critic than Scott had long before bestowed a higher commendation : Gray, writing August 10, 1757, has these strong expressions—"I am greatly struck with the tragedy of 'Douglas,' though it has infinite faults ; the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years ; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world."]

I.

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[1]
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side,
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destined bride.
Go ! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-lived bliss, forget my social name ;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame !

[1] The cordial youth was Mr. Barrow, by whom Home was introduced to Collins. Barrow and Home were volunteers in 1746, and being taken prisoners at the battle of Falkirk, "escaped by cutting their bed-clothes into ropes, and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined." In this enterprise Barrow broke his leg. Adam Ferguson informed Mackenzie that Home's interest with Lord Bute procured for Barrow the office of Paymaster to the Army during the American war, from which he returned nearly as poor as he went.

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

II.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill,
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

III.

E'en yet preserved, how often mayst thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bidst the well taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave!
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,[1]
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

[1] A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

IV.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destined glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

V.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora[1] forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They raved! divining, through their second sight,[2]
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William![3] Britain's guardian name!
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame.
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

[1] By young Aurora, Collins is supposed to have meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715.
[2] Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.
[3] The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.—Collins.

VI.

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose;
Let not dank Will[1] mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid the unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

VII.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enraged, the fiend in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless
corse![2]

[1] A figry meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.—COLLINS.

[2] "I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or, in the language of the old Scotch superstitions, seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheek," &c.—T. WARTON. Home himself made a most happy use of the

VIII.

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's[1] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile[2] which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither, where, beneath the showery west,[3]
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;

Kelpie, or Water-fiend, in the tragedy of "Douglas," when the peasant relates his story to Lady Randolph:—

"Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof,
Red came the river down, and loud, and oft
The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd."—Act iii. sc. 1.

[1] The water fiend.

[2] One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel.

[3] "The haze and darkness of the atmosphere seem to render it dubious if we can proceed as we intended to Staffa to-day—for mist among these islands is rather unpleasant. . . . . The haze is fast degenerating into downright rain, and that right heavy—verifying the words of Collins." — WALTER SCOTT (Works, iv. 329).

Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.[1]

X.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along the Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's[2] nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, the historic page.

[1] "In one of the Hebrides, called Ikolmkill, there are near sixty, it is said, of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings interred, and the people believe that frequently, during the night time, these venerable monarchs appear, and in conformity to their former terrestrial employments meet in council together. This striking superstition Collins has recorded."—Drake, "Literary Hours," No. xxxi. Sir Walter Scott, who visited this spot in the summer of 1814, remarks that the Graves of the Kings can scarcely be said to exist, although their site is pointed out. He adds:—"Macbeth is said to have been the last King of Scotland here buried; sixty preceded him, all doubtless as powerful in their day, but now unknown. A few weeks' labour of Shakspere, an obscure player, has done more for the memory of Macbeth than all the gifts, wealth, and monuments of this cemetery of princes have been able to secure to the rest of its inhabitants."

[2] An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

There, Shakespeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colours bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

XII.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
The heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung![1]
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the impassion'd heart, and wins the harmonious ear!

[1] The "Jerusalem" of Fairfax, and the "Iliad" of Chapman, are two of the most celebrated translations in our language. They both appeared in 1600. The merits and the defects of each bear a strong resemblance. We notice the same negligence with a surprising animation, and the same wildness of paraphrase, often illuminated by flashes of the original lustre. Chapman won the applause of Pope, who regarded him as a young Homer not come to years of discretion, and of Waller, who never read him without transport; while Fairfax gained the sympathy of Collins, and has been numbered by Campbell among the glories of the Elizabethan age. Mr. Hallam reminds us that the Tasso of Fairfax is one of the earliest works in which the obsolete English, not laid aside by Sackville, and cherished by Spenser, was replaced by a style of almost modern simplicity and ease.

XIII.

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
  Are by smooth Annan[1] filled or pastoral Tay,[1]
Or Don's[1] romantic springs at distance hail!
The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
  Your lowly glens,[2] o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or, o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
  Or, o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
  Where Jonson[3] sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower.
  And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
  The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains,[4] attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
  To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent
    friend![5]

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[Sir Thomas Hanmer (born 1676, died 1746) was Speaker of the House of Commons during the last Parliament of Queen Anne.

Hanmer whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways,

was the panegyric of Gay, in his pleasing congratulation of Pope, upon completing his translation of the Iliad.

[1] Three rivers in Scotland. [2] Valleys.

[3] Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

[4] Barrow was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

[5] Sir Egerton Brydges expressed much disappointment at this ode, while admitting that the public expectations were satisfied. He discovered traces of the author's genius, and several good lines, "but none grand—none of that felicitous flow and inspired vigour which mark the 'Ode to the Passions,' and other of his lyrics." He was convinced that Collins never could have written the verse—

"In the first year of the first George's reign."

It is, indeed, prosaic and flat enough; but the dignity and grace of other passages abundantly compensate the reader. Many of Mr. Wordsworth's friends will remember the pathetic rapture with which he was accustomed to repeat the tenth stanza, beginning—

"But, oh, o'er all forget not Kilda's race."

Of Hanmer's edition of Shakspeare, Johnson speaks as being recommended by its pomp more than its accuracy. But when he published his own edition of the poet, twenty-three years afterwards, he adopted a milder tone of criticism, and referred to Hanmer as eminently qualified for such studies, having "what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which despatches its work by the easiest means." Johnson gave the best proof of sincerity, by retaining Hanmer's notes; but his "Epitaph" has not sufficient elegance to excuse its exaggeration. In the original title-page (*London, folio, Cooper*, 1743) these verses are "humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer." But they are rather a tribute to poetry and Shakspeare than to an individual; and therefore the smart antithesis of Langhorne—that if the poem have less merit than the other compositions of Collins, it has still more than the subject deserves—loses its point. Collins did not claim the authorship, the designation being only, "A Gentleman of Oxford." Considered as the production of a young man in his twenty-third year, the epistle merits high praise. No finer piece of versification had appeared since the last moral essays and satires of Pope, who died in the year after its publication. It will be sufficient to mention the union in Shakspeare—

> Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength:

the character of Virgil contrasted with Lucan—

> The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line:

and especially the prophetic plan of the gallery of pictures, by which Shakspeare was to be illustrated in a future age—

> Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
> Where breathing Nature lives in every line;
> Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
> Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.]

SIR,

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obscured:

Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief the afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserved through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortured heart;
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's[1] reign,
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please,
The comic Sisters kept their native ease:
With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd;
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain:
Ilissus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriendly soil.
As Arts expired, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, Priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
Till Julius[2] first recall'd each exiled maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in the Etrurian shade:
Then, deeply skilled in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung;
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move,
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakespeare to her fame be born!

[1] The Œdipus of Sophocles.
[2] Julius the Second, the immediate predecessor of Leo the Tenth.

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hoped an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name;
With pleased attention, 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain[1] the Smiles and Graces own;[2]
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
The unrival'd picture of his early hand.

With[3] gradual steps and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew:
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's[4] spirit fired,
Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired:
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
The historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Waked at his call, I view, with glad surprise,[5]
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.

[1] Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.—COLLINS.

[2] Collins remembered Dryden's character of Beaumont and Fletcher ("Prose Works," ii. 100). "They represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage."

[3] About the time of Shakespeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.—COLLINS.

[4] The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

[5] "All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too."—DRYDEN'S "Prose Works," ii. 99.

There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time[1] shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed;
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break the oppressive spear!

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
And see where Anthony,[2] in tears approved,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!

[1] "Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta," etc.—VIRG.

[2] See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But who[1] is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel;
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So heaven ordains it) on the destined wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise;
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic,[2] as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those sibyl leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind,)
By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
E'en Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When, raised by fate, some former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

Oxford, Dec. 3, 1743.

[1] Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's "Dialogue on the Odyssey."—COLLINS.
[2] Why Hanmer is called "a generous critic" I do not know, unless to signify with Johnson ("Works," ii. 121) "that he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald, and seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility."

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

[Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1749, with the name of "Pastora" inserted for "Fidele." The change is mentioned by Sir John Hawkins, who, happening to call upon Cave, the printer, was shown these verses, which Cave wished to appear without any allusion to the subject that suggested them. Hawkins pointed out the injury to the poem, but Cave could not be "convinced of the propriety of the name Fidele; he thought Pastora a better, and so printed it." The reader will not wonder at the advice of Hawkins when he remembers the description in Shakspere, which both inspired and illustrates the dirge of Collins:—

> — With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
> The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock would,
> With charitable bill, bring thee all this.
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides when flowers are none,
> To winter-gown thy corse.—"Cymbeline," Act iv. sc. 2.

Johnson gave a place to this song in honour of the writer's memory, and later editors of Shakspere, I believe, have followed his example.]

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.[1]

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE, GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
  By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
  Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
  Beneath her shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
  The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
  Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of the enamour'd breast,
  And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
  From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
  The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

[1] Mr. Headley notices, as somewhat in the manner of Collins, the concluding lines of Lovelace on Mr. Filmer.—("Lucasta," &c., 1649):—

"Yet her saint-like name shall shine
A living glory to this shrine,
And her eternal fame be read,
When all but very Virtue's dead"

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god! hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invoked in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated, leave this fatal place!

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

[This is the earliest composition of Collins that has reached us. It was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1739, with the signature of "Amasius." It is, however, not improbable that he was the author of a poem on the "Royal Nuptials," which was published by the same bookseller who afterwards sent forth the Eclogues. Mr. Dyce sought a copy in vain. Collins was then in his fourteenth year.]

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn,
Lament not Hannah's happy state;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my bands,
You'll find your sister in his arms."

SONNET.

[COLLINS wrote this Sonnet at Winchester College, and it appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1739, accompanied by the "Sappho's Advice" of J. Warton, and the "Beauty and Innocence" of Tomkyns.

In the magazine for November, there is a criticism on the poetry of the former month, contributed, we are assured, by Johnson, in which he speaks of this Sonnet as marked by a "force mixed with tenderness, and uncommon elevation." The reader will perceive that it is a Sonnet only in name, having neither the manner nor the make of that form of verse; and if he ask why fourteen lines are necessary to make a Sonnet, I do not know that he can be answered better than by James Montgomery's question:—"Why should the height of a Corinthian column be ten diameters?"]

WHEN Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here:
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!
From 'midst the drops, my love is born,
That o'er those eyelids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled queen of love

SONG.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

[MR. DYCE says, "When this song was written, or in what publication it originally appeared, I am unable to inform the reader. Mr. Park (who inserts it on an additional leaf) observes to me that he has now forgotten on what authority he gave it as the production of Collins, but that he must have been satisfied of its genuineness at the time he reprinted it." The internal witness is in favour of the authorship. The song breathes the pathetic sweetness of Collins.]

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowly hamlets, moan;
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were placed,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who loved so well:
Ah, me! how many a true love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried;
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her loved one died.

ON OUR LATE TASTE IN MUSIC.

——Quid vocis modulamen inane juvabat
Verborum sensusque vacans numerique loquacis?
MILTON.

[THESE lines were transferred from the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1740) to the Aldine edition of Collins. Their claim to authenticity is merely conjectural, and I am disposed to attribute them to some other "Gentleman of Oxford." Here and there we find a musical passage, or a happy expression, but the poem has little merit to recommend it.]

BRITONS! away with the degenerate pack!
Waft, western winds! the foreign spoilers back!
Enough has been in wild amusements spent,
Let British verse and harmony content!

No music once could charm you like your own,
Then tuneful Robinson,[1] and Tofts were known;
Then Purcell touch'd the strings, while numbers hung
Attentive to the sounds—and blest the song!
E'en gentle Weldon taught us manly notes,
Beyond the enervate thrills of Roman throats!
Notes, foreign luxury could ne'er inspire,
That animate the soul, and swell the lyre!
That mend, and not emasculate our hearts,
And teach the love of freedom and of arts.

Nor yet, while guardian Phœbus gilds our isle,
Does heaven averse await the muses' toil;
Cherish but once our worth of native race,
The sister-arts shall soon display their face!
Even half discouraged through the gloom they strive,
Smile at neglect, and o'er oblivion live.
See Handel, careless of a foreign fame,
Fix on our shore, and boast a Briton's name:
While, placed marmoric in the vocal grove,[2]
He guides the measures listening throngs approve.
Mark silence at the voice of Arne confess'd,
Soft as the sweet enchantress rules the breast;
As when transported Venice lent an ear,
Camilla's charms to view, and accents hear![3]
So while she varies the impassion'd song,
Alternate motions on the bosom throng!
As heavenly Milton[4] guides her magic voice,
And virtue thus convey'd allures the choice.

Discard soft nonsense in a slavish tongue,
The strain insipid, and the thought unknown;
From truth and nature form the unerring test;
Be what is manly, chaste, and good the best!
'Tis not to ape the songsters of the groves,
Through all the quiverings of their wanton loves.
'Tis not the enfeebled thrill, or warbled shake,
The heart can strengthen, or the soul awake!

[1] Now Countess-dowager of Peterborough.
[2] Vauxhall.
[3] Vide the "Spectator's" Letters from Camilla, vol. vi.
[4] Milton's "Comus" lately revived.

But where the force of energy is found
When the sense rises on the wings of sound;
When reason, with the charms of music twined,
Through the enraptured ear informs the mind;
Bids generous love or soft compassion glow,
And forms a tuneful Paradise below!

Oh Britons! if the honour still you boast,
No longer purchase follies at such cost!
No longer let unmeaning sounds invite
To visionary scenes of false delight:
When, shame to sense! we see the hero's rage
Lisp'd on the tongue, and danced along the stage!
Or hear in eunuch sounds a hero squeak,
While kingdoms rise or fall upon a shake!
Let them at home to slavery's painted train,
With syren art repeat the pleasing strain:
While we, like wise Ulysses, close our ear
To songs which liberty forbids to hear!
Keep, guardian gales, the infectious guests away,
To charm where priests direct, and slaves obey.
Madrid, or wanton Rome, be their delight;
There they may warble as their poets write.
The temper of our isle, though cold, is clear;
And such our genius, noble though severe.
Our Shakespeare scorn'd the trifling rules of art,
But knew to conquer and surprise the heart!
In magic chains the captive thought to bind,
And fathom all the depths of human kind!

Too long, our shame, the prostituted herd
Our sense have bubbled, and our wealth have shared.
Too long the favourites of our vulgar great
Have bask'd in luxury, and lived in state!
In Tuscan wilds now let them villas rear[1]
Ennobled by the charity we spare.
There let them warble in the tainted breeze,
Or sing like widow'd orphans to the trees:
There let them chant their incoherent dreams,
Where howls Charybdis, and where Scylla screams!
Or where Avernus, from his darksome round,
May echo to the winds the blasted sound!

[1] Senesino has built a palace near Sienna on an estate which carries the title of a Marquisate, but purchased with English gold.

As fair Alcyone,[1] with anguish press'd,
Broods o'er the British main with tuneful breast,
Beneath the white-brow'd cliff protected sings,
Or skims the azure plain with painted wings!
Grateful like her, to nature, and as just,
Your own domestic blessings let us trust;
Keep for our sons fair learning's honoured prize,
Till the world own the worth they now despise!

[1] The kingfisher.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

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GREEN.

The history of Matthew Green is told in two lines; his birth was in 1696, his education among the dissenters, his employment in the Custom-house, and his death in 1737. Never did a man of genius leave fainter marks of his footsteps upon life. A curious inquirer,[1] not soon wearied in literary researches, has vainly sought to disinter the date of his appointment, or the nature of it. An influential clerk would easily be identified, and we can only connect a small salary and a humble post with so much obscurity. The poet seems to give us that information in his lines on Barclay's Apology:—

> Well-natur'd, happy shade forgive!
> Like you I think, but cannot live.
> Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
> That from dependence life exempt;
> And constitution fram'd so strong,
> This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
> Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
> I live by pulling off my hat;
> Compell'd by station every hour,
> To bow to images of power;
> And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
> See better things, and do the worst.

He died at a lodging in Nag's-head-court, Gracechurch-street, in his forty-second year. From Glover, a friend and a man of taste, we might have hoped to receive a pleasing memorial. That his conversation would have supplied a biographer with materials, we are assured by a

[1] Mr. Peter Cunningham.

specimen that has reached us. One Sylvanus Bevan, a member of the Society of Friends, happening to bathe in the river, was greatly discomfited by the impertinence of a waterman, who called him Quaker Quirl. Meeting Green, he expressed his surprise at the creed being recognised, when its costume was laid aside. "You are known," answered his friend, "by your swimming against the stream."

Green is remembered by his poem on the "Spleen," containing less than nine hundred lines, but unequalled in our language for condensed thoughtfulness and happy expressions. The author was accustomed, as we are told, to amuse himself with small sketches of wit or humour, in prose and rhyme, of which the larger number required a familiar knowledge of slight circumstances to render them intelligible. The "Spleen" had no higher inspiration. It was, at first, a short copy of verses, which the writer gradually enlarged and embellished to gratify the friend to whom it is inscribed, and without any view to publication. They who were acquainted with its remarkable merits naturally desired to give it the circulation of the Press, but in the dawn of their hope they were deprived of the author, whose illness appears to have been unexpected as his death was sudden. The "Spleen" was accordingly printed as the poet left it, without any revision or amendment. What work of genius ever suffered so stern a test with such little loss? Its peculiar excellencies, however, have not been always discerned or acknowledged. Boswell has recorded an interesting conversation respecting it. Goldsmith had denied any true poetic merit to the age, when Dodsley appealed to his own collection, asserting that although a palace, like Dryden's Ode, might not be found, there were several villages composed of very pretty houses, and particularly mentioning the "Spleen." "I think," was the answer of Johnson,

"Dodsley gave up the question; only he said it in a softer manner than Goldsmith did, for he acknowledged that there was no poetry, nothing that towered above the common mark. You may find wit and humour in verse, and yet no poetry. 'Hudibras' has a profusion of these, yet it is not to be reckoned a poem. The 'Spleen,' in Dodsley's collection, on which you say he chiefly rested, is not poetry." Gray saw and defined the talent of Green more happily in saying, "There is wit everywhere; reading would have formed his judgment and harmonized his ear, for even his woodnotes often break out into strains of real poetry and music." We may have another song for St. Cecilia before we see a second "Spleen." The criticism of Gray bestows the due praise. It would not be applied with the same fitness to the wit of Butler, or the gaiety of Prior, neither of whom seemed to be willing or able, in their lighter moments, to turn a serious eye upon life. I do not forget the occasional images in Butler which the reader has by heart, as in the lines that might have been woven into Il Penseroso,—

> True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shined upon.

Or the simile of

> Indian widows gone to bed,
> In flaming curtains to the dead.

Which looks like a daring effort of Young in burlesque; but I ask if Butler or Prior could have clothed the wish of a quiet, humble temper, longing to drop down into the nest of a green farm and two hundred pounds (paid half-yearly), in verse so natural, pleasing, and homely as Green's? We see the shadows of the cows over the grass, and thick trees making a twilight of leaves,—

> While soft as breezy breath of wind,
> Impulses rustle through the mind.

If we seek examples of that sunny playfulness which is called fancy, we find them in abundance. To these belong the magic-lantern of "Spleen," the April-weather face of the coquette, the parallel between black and blue eyes, Court Favour dazzling the "levee" with the flash of its mirror, the tinctured glass in the telescope of imagination; and above all, the picture of human life represented as a voyage, which, however familiar to poetic pens, has been shown by none with livelier truth of circumstances or exacter diction. The allegory is sustained in every feature. We have the bark with Reason at the helm, the crew of Passions, Wisdom putting forth her lights in dark weather, Experience, on the look-out for breakers, and continually "sounding," the sails ready to be reefed, and the voyage pursued "neither becalmed nor over-blown," into the haven.

The force of the language is always conspicuous. It is the advice to a young poet put in practice. "Every sentence should contain a definite idea, and the writer be sure that he knows what it is." Walpole, who admired Green, would be delighted by his pointed style as much as by his fancy. Who has excelled the sarcasm on scribblers,

> Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
> *Err with their wings, for want of eyes;*

the "red-lettered" face of a glutton, the "show-glass" of a hypocrite, whose graces are on the outside; the lean politician, eagerly darting upon a scrap of news, like a swallow diving for food; a stiff critic straitening Nature in stays; scruples, the spasms of the mind; or news, the manna of a day? He gives a character in a word. When was the talent of a plagiarist better described than by "vamping," or the raised eye of the prude, than by its "superb muscle"? Some harshness is mingled with these felicities of utterance, as "nefandous," "fecundous," and

"extrant," &c. Occasionally he coins a word for a particular purpose, as "nervates," in the sense of giving strength, which I do not remember to have seen before. These are the defects which a riper knowledge and study of literature would have removed. Perhaps they only waited a correcting pen to erase them from the proofs. But the faults of the poet, of whatever kind, are lost in his merits. He is emphatically a THINKER, often rude, but never dull. The stream gushes up from its own spring, and has the sparkle and the taste of the pure earth. We generally close a book with the feeling that it was filled from a reservoir. It leaves a chill and a flatness upon the palate. Happy is the remark of one of the thoughtfullest of authors:—"How large a portion of the material that books are made of is destitute of any *peculiar* distinction. An accumulation of sentences and pages of vulgar truisms and candlelight sense, which any one was competent to write, and which no one is interested in reading, or cares to remember, or could remember if he cared. This is the *common* of literature, of space wide enough, of indifferent production, and open to all. The pages of some authors, on the contrary, give one the idea of enclosed gardens and orchards, and one says, '*Ha! that is the man's own.*'"[1] This is the charm of Green; he knew his originality, and asserted it,—

> The child is genuine; you may trace
> Throughout the sire's transmitted face;
> Nothing is stol'n.

In these praises of Green one fault must not be overlooked—his occasional application of Scripture phrases to common things. Two or three examples of this irreverent familiarity will strike the reader in the "Spleen." Now and then he is happy in the reference, and the wit is

[1] "John Foster's Life and Correspondence," i. 179.

without offence; as when he describes ostentatious professors of Christianity,

Phylacter'd throughout all their mien;

the phylactery being a small scroll of parchment, with a few words of the Hebrew Law written upon it, and which the Pharisees were in the habit of binding—unusually large—upon their wrists and foreheads. Equally just and forcible is the comparison between the pretended miracle at Naples, when the congealed blood is said to be liquefied by the head of St. Januarius, and the wonders really wrought by black and blue eyes upon the frozen blood of the beholders:—

True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

THE

POEMS OF GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

[Green is reported to have been a sufferer from the disorder he describes. Dr. Cheyne's once famous book, "The English Malady," had been published in 1733, and treats in the eighth chapter (Part ii.) of the Spleen, or Low Spirits. Green's poem is an illuminated commentary upon the doctor's advice, as set forth in the following passage:—"I would earnestly recommend to all those afflicted with nervous distempers, always to have some innocent, entertaining amusement to employ themselves in for the rest of the day, after they have employed a sufficient time upon exercise. It seems to me absolutely impossible, without such a help, to keep the mind easy, and prevent its wearing out the body, as the sword does the scabbard. It is no matter what it is, provided it be but a Hobby-horse and an amusement, and stop the current of reflection and intense thinking, which persons of weak nerves are aptest to run into. Easy, agreeable amusements, and intervals of no thinking, are as necessary for such, as sleep to the weary." (p. 183.) I may observe that Addison—in that pleasant story of his slumber in the elbow-chair over a passage of "Horace," and the proclamation of Jupiter bidding all people to bring in their complaints—was particularly struck by the excess of imaginary over real distempers. "One little packet," he says, "I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people. This was called the Spleen."

The reader may like to see the terms in which the first edition

of this poem was introduced to the public:—"THE SPLEEN, an epistle inscribed to his particular friend, Mr. C. J.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

By the late Mr. Matthew Green, of the Custom-house, London. Printed and sold by A. Dodd, without Temple-bar, and at all the Pamphlet-shops in town, 1737. (Price one shilling.)"]

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.
The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stolen: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon[1] sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:[2]
They safely sing before a thief.
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurell'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More[3] so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

[1] Gildon published a Complete Art of Poetry.

[2] The allusion is to the famous lines about the "naked Pict," attributed to Howard's "British Princes," but not contained in that composition.

[3] James More Smith, Esq. See "Dunciad," b. ii. 50, and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a *treatise* on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend the' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare, Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean,
In stormy world to live serene.
When by its magic-lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.
I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And, by swift current, throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.
I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits which I want.
Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,

With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes,
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing *tête-à-tête*,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,

A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenborough-mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sovereign for the case in view.
If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way:
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight;
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.
Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high power advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its powers have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen[1] will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.

[1] "Sudden changes of weather affect the brain, though they make no sensible impression elsewhere. This disturbs the imagination, and gives a new and melancholy complexion to the appearances of things. Wise thinking and good humour, unless people look to it, are precarious advantages; a cloud is enough to over-cast them. They rise and fall with the mercury in the weather-glass. Some men can scarcely talk sense unless the sun shines out. At such a time a man should awaken himself, and immediately strike off into business, or innocent diversion."—JEREMY COLLIER, "Essays" (Of the Spleen), part ii. p. 37. 1698.

In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hip'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it Heaven to be serene;
Pain, Hell; and purgatory, Spleen.
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins:
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.
Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm

May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine;
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams:
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And, raptur'd, fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood, long-congealed, liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.
Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart;

Of every folly-fostering bed
By quickening heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden-soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss, who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown;
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels, (receipts to make a ——)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away:
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ignorance rais'd the safe high wall;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By the' magi, who law-fortunes tell,

I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing still the public way:
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out, where they went in.
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a *caveat* in the mind:
Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Passion, (as frequently is seen)
Subsiding, settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I turn away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted —— alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend;
And in whose gay, red-letter'd face,
We read good living more than grace—
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,

Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their men;
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infections, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face—
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.
I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But, to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan;
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
By these reflections, I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away;

Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers:
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless power, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,[1]
The brazen-serpent of the nation,
Which when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.
I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.
When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel;
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.
When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park;

[1] The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them who were members of the House of Commons were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

Who, e'er on wing, with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which, close pursued, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bowers,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.
You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,

Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lotteries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names,
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit;
And, mere upholsterers, in a trice
On gems and painting set a price.
These tailoring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays,
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.
A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends:
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass—a play.
All these engage, to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho[1] taught his birds to sing;

[1] Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this invention: he took young birds, and taught them to sing, "Psapho is a god." When they were perfect in their lesson he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel[1] are its friends:
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
In bulrush-ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
But there's a youth[2] that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate;—
"This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspired by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring, draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove:
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow."
From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.
Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever, most inflam'd by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,

[1] A schedule on which are written the names of persons summoned by the sheriff, and hence used for the whole jury.
[2] Mr. Glover, the excellent author of "Leonidas."

This paradise tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of Spleen call'd *growing wise.*
Greatness, in glittering forms display'd,
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely-envied scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen;
And midst the glare of greatness trace
A watery sunshine in the face,
And pleasure fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.
  Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose:
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
  Forc'd by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.

Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made.
A farm some twenty miles from town
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own:
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods, impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;

While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men on land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart:
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in Fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

P. 29.

—hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep.

The Spleen.—GREEN.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.
Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies,
With tinctured glass, to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense,
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?
That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate.
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask;
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul;

Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.
"To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great!"——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly:
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme.
Nor runs, with Wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought:
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite.
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home:
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know:
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, p:ss'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of power bereave
An endless series to receive;

Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way:
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef;
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end!)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

[This trifle is in the spirit of Prior, and equals his happiest efforts in playfulness and grace.]

I lately saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger graced a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything she caress'd,
  She stroked its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
  She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
  He loosen'd from the rest.
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
  The easier to digest.

She seized his bill with wild affright,
  Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
  Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-tied knocker none might use,
  The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
  The streets were laid with straw.

The doctor used his oily art,
  Of strong emetic kind;
The apothecary play'd his part,
  And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceased to spend its store,
  To bring away the stone;
Dicky, like people given o'er,
  Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
  He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia, recovering at the news,
  Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
  Two different passions strove:
When avarice ended the contest,
  And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
  Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring
  Could take thy life away.

Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,
  Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
  Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
  Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
  A Venus kill her bird.

THE SEEKER.

[In the "Seeker" Aikin sees "a curious piece of theological painting in the humorous style, the figures of which many will recognise to be drawn from the life."]

When I first came to London, I rambled about,
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity bachelor, tried
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And, urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems which they recommended.
  Said a lecherous old friar skulking near Lincoln's Inn,
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin;
Who, spiderlike, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
Ah! pity your soul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail,
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for salvation.
  Said a formal non-con., (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward exposed in shop-window of face,)
Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal law-dragons guard his golden fleece,)
"If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.*"
Said a yea-and-nay friend, with a stiff hat and band,
(Who while he talked gravely would hold forth his hand,)
"Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers' by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes; so nothing to pay."

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS.

[The life of Barclay, born in Edinburgh, 1648, was nearly of the same length as Green's. He was a man of superior learning and mental power. His "Apology" appeared, in Latin, at Amsterdam, 1676, and two years afterwards in English. The prefatory address to Charles the Second is well known. Green evidently felt the subject which he illustrated. His inner man is opened in the poem, as he gazes upon the calm and sequestered mind, waiting for divine light to shine down and consecrate it. The best commentary on the verses may be read in Elia's essay—"A Quaker's Meeting"—in which he describes the solemn loneliness of a contemplative assembly, when, without the speaking of a word, the mind has been fed by a sermon not made with hands.]

These sheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen,
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these is shown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign:

To scripture-plainness dress is brought,
And speech, apparel to the thought;
They hiss, from instinct, at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and press the law of love:
Breathing the spirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they detest,
As manufactur'd by the priest;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For stuff, which never mends the way;
And tithes a Jewish tax, reduce,
And frank the gospel, for our use.
They sable standing armies break;
But the militia useful make:
Since all unhired may preach and pray,
Taught by these rules as well as they;
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
The world can't hear the small still voice,
Such is its bustle and its noise;
Reason the proclamation reads,
But not one riot-passion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power, the graces are,
Which here below our homage share:
They, if one votary they find
To mistress more divine inclin'd,
In truth's pursuit to cause delay,
Throw golden apples in his way.
Place me, O Heaven, in some retreat,
There let the serious death-watch beat,
There let me self in silence shun,
To feel thy will, which should be done.
Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When fast the senses' doors are shut;
For so divine and pure a guest
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.
O Contemplation! air serene,
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found!
Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets, exulting, virgin Truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind;

Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine, that kindles grace:
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
Till darkness be by dying past,
And then goes out, at end of night,
Extinguish'd by superior light.
Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and Pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind;
And raise despair my lamp can last,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.
False eloquence, big empty sound,
Like showers that rush upon the ground,
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.
His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts Persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That king Agrippa's case is mine.
Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That from dependence life exempt,
And constitution fram'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worst.
Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.
"Consider well your state," she cries,
"Like others kneel, that you may rise;
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd,
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.

See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain, to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use:
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe Scripture how they please."
"The honour'd prophet, that of old
Us'd Heaven's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.'

THE GROTTO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE NAME OF PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg;
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

[QUEEN CAROLINE, having built a Grotto in Richmond-gardens, intrusted the care of it to Stephen Duck, who was much pelted by the Wits of his time. But the hardest blow came from Court, when it set him up against Pope. Aikin thinks that Green alone could have written the "Grotto," in which, however widely his fancy seems to wander, we can trace a general design to represent a Temple with Philosophy for the Goddess. The "Grotto" of Green is Pope's "Hermitage."

The poem displays the writer's usual fruitfulness of imagery. I might specify the comparison of the red circle round a tearful eye, to a "bur" about the moon threatening bad weather; and the more striking remonstrance against indulging gloomy thoughts, whenever there is a hollow sound in the wainscot, or odd shapes start up in the embers, or brooding over dreams,

Grim tapestry figures wrought in sleep,

or watching the moonlight shadows along the walls of an old mansion. Amid the busts of the Grotto, the poet hangs a portrait of Delia, quite unlike the pastoral beauty of that name, as we meet

her in Elegiacs. Green is much too witty to be Damon; but when he offers a compliment, not even Prior turned it with a finer grace, or shaded away his irony with a more serious sweetness.]

We had a Water-poet[1] once,
Nor was he register'd a dunce:
I'll lay awhile my writing by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry,
And stow my apostolic boat,
And try to raise a swanlike note:
For fishing oft in Twick'nam Reach,
I've heard fine strains along the beach[2]
That tempt to sing a cave's[3] renown,
And fetch from thence an ivy crown.
Adieu awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.
Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flowery banks, if you have seen
The much sung Grotto of the queen?
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's[4] pride (his greatest guilt),
And what great William since has built;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens),[5]
From Sion House,[6] whose proud survey
Browbeats your flood, look cross the way,
And view, from highest swell of tide,
The milder scenes of Surrey side.
Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore;

[1] John Taylor is here alluded to, who was called the "The Rhyming Sculler," and who contrived (notwithstanding his various employments as a waterman, a victualler, and a publican) to scribble more than eighty pamphlets in verse and prose, the greater part of which he collected and published together in 1630.

[2] A delicate compliment to Pope.

[3] The Cave of Merlin, formed in Richmond Gardens, according to the intimation of a modern satirist, "By Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline."

[4] Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and improved by King William III.

[5] Queen Anne (consort of King Richard II.) and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

[6] Sion House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love.
(O, might our Laureate study here,
How would he hail his newborn year!)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy,
Whose sides such licensed idols crown
As superstition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go:
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the virtues gather round,
To see her consecrate the ground.
If thou, the god with winged feet,
In council, talk of this retreat,
And jealous gods resentment show
At altars raised to men below;
Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their house our heroes should admit;
While each exists, as poets sing,
A lazy, lewd, immortal thing,
They must (or grow in disrepute)
With earth's first commoners recruit.
Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,
To praise whatever Boyle[1] shall build;
Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame.
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,[2]
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds, disposed to musing, teach:
Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise;

[1] Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his taste in architecture; specimens of which still attract admirers at Chiswick and in Piccadilly.

[2] The author should have said *five*, there being the busts of Newton, Locke Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Or maladies, begun within,
Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
From maggot youth through change of state
They feel like us the turns of fate:
Some born to creep, have lived to fly.
And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
And some, that did their six wings keep,
Before they died, been forced to creep.
They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less:
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil incessant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wise sense of want, by future store;
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
Till death, and then are never miss'd.
Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace,
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to successors, and away.
Let not profane this sacred place
Hypocrisy with Janus' face;
Or Pomp, mix'd state of pride and care;
Court kindness, Falsehood's polish'd ware;
Scandal disguised in Friendship's veil,
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale
Of treaty of intriguing kind,
With secret article here sign'd;
And beds conceal'd with bushy trees,
Planted with Juno's lettuces:
Or art politic which allows
The jesuit-remedy for vows;
Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
Till, in a swoon, Truth lies for dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And, more than lineaments divine,
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe, and knaves apply;
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;

Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.
O Delia, when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair, with downcast look,
Mind not so much the murmuring brook;
Nor fix'd in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe;
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping, like sick linnet sit,
With dewy eye and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disused to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell,
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding-sheet;
Nor in burn'd coal a coffin see,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee;
Or when the coruscation gleams,
Find out not first the bloody streams;
Nor in impress'd remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures, wrought in sleep;
Nor rise to see in antique hall
The moonlight monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass
Trailing their sables o'er the grass.
Let vice and guilt act how they please
In souls, their conquer'd provinces;
By Heaven's just charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears.
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress'd,
Live at discretion in your breast?
Be wise, and panic fright disdain
As notions, meteors of the brain;

And sights perform'd, illusive scene!
By magic lantern of the Spleen.
Come here, from baleful cares released,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
Where decent mirth and wisdom, join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind.
Call back the Cupids to your eyes;
I see the godlings with surprise,
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro afraid to light.—
Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go, compell'd by feather'd steeds
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.
No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falsehood with them shall disagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way see,
Through blinkers of authority;
Nor they who its four saints defame,
By making Virtue but a name;
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)
Artists who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought,
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much,
To bear the proof and standard touch;
Nor fops to guard this silvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark;
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come, Nymph, with rural honours dress'd,
Virtue's exterior form confess'd,
With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence:
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipp'd sun,
With bolder eye we look upon;

Learning shall, with obsequious mien,
Tell all the wonders she has seen;
Reason, her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion fit;
Religion, with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense;
Philosophy and she embrace,
And their first league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymphlike the sisters chief surround:
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:
Zephyr, his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls, instead of leaves:
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing:
And flowers lean forward from their seats,
To traffic in exchange of sweets;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity entreats
The fair to grace its upper seats.
O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poison vehicled in praise.
For Satire's shots but slightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.
What Virtue is, we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true Nature find:
Chymists and laws their process suit.
They metals, these the mind, transmute.
Your vapours, bred from fumes, declare
How steams create tempestuous air,
Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make heaven and you serene again:
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes;

We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began;
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak;
Our watch how Luna strays above,
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in science know,
From your known love for riddles flow.
Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundress[1] well,
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness, delighted to undress;
Science, a sceptred hand caress;
A queen, the friends of freedom prize;
A woman, wise men canonize.

[1] Queen Caroline.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS WARTON.

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WARTON.

Thomas Warton was born at Basingstoke, in Hampshire, 1728, his father being the rector of the parish, and an acquaintance of Pope. No man ever lived more truly in the boy than the historian of our poetry. At nine years of age he translated an epigram of Martial for his sister; and in the severe winter of 1739-40, he was found eager to exchange the fireside for his cold bedroom and books. In his sixteenth year, March 16, 1743, he took up his abode, a commoner, in Trinity College, Oxford, and not long afterwards (1745) made his appearance in print, as a pastoral poet lamenting the sorrows of German shepherds in the war. These Eclogues, of which he always disclaimed the authorship, were considered by Southey to be remarkable productions for so youthful a scholar. They were followed, in 1747, by the "Pleasures of Melancholy," showing very distinctly the poetical roads in which he had begun to travel. Having at the usual period taken the degree of Bachelor, he became a Master, December 1, 1750, obtaining a fellowship in the succeeding year, and publishing one or two lesser effusions of his pen. The dawn of his critical genius appeared, 1754, in the "Observations on the Faëry Queen of Spenser," in which, as Johnson assured him, he had shown to future students of our ancient authors the way to success, "by directing them to the perusal of the books which these authors had read." An illustrative anecdote is told by Mant, on the authority of Bishop Huntingford. The father of the Wartons had

taken them to see Windsor Castle; Joseph gave frequent signs of gratification, but his brother seemed to be unmoved. As they returned, their father mentioned the circumstance: "Thomas goes on, and takes no notice of anything." Yet, at the moment, the love of chivalry is believed to have been awakened in his heart by those venerable towers, and their associations of genius, bravery, and sorrow. To the remarks on Spenser he owed the friendship of Warburton, who commends them in a letter to Hurd. The election to the Professorship of Poetry (1756) was a welcome tribute to the learning of Warton, who held it during ten years, and bequeathed to us some fragments of his elegant lectures in the discourse on Bucolic Poetry, which he prefixed to Theocritus.

Many tasks, graver and lighter, diversified his time; he drew up Statutes for the Radcliffe Library; wrote a satire on Newmarket; contributed to the *Connoisseur;* helped Johnson; described Winchester; burlesqued the Oxford Guides; selected some Latin inscriptions; told the story of Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurst; wrote verses on Royal births, marriages, and deaths; was made a B.D., a member of the Society of Antiquaries; and rector of Kiddington, near Oxford, of which he composed a short account.

We overtake him, busy in the nobler toil of preparing the history of English poetry for the press. A particular interest belonged to a design which Pope had cherished, and Gray contemplated with affection. The robuster nerves of Warton carried him over the rough portions of the tedious journey. The first volume came out in 1774; a second and a third followed it, at intervals of four and three years. The richer spoils of time remained to be unrolled and published in a fourth volume. An edition of his own verses accompanied the History, and shared in the prosperous gale that wafted it. The donative of Hill

Farrance, in Somersetshire, was an offering of his college in 1782, about which period he became a member of the Literary Club.

The most delightful of his works, the edition of Milton's Minor Poems, appeared in 1785; and the next year added to his honours the Camden Professorship of History, and the laurel of the Court Poet. Hitherto his health had been equal to every demand; but if, unlike Gray, he caught no glimpse of the muffled drum in the distance, his call was to be as unexpected and immediate. The Bath waters had been tried with some hope of a good result; his spirits rose; and he was talking with two Fellows in the Common Room, May 20, 1790, when a sudden paralysis rendered him speechless. His sufferings were not prolonged; and on the 27th of that month he was borne to his rest in the College Chapel, with all the regard and grief which were justly due to one, who had spent forty-seven years of tasteful research in the home of learning.

The cheerful, hearty face of Warton is familiar to most readers; it is said to have been extremely pleasing in early life, but the attractions vanished with maturer manhood. He sought no aid from dress; and his manner of speech was compared by Johnson, with more naturalness than delicacy, to the gobble of a turkey. His ecclesiastical duties would be affected by his infirmity, and no part of his reputation is drawn from the church. He was not a "painful" preacher, in the sense of Hopkins or Hall. Without labour who can succeed? Chalmers possessed two sermons, neither composed by Warton, of which one bore marks of frequent delivery. A few passages in his account of religious poetry, deserve severer censure than that of idleness. The tone, flippant in a critic, is disgraceful in a priest. But he was cast upon a bad age—when Hurd took a volume of Bourdaloue into the pulpit, transposing his lofty strains into a lower key, for the edifica-

tion of country hearers; and Mason deemed an apology needful to Walpole for preparing his young parishioners to be confirmed. Let me not be unjust to Warton. People were living forty years ago, who remembered him as the curate of Woodstock, with warm affection and regret.

Like most men who work hard, he was glad to shake off the fetters of routine. "Poor Tom Warton!" said Lord Eldon, "at the beginning of every Term he used to send to his pupils, to know if they would *wish* to attend lectures." The common eye numbered him with the idlers of Oxford. But he had dug the field while others slept. A day's task was completed before noon, and he might take his pleasure with a good conscience. His amusements were simple—a ramble along the banks of the Cherwell, a flagon of ripe ale, or a drum and fife up the High-street. This temper sometimes led him into undignified situations; as when, in the kitchen of Winchester School, assisting the boys to cook food very doubtfully obtained, a sudden and awful footstep dispersed the conspirators, and the only victim of the enraged and astonished Head Master, was the rubicund Professor of Poetry dragged from the corner. Other stories are told of his genial, sunshiny temper keeping the boy playful in the man, as, once upon a time, the man had solemnized the boy. His was the true charity not easily provoked. The frantic insults of Ritson, both to his person and character, only drew forth a smile and a repartee—"*A black-lettered* dog, sir." If he turned a darker frown upon Johnson, the occasion will furnish some excuse. The historian may be placable, but what poet ever endured with patience the ridicule of his rhymes? "He was," a friend exclaimed, in a moment of enthusiasm, "the most *under-bearing* man in the world." His temperament seems to have been peculiarly equable; never stormy, nor altogether calm; but with the faintest

ripple. A later poet, whom Warton would have admired, has told us that

> ——— the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
> And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy.

If he escaped the pangs, he lost also the raptures of deeper and more passionate feelings. According to his own confession, he was the victim of love, but his only sighs were in rhyme. His sister, who knew most of his little secrets, had never heard of the wound, or the lady. His passion may have been only a dream of fancy wandering back to Geraldine, or Lucasta, and owning

> The power of grace, the magic of a name.

The literary character of Warton is many-sided. His most zealous admirer will hardly affirm that he touched no subject without adorning it; but even an opponent must admit his aims to have been noble, his taste cultivated, and his industry active. Only the eye of Gray swept a wider field. Architecture, antiquities, imagination, and criticism, were diligently investigated; and the histories of a Parish and a nation's Poetry are manifestations of an intellect which was, according to its work, amusing, instructive, learned, or romantic. The records of our verse are the pillars of his fame. They were fiercely assailed on their appearance, and in later times have been attacked by formidable foes. Mr. Hallam did not find the information very accurate which Warton had collected respecting early French translations of Latin authors; and he says that in the history of the Middle Ages he was upon one occasion led astray by his authority. The book has suffered sharper thrusts than these; but from every wound its vigorous constitution recovered, and now gives signs of a long and healthy existence. It was born in dark weather; the popular taste had become bigoted and cold. Robinson Crusoe was a child's story; an ingenious reformer began

to turn the Faëry Queen into blank verse; and a scholar of some attainments affirmed the impossibility of combining the study and the delight of Virgil and Chaucer.[1]

A purer school of criticism began with Warton. Many of his faults are explained by the date. He was his own pioneer, cutting every step as he took it. The rough, overgrown country was to be cleared before the landscape garden could be made. If he did not always open the finest view, let us be thankful for the glimpses he gave. Now and then, he detains the reader too long before a favourite scene. He foresaw the objections to the numerous quotations in the first volume, and vindicated his plan by the scarceness of the poems, and the difficulty of illustrating dark periods of literature without the light of ample specimens. The references required a commentary, which still more swelled the text. Mr. Price[2] has indicated the extensive range of the author's researches. The history of our poetry could not be separated from that of our manners. Our ancestors were to be followed into their public and private life,—the banqueting-hall, the tournament, the solemnities of devotion, and the pastimes of leisure. Nothing was to be called common or remote; the monk, the knight, the minstrel, the fool, and the magician, each furnished a subject and a costume to be blended in the great historical picture. Such various materials might not always be selected or disposed with harmony or method. The disorder of his arrangement was admitted and justified by Warton, who, while binding himself by chronology, never hesitated to stand still, or even to overleap a century, if a particular object engaged his mind. With all its faults of omission and mistake, the History continues to be a reservoir from which abundant supplies are drawn, and which has done more to inflame

[1] Vicesimus Knox, "Essays," No. xlvii.
[2] Preface to the edition of 1824.

and to quench the thirst of the curious and poetical student, than any single work in the English language.

The poetry of Warton is more precious in its fruits than itself. Southey draws a just distinction between the Wartons and Thomson, in remarking that he produced the effect by the influence of his own genius, and they by the feeling of genius in others. Warton had the advantage in his verses which Scott claimed for his prose, in not requiring a dictionary of the language and the manners of the people whom he described. He equipped the knight without looking after the weapons. His eye and ear were familiar with the costume and the idiom. He could sing the lay of the minstrel or believe himself to be a brother of the Abbey. His readers reap the benefit. The "Crusade" and the "Grave of Arthur" carry them into an earlier age, with its racier diction, its nobler thoughts, and its more picturesque scenery. He tried various forms of verse, and did not absolutely fail in any. An accomplished judge[1] finds him equally pleasing in his gaiety and his heroics; mirthful and serious, without malice or gloom; employing a dialect sometimes rugged, yet like Telamon's cup in Pindar, 'rough with gold, and curiously embossed.' The "Hamlet" and the "First of April" are among the sweetest of Idylls. Their defect lies in the want of sentiment and reflection. We miss the sun-dial in the garden. I am aware that the subtlest friend[2] of the poet discourages this interpretation. He confines the promise of poetry to the bestowal of pleasure, and considers it, in giving that, to fulfil its task; we may welcome, but not demand, instruction; the communication of delight by imagery and music being the object and the end of a poem.

A noticeable peculiarity of Warton is seen in his love of compound words and alliteration. Poetry has always

[1] Mr. Cary. [2] Bishop Hurd.

been enriched by the former. A compound word sometimes encloses two pictures in one frame. Homer is an example. Who does not watch the tossing of Hector's plume in the waving trees on the mountain-top? English fancy presents choice specimens in the "silver-sanded" shore of Drayton, the "opal-coloured" morn of Sylvester, the nightingale's "love-laboured" note in Milton, and the "purple-streaming" amethyst of Thomson. The treasure-houses of Spenser and Shakspere are piled with these jewels. Warton seldom equalled his masters, and his attempts were not happy. No ear is satisfied with "nectar-trickling" or "woodbine-mantled." A compound epithet should be a portrait, a landscape, or a moral. When Thomson speaks of the "green-appearing" ground, we see the trailing of the long rake over the hay-field. Nor in alliteration was he more successful. Shenstone regarded it as an easy kind of beauty, which Dryden borrowed from Spenser, and Pope carried to its utmost perfection. Gray, once cautioning Beattie to check his propensity to it, was answered by his own felicitous specimen of the art,—

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

The occasional use of alliteration is extremely happy, but every nerve of taste is jarred by the barbarism of "glad-some-glistering."

The Latin poetry of Warton has won the praise of those who were entitled to give it. Virgil was his model, but he sometimes turned his eye upon Ovid, whose sparkling wit-combats and picture-stories might remind him of Spenser. The general characteristics of the verses are naturalness and elegance; some have been thought equal to those of Flaminius, a chief ornament of learning in the sixteenth century; and Mant instances the epitaph on Mrs. Serle, and that beginning "O dulcis puer," as breathing the delicacy and tenderness of Greek epigrams. Mr. Cary

points out two false quantities, and adds the observation :— "When, in his sports with his brother's scholars at Winchester, he made their exercises for them, he used to ask the boy how many faults he would have,—one such would have been sufficient for a lad near the head of the school."[1] But Gray has not escaped the ferule of Tate, and Salmasius detected the trippings of Milton.

[1] "I remember that an anecdote used to be told relating to this part of Mr. Warton's conduct, which is somewhat characteristic of both the brothers. Warton had given a boy an exercise; and the Doctor thinking it too good for the boy himself, and suspecting the truth, ordered him into his study after school, and sent for Mr. Warton. The exercise was read and approved: 'And don't you think it worth half-a-crown, Mr. Warton?' said his brother. Mr. Warton assented. 'Well then, you shall give the boy one.' Our author accordingly paid the half-crown for his own verses, and the Doctor enjoyed the joke."—MANT.

THE

POEMS OF WARTON.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY ISIS, AN ELEGY.

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.—— CLAUDIAN.

[WRITTEN in 1749. When the Rebellion broke out in 1745, the Jacobites were supposed to be rampant at Oxford. A prosecution in the King's Bench fixed a reproach on some younger members of the University, the Vice-Chancellor, and Heads of Houses. In the midst of the tumult, the "Isis" of Mason appeared. Warton, then in his twenty-first year, answered the attack in "The Triumph of Isis." Twenty-eight years afterwards, Mason, writing to the author upon another subject, acknowledged himself vanquished both in the poetical imagery and the flow of the versification. "Neither of them," was the remark of Hartley Coleridge, ("Northern Worthies," ii. 263,) "won much glory in the contest; but the heart certainly goes along with Warton, who loved his Alma Mater for her venerable cloisters, her ancient trees, her cloudy traditions, her precious libraries, her potent loyalty, and mighty ale, and wrote in her defence with a generous anger, too sincere to be thoroughly poetical." Mant tells a story of Mason, which is too good to be forgotten. He was riding into Oxford over Magdalen Bridge, in the evening, and turning to his companion, he expressed his satisfaction at entering the city unobserved. The advantage was not immediately perceived. "What!" said Mason, "do you not remember my 'Isis?'" Warton called him a *buckram man*.]

On closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite Freedom's cause;
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!

A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:

* * * *

Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train[1]
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;

[1] "The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749, the same year in which this poem was written. The ceremony was attended by Charles

When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,
When Sheldon's[1] fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.

Duke of Beaufort, Edward Earl of Oxford, and the other trustees of Dr. Radcliffe's will; and a speech upon the occasion was delivered in the theatre by Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Public Orator of the University. In order to make some allusions in the poem more intelligible, it is necessary to add, that the 'Sage' complimented in verse 111 is Dr. King, and 'the Puny Champion,' and the 'Parricide' of verses 131 and 136 were designed for another member of the University, with whom Dr. King was engaged in a controversy."—Mant.

[1] The theatre, built by Abp. Sheldon about 1670.

'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With every conflict of the stormy flood:
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—

Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise,
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
Who ranged the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited Prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
The Patriot King before me seems to stand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguiled,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptured bowers,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanced, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptured eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race exprest:
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well-pleased, that at its own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destined stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.[1]

[1] "The passage from verse 149 to the end cannot fail of being enjoyed as long as it shall be read; and the whole of that passage, particularly the apostrophe in the first paragraph, breathes the true spirit of poetry."—MANT.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written in 1751.)

I.

O for the warblings of the Doric ote,
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
Or Mulla's muse, who changed her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy hearse, O Frederic, hung.

II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild;
A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

III.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of sceptered pride;
Led by calm thoughts to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side;
To rove at large amid the landskips still,
Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad hill!

IV.

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in a clay-built cot!

V.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom waked the Muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire!

VI.

How to the Few with sparks ethereal stored,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state!
Hence fired, the Bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.[1]

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT.[2]

(Written in 1761.)

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspired to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispensed in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;

[1] "The expressions in the text particularly allude to the 'Masque of Alfred,' written and acted at Cliefden in 1744."—Mant.

[2] Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions, and were written while the author was poetry professor.—Warton.

When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptured eye disclosed
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave reposed:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbribed, she sate,
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleased in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dared, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulged her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base, thy steadfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultured plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flamed in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares, or screens, the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by false connexions drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress't:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew;
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refined pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claimed, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse
From that calm bower[1] which nursed thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she loved the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers waked sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign which, now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

[1] Trinity College, Oxford, in which also Lord Somers and James Harrington, author of the "Oceana," were educated.—WARTON.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

(Written in 1761.)

TO HER MAJESTY.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promised reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untamed through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers framed the stubborn bow,
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here waked the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approved in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the famed isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;

Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptured lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreathed,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breathed:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tuned his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's Muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine, too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrined in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleased in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme, in nature's choicest charms;

Though George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to pull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same year, 1762.)

Imperial dome of Edward, wise and brave!
Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
That graced its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high throned amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promised prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.

And O, young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats achieved in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!

Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy famed father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boast,
Thy tournaments, and lifted combats lost!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle mourn
Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
Sees civil prowess mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

VERSES

ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[THESE lines were written in 1782, and most readers will agree with Mr. Cary, that they need not fear a comparison with the verses addressed by Dryden to Kneller, or by Pope to Jervas. The beauty of the thoughts is worthy of their dress. The admiration of Reynolds is known from his letter, (May 13, 1782,) in which he calls the poem "a bijoux, a beautiful little thing," but hints a doubt of Warton's sincerity in preferring modern to ancient art. He particularly notices the struggle between the Gothic and the Classic taste:—

From bliss long felt unwillingly we part,
Ah! spare the weakness of a lover's heart.

The natural complaint of Reynolds that his name had been left out, was removed in the second edition, the former designation of "artist" being equally applicable to Jervas, by whom the design

was transferred to glass, and to whom Northcote, ("Life of Reynolds," ii. 109,) disregarding the correction, applies the concluding apostrophe. The suggestion of Reynolds led to the collection of the various figures into one window, instead of distributing them through the chapel.]

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;[1]
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;

[1] "He has used the same appropriate and very beautiful expression in his note on Gothic architecture: "The florid Gothic distinguishes itself by an exuberance of decoration, by *roofs* where the most delicate fretwork is expressed in stone, and by a certain lightness of finishing, as in the roof of the choir at Gloucester, where it is *thrown like a web of embroidery* over the old Saxon vaulting.'—'Obs. on Spenser,' vol. ii. p. 191. It is by the same elegant figure that he uses '*textile* buxum' in 'Verses on Trinity College Chapel,' ver. 117. And the extreme delicacy of this kind of work is meant to be expressed by the term 'elfin sculptors,' work too nice to have been executed by the gross hands of mortals, and requiring the exquisite touch of an 'elfin,' or fairy, artist."—Mant.

To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring ile,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild[1]
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;

[1] "Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his design for New College window, imitated the famous 'Notte' of Correggio, in the ducal palace at Modena, wherein the whole light of the picture is made to proceed from the body of the infant Christ, 'which (as Spenser describes a golden image of Cupid, 'F. Q.' III. xi. 47) with his own light shines.' There are in Oxford two copies of this celebrated picture by Correggio; one in Queen's College Chapel by Ant. Raf. Mengs; and the other by Carlo Cignano in Gen. Guise's collection at Christ Church."—MANT.

To truth, by no peculiar taste confined,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colours that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo, from the canvass Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life compleat
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

[MANT speaks of the eighteenth and four following verses, as always recalling to his memory the last scene in the "Electra" of Sophocles, than which he did not know a finer subject for a tragic painting.]

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fringed,
Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged;
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Framed of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood,
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

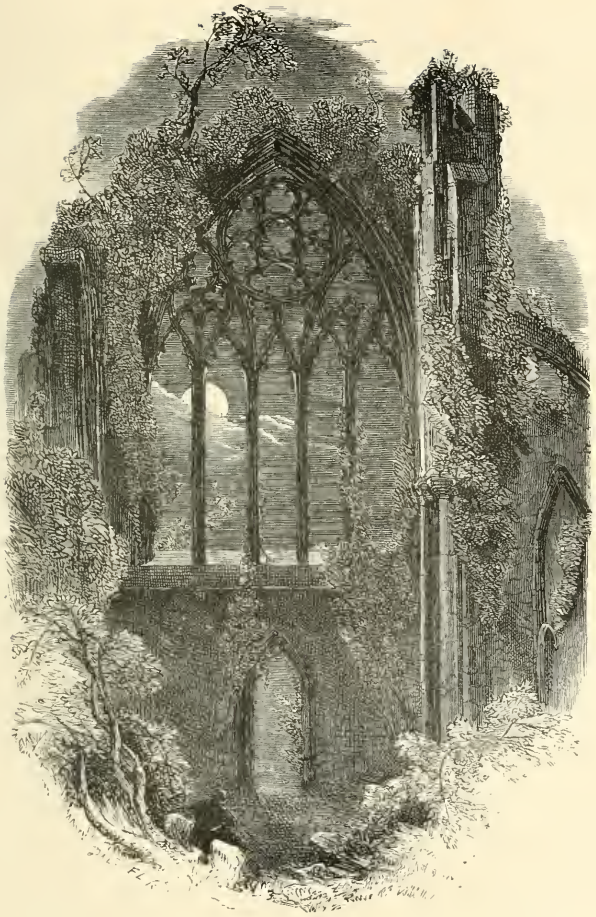
——Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!—

[WRITTEN 1745, and published without his name, 1747. Few poets have produced verses like these at seventeen. The Miltonic pause is happily copied, and we track the footstep of the writer into those paths of fancy which he afterwards explored so often, and loved so well. Campbell considers this poem to give a promise of sensibility, which later works did not fulfil. Appearing anonymously, it was by some readers attributed to Akenside. Two or three passages are striking, as the long gleam of moonlight, streaming through the mossy window of the old abbey, and the slow clock, heard over the icy wastes of Siberia.]

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault
Raptured thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul: to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm:
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mused of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;
But let the sacred Genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceived
All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,



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Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light.

The Pleasures of Melancholy.—WARTON

They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad shouts, that through th' illumin'd roof
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refined,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
Reclined, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines
Of imaged saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,
As thro' the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,[1]
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,

[1] "And below, verse 249, '*dædal* landscapes.' From the Greek δαιδαλος, whence the Latin *dædalus*, wrought with art, variegated."—MANT.

That best befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecate, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What tho' beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;
Tho' Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-eyed vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
And starts at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south.
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms
That, hoar thro' time, and ranged in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train; secure the village hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclined,
In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
Of thick-ranged trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her violet-woven couch awaked
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistering green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,

Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens towers.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.

O, come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O, come, with saintly look, and steadfast step,

From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose garland cast.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bower
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast.
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heaven
New day diffusive gleam at her approach;
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's[1] mossy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bower.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For, when a smiling babe, you loved to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Menai,[2] stream of Druids old.

[1] Cirrha, a town of Phocis, at the foot of Mount Parnassus.
[2] Menai, the strait dividing Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE.

[Published in 1777. "I did not know of Mr. Warton's compliment," wrote Shenstone (iii. 330), "but he is very obliging to me on all occasions, and sends me all that he publishes." These Inscriptions he found too simple for his taste. Yet in such compositions naturalness might be deemed a charm. The lines in a Hermitage are extremely tender and elegant, especially the description of the student, reading an old book of devotion, and then retiring to rest, while the parting angels sprinkle him with gold. The second description is closely imitated from a Greek epigram in the Anthology.]

I.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the silvan cell.

III.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

IV.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

I.

The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear;
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

EPITAPH ON MR. HEAD.

O, SPARE his youth! O, stay thy threat'ning hand,
Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band!
But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taste refin'd,
A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain,
O let the mourning Bride, to stop thy spear,
Oppose the meek resistance of a tear!
And when to soothe thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

JOB,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

[THE following paraphrase of Job, published in 1750, is a clever exercise of a student of twenty-two; but it was not wanted. Thirty-one years earlier, Young had copied the magnificent original upon a larger canvas, and always set a high value on his performance. He had reason. The Eastern grandeur is well preserved in his swelling and full-mouthed rhymes, which are not so much a paraphrase as a free copy, with interpolations of considerable beauty and power. Among these may be mentioned the mountain casting its shadow into distant lands; the comet, which its Maker rendered so tremendous,

And pour'd its flaming train o'er half the skies,

and the shepherd who flies from the lion,

> And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Warton has two very good lines on the peacock,

> Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
> And all the bright diversity of dyes?

But they look dim beside the gorgeous amplification of Young, who, as he informs us in a note, could not forbear from going further than his author, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half-a-dozen lines. And he carefully asserts the truth of the description, which naturalists confirm:—

> How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
> From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
> He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
> Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
> With conscious state the spacious round displays,
> And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

I may observe that Young is not equally exact with regard to the ostrich, and Warton was unacquainted with the habits of birds. It is not by any means clear that the ostrich is stupid. The concealment of its head, when pursued, may be caused by an instinctive knowledge of the tenderness of the bones in that organ. Nor is the maternal feeling altogether dead. The torrid zone hatches her eggs and nurses the young, but it has been ascertained that in less genial climates the ostrich not only helps her offspring in procuring food, but defends them bravely. Even the eggs share in the defence. Professor Thunberg was riding by a hen ostrich sitting, when she sprang up and followed him. "Every time he turned his horse towards her, she retreated ten or twelve paces, but as soon as he rode on again, she pursued him, till he had got to some considerable distance from the place where he first started her."[1] Warton's inferiority to his predecessor is strikingly displayed in the description of the horse. The paraphrase of Young is extremely noble:—

> No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
> 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
> To paw the vale he proudly takes delight;
> And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
> High rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
> And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
> And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
> And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
> How does his firm, his rising heart advance
> Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,

[1] Quoted by Mr. Newell in the "Zoology of the British Poets," p. 82.

While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field.

Warton had evidently been reading Young, when he wrote, —

A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.

The other translations do not call for particular notice. The version of Theocritus is an adaptation of Greek life to English manners; Eunica disappearing in Lucilla, and the musical reed in the bagpipe. Thenot, in the fifth stanza, is a shepherd in Spenser's Calendar, of which the measure is here copied. The picture of the "laughing eyne" comes from the seventh Idyll of Theocritus. The Odes of Horace are not ill-rendered, but they want music.]

Declare, if heavenly wisdom bless thy tongue,
When teems the Mountain-Goat with promis'd young;
The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain;
While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth:
Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?

Say, whence the Wild-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontrol'd, unconscious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house; the wilderness his home:
He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy share?
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?
Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dyes?
Whose hand the stately Ostrich has supplied
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?

Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
Didst thou the Horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like grovelling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this," he cries, "the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce Hawk by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade th' aspiring Eagle mount the sky,
And build her firm aerial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey;
Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

A PASTORAL IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XX.

I.

As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kiss,
She with discurtesee reprov'd my will;
Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant bliss,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

II.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliaunce
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,[1]
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embellished,
My bagpipe's notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as soote[2] as mounting larke did shrill,
My look was blythe as Marg'ret's at the mill.

V.

But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;
Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late,
That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly God, who Phœbus hight,[3]
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.

[1] Blinded. [2] Swee'. [3] Who was called Phœbus.

VI.

Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,
That all my dolour and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade!
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever take a kiss!

FROM HORACE, BOOK III. OD. 13.

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian fount! to whom the products sweet
Of richest vines belong,
And fairest flowers of Spring;

To thee a chosen victim will I kill,
A goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,
Just blooms with budding horn,
And destines future war,

Elate in vainest thought: but ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute
Thy icy-flowing flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade: thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honour grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his imbowering head.

HORACE, BOOK III. OD. 18

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

Faunus, who lov'st to chase the light-foot nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
And nurse with kindly care
The promise of my flock.

So to thy power a kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow;
And on thy rustic shrine
Rich odours incense breathe:

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
The steer in traces loose
With the free village sport:

No more the lamb shall fly th' insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
The ground, where once he dug,
Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODES.

Τα ῥοδα τα ξροσοεντα, και ἡ καταπυκνος σκειυη
Ἐρπυλλος κειται ταις Ἑλικωνιασι·
Ταὶ δε μελαμφυλλοι δαφναι τιν, Πυθιε Παιαν.
THEOCRIT. "Epigr."

I.—TO SLEEP.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O, steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And soothe my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepared, but still delays, to strike.

II.—THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

[PUBLISHED in 1777. Whichwood or Wychwood Forest, in Oxfordshire, is composed chiefly of coppice woods, and abounds in red deer, which commit ravages on the young trees, and do not improve the morals of the neighbourhood. It is soon to be disforested. Headley has traced this poem to some stanzas of the "Purple Island," portraying the shepherd's life. A small seed has seldom grown into a choicer flower. Campbell notices the softness of the landscape, and Cary, with a warmer appreciation, discovers in it the truthful tenderness of Gainsborough. One epithet, "the twilight-tinctured beam" of morning, is especially to be admired. But Warton has not preserved a touching circumstance in the cottage-interior of Fletcher, who shows the "little son" creeping into the bosom of his father.]

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:

On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of eygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade imbow'rs:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

III.—WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY, IN CHESHIRE.

[Vale-royal Abbey was a monastery of Cistercian monks, founded about the beginning of the fourteenth century by Edward the First. The eighth stanza presents a very poetical picture of an ancient abbey at midnight, with the tapers shining through all the windows. The image is borrowed from some Latin verses by Archbishop Markham. In the fourth stanza, the painted window, chequering the pavement with its rich colours, is a pleasing circumstance.]

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mused!
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffused
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrined in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measured chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, ranged in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.[1]

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the traneed mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And thro' the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

[1] "Every picturesque eye must be gratified with this accurate delineation of a very pleasing object. But my intention in citing it here is, that I may notice how nicely Warton has at different times touched on the Gothic window, that interesting feature in our ecclesiastical architecture. This will appear by an attention to the several passages in which he has noticed it. In the 'Monody,' ver. 9, the *height* and *long range* of the windows are remarked:—

'Where the *tall* windows rise in stately *rows*
Above th' embowering shade.'

Both which particularities are noticed in the text: as also in 'Mons Catharinæ,' ver. 81: of Winchester Cathedral,

'Ingens delubrum, *centum sublime fenestris*.'

Somewhat of the *shape* is intimated in the 'Ode on Approach of Summer,' ver. 122:—

'Far seen its *arched* windows blaze.'

The epithet 'arched,' I believe, is never used by our poet but with reference to the pointed arch. But the 'Verses to Sir Jos. Reynolds,' which contain an exact picture of a cathedral, are minute also in this particular. Verse 23:—

'Where Superstition with capricious hand
In *many a maze the wreathed* window plann'd,
With *hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane*,' &c.

Which supply us with the *mullions* and *painted glass*, to which if we add the great western window, intimated in the same verses, 101, 'the *broad* window's *height*' (for, it will be observed, the poet speaks of the west window in New College Chapel), it may be difficult to mention any distinguishing feature in that branch of Gothic architecture, which Warton has not noticed. These are not hackneyed pictures, but show an observer of real appearances."—MANT.

Yet hence, enthroned in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispensed her store:
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
'Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
Here raptured see, Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And ranged the cluster'd column, massy proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dared attempt the day;
But patient traced upon the pictured page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tuned his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd[1] by Fancy's pen:

[1] "'Tricked,' which means adorned, dressed out, is used by Milton in 'Il Penseroso,' ver. 123:—

'Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as she was wont.'

And in a sublime passage in 'Lycidas,' ver. 170:—

'And *tricks* his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.'

But the word is not yet out of use."—MANT.

Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarged, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escaped from Superstition's shrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

IV.—SOLITUDE AT AN INN.

(Written May 15, 1769.)

Oft upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society.
But, ah! how alter'd is thy mien
In this sad deserted scene!
Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace:
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood
Of magic shapes and visions airy
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy:
'Mid the melancholy void
Not a pensive charm enjoy'd!
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy sounds mine ear;
No converse here to fancy cold
With many a fleeting form I hold,
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy presence is, sweet Solitude.

V.—SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.[1]

As oft, reclined on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I traced romantic Spenser's moral page,
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the loved strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid with hardy step explored
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
And thro' th' enchanted chamber, richly stored,
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleased that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

[1] In the library of Trinity College, Oxford, there is a copy of Urry's Chaucer, on the first leaf of which is the following memorandum:—"Notulas manuscriptas adjecit Joannes Upton, Præbendarius Ecclesiæ Roffensis. Cujus a Musæo redemptus est iste liber."—T. WARTON.

VI.—THE SUICIDE.

[MANT considers this to be the most popular of the author's poems,—appealing to the heart, heightened by pathos, vigorously expressed, and animated by the dramatic form in which it is clothed. He also refers to the ninth canto of the first book of the "Faerie Queen" for several hints, which Warton expanded. The death of Chatterton was supposed to have suggested the Ode, but Mant knew "from indisputable authority" that the rumour was unfounded.]

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight

To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

"Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

VII.—SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

[Written 1750; published 1777. The friend was his brother Joseph, then about to accompany the Duke of Bolton, by whom he had been presented to the rectory of Wynslade, in a journey to France. The motive was not very creditable. After an absence of nearly five months, he returned to England, encountering some amusing adventures on the road. Warton has not written many sweeter verses. The description of the forsaken scenery is extremely touching:—

While own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky.]

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who 'mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;

And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.

But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

VIII.—MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

Scribimus inclusi.—Pers., Sat. i. ver. 13.

(Written in 1745, his 17th year. Published in 1750, in "The Student."

Once more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn:
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glist'ring streams
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
Thro' the deep groves I hear the chanting birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
  Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
  And startle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.

The pensive poet thro' the green-wood steals,
  Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook;
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
  There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
  (Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
  And grief and darkness all for light and grace;)
Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
  With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
  My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

IX.—THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.

(Written in 1761. Published as it now stands in 1777.)

I.

All pensive from her osier-woven bower
  Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
Pale Eve began the steaming mist to pour,
  And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair.

II.

Ah! why, she cried, should Isis share alone
  The tributary gifts of tuneful fame?

Shall every song her happier influence own,
And stamp with partial praise her favourite name?
While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

III.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.

IV.

In Isis' vase[1] if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung,)
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady lake.

VI.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptured soul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whose waves, in measured volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenced by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

VII.

Lo! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;

[1] "Alluding to Mason's 'Isis,' in which the goddess is introduced contemplating the beauties of her '*sculptured vase*;' and in the following stanza, which was afterwards added, Warton alludes to his own poem, 'The Triumph of Isis.'"—MANT.

The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
'Mid the moist lilies fits, attir'd in mantle dank.[1]

VIII.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

IX.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
So to new notes shall my coy Echo string
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme; if unrequited love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
Or fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muses: from the busy throng
Remote, where fancy dwells, and nature prompts the song.

X.—THE FIRST OF APRIL.

[Published 1777. The author had not tuned his harp when he began this lay. In general, his compositions in the seven and eight syllable metre are very harmonious. There is an exquisite picture of the lark, hushing its song as a passing cloud darkens the field, but renewing it with the first gleam of sunlight upon the hail, and warbling and soaring among the scattered hues of the fading rainbow. The rivulets flowing through the sparkling grass are also very poetically imagined.]

[1] Wet.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps;
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's[1] low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

[1] "The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is described by himself in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow stream, winding through willowed meadows, and abounding in trout, pike, and wild-fowl.—(P. 25.) It gives name to the village of Glymton, which adjoins to Kiddington."—MANT.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

XI.—ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Summittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.
LUCRET.

[PUBLISHED in 1753. Who would expect the flourish of trumpets with which this Ode begins, to introduce an English Muse of so much beauty? After several notes, altogether out of tune, the minstrel steps upon the green sward, and we find ourselves at home. Of Warton's descriptive poetry, the "Approach of Summer" pos-

sesses the most human interest. The landscape is peopled. We have the shepherd striking the hurdles for his flock, the woodman resting upon the shady stile, the mower going back to work, and the wagon in the hayfield, making furrows along the grass. Two impersonations are more than usually happy,—that of Leisure chasing a crimson butterfly, probably suggested by the figure of Cupid on ancient gems, and that of the Dews, with rainbow-coloured wings, wandering up and down the fields and lanes and gardens in the company of Flora, and sprinkling bloom far and wide. Some of the descriptive touches are extremely sweet and natural, such as the sunset slanting upon the village tower, and lighting the church windows with a red blaze, and the softer gleam mingling with the darker hue over the tall trees of the grove. Notwithstanding these and other charms of description, I miss in Warton a certain vividness and rapture of feeling which may be always seen in Thomson, and occasionally in Beattie. Compare the morning scene at the 255th line of this ode with views of the same hour by the poets whom I have mentioned. The first passage is from the "Seasons"—Summer, 58.

> —With quicken'd step,
> Brown night retires, young day pours in apace,
> And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
> The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
> Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
> Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
> And from the bladed field the fearful hare
> Limps awkward.

The second illustration comes from the "Minstrel," Book i. 20:—

> And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
> When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
> The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
> And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
> Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
> Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
> And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
> And villager abroad at early toil.
> But, lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

In all rural sketches, similar circumstances, or a varied selection, must be introduced. Accordingly, in each of these three pictures we have the hill-tops clearing with the dawn, the misty water, and the rejoicing life of man and beast. But the reader, who takes the trouble to hang the landscape of Warton between Thomson and Beattie, will be struck by their infinite superiority. The

glow of the true poet is in the streams shining "blue through the dusk," and

The lake dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn.

How cold and spiritless are the "cattle roused to pasture new," contrasted with the hare limping out of the grass, or the fawn faintly discerned in the kindling shadows. Among the pleasant features in Warton's picture are the smoke going up from the village, and the old farmhouse embosomed in elms. I may refer the reader, who wishes to see this subject treated with poetic taste and feeling, to Gilpin's "Remarks on Forest Scenery" (i. 2), in which every circumstance of descriptive fancy is elegantly illustrated; the smoke spreading down the glade, and forming a soft background to the trees; the lights of early morning catching the mists, and setting them on fire at the top, while the skirts are lost in thick gloom; the sunburst striking the tuftings of the wood; the lengthened gleam down a forest-alley, fronting the west; the starry flash through the dark leaves; or the setting sun flinging its full red glory upon the castle, the lake, and the trees, while, on the opposite side, the storm is rolling up its lurid clouds.]

Hence, iron-sceptred Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
'Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet[1] hue:

[1] "'*Wa'chet*' is derived from *woad*, with which cloth is dyed, and means a pale blue."—Mant.

And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There, on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonair;[1]
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy

[1] "For an obvious reason it should be, *Thou bloom'dst.*"—Mant.

Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milkmaid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confess'd she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livery green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood:
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled[1] cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milkmaid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.

[1] Hurdled.

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The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.

On the Approach of Summer.—WARTON.

Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the West,
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lapp'd, nor heed the way;
Wandering thro' the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noontide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tower;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng,

Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,
When the bright sun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chased the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweetbrier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noontide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to some antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twined,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore.
Till high on waving nest reclined,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful Sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;

Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt[1] in magic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!

[1] "The Saxon substantive *spel*, according to Lye, signifies an history, a narrative, a fable, &c.; and the verb *spellian*, to relate, to fable, to teach."—MANT.

Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers.
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the Muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the Muse;
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome.
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-famed river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane[1] of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head,
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

[1] "*Tusculanum*, or *Ager Tusculanus*, the country about Tusculum, where Cicero had a villa, to which he used to retire from the labours of the bar, to relax his mind in the company of a few select friends, and to pursue his philosophical researches. Here also Horace had a farm given him by Mæcenas; and it is the description which he gives of his farm, that our poet seems to have had in his eye in the passage before us."—MANT.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

XII.—THE CRUSADE.

[The abruptness of the commencement is here a beauty. We are out at sea, with all the sails set. Mant prefers the "Crusade" to the "Grave of Arthur;" in the former poem the plan being formed by the poet himself, while in the latter he has followed the outline of Camden and Drayton. In the execution, also, he finds more life and completeness. The following is Warton's introduction:—

"King Richard the First, celebrated for his achievements in the

Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provençal minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold, Duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment, and began a song or ode, which the King and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer; and when Blondel paused about the middle, the King began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and King Richard."]

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's[1] spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictur'd with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums[2] hoarse discord bray:

[1] A capital city and fortress of Syria.

[2] They are thus spoken of by Gibbon:—"In the disorder of his troops after the surrender of Acre, Saladin remained on the field with seventeen guards without lowering his standard, or suspending the *sound of his brazen kettle-drum*," vi. 105. 4to.

Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd:—
"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm,
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn[1] he wields.

[1] Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur; which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the First; and was given by that monarch, in his crusades, to Tancred King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.—WARTON.

Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's[1] sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.[2]
Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!"

XIII.—THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

[In this poem we seem to read a rude sketch of one of Scott's Border-tales; and the bard, whose

—Silver tresses thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent,

recals a later minstrel, with

Wither'd cheek and tresses gray,

as he gazed up to the stately towers of Newark. Warton supplies the argument of the verse:—

"King Henry the Second having undertaken an expedition into

[1] Mahomet's. [2] An ensign marked with the Cross.

Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, king of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or the *brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the groundwork of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings."]

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepared to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flamed aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's[1] stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona,[2] nurse of song,

[1] Mead. [2] Anglesey.

From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's[1] vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's[2] hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:
"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's[3] topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's[4] crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:

[1] "The Elvy is a small river, which rising in Denbighshire, and flowing through a beautiful and rich valley, falls into the Clwyd in Flintshire, not far from St. Asaph, to which, in the language of the country, it gives the name of Lhan-Elwy, or the Church on the Elwy."—MANT. "Cader's crown"—Kader is the name of several mountains in Wales.

[2] "The Irish Channel, the tempestuousness of which is properly pointed out by the epithet 'hoarse.' Ierne is a name supposed to be given to Ireland by Claudian."—MANT.

[3] Tintaggel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall.—WARTON.

[4] On the north coast of Cornwall, not far from Tintaggel.

On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,[1]
And brave the tournaments of yore."
They ceased: when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard all white as spangles frore[2]
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.
"Listen, Henry, to my read!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's[3] glorious son,

[1] "This was the express purpose for which our old romantic history supposes that Arthur will return from fairy-land to Britain."—Mant.
[2] Frosty.
[3] "Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, by Iogerne, wife of Gorlois, prince of Cornwall. Milton calls him 'Uther's son,' ('Par. Lost,' i. 580.)"—Mant.

Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's[1] head;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.
"When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's tower'd fane,[2]
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restored
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,

[1] Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.—WARTON.
[2] Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.—WARTON.

When Peace, with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds[1] array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:[2]
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."
Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;

[1] The armour of Arthur.

[2] The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fair-haired, king of Norway, is said in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.—WARTON.

And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chauntry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

XIV.—ODE FOR MUSIC.

As performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on the 2nd of July, 1751, being the Anniversary appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, for the Commemoration of Benefactors to the University.

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his— VIRGIL.

I.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIMENT.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;
Oh! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?

CHORUS.

Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honoured Albion hail!
Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All honour'd Albion hail!

II.

RECITATIVE.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

AIR 1.

Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;

CHORUS.

Virtue's awful throne!
Wisdom's immortal source!

RECITATIVE.

Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nursed,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIMENT.

In ancient days, when she, the Queen endued
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas descended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britonesse! thy kindred aid.
As once, all glowing from the well-fought day,
The Goddess sought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with her glassy gleam,
Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.
Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bared her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the wat'ry nymph address'd.

AIR 2.

"Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
A goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:

Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
Rise from the wave, propitious power,
O listen from thy pearly bower."

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome, in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She ranged the many-tinctured shell:
Then from her work arose the Nais mild;

AIR 3.

She rose, and sweetly smiled
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:

RECITATIVE.

She smiled, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, though dyed in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

AIR 4.

"For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride:
For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace;
Lo! there, to wisdom's Goddess dear,
A far-famed City shall her turrets rear,

RECITATIVE.

There all her force shall Pallas prove;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bowers abound;

And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my power!"

V.

RECITATIVE.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,

AIR 5, AND CHORUS.

Alfred, majestic name,
Of all our praise the spring!
Thee all thy sons shall sing,
Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
To thee, Great Romulus of Learning's richest state.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own:
Soon many a sage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIMENT.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moss of time;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent Doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;

DUET.

While, as with rival pride their towers
invade the sky,
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

VII.

RECITATIVE.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise:
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skilful; have their brows entwined
With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir;
And bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;

AIR 6.

But that thy sons have dared to feel
For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still Corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

But chief on this illustrious day,
The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

AIR 7.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man revered,
Immortal Crew commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

IX.

CHORUS.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' towers new beauties beam,
New praise her Nursing Fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Blest prelate, hail!

RECITATIVE.

E'en now fired fancy sees thee lead
To Fame's high-seated fane
The shouting band!
O'er every hallow'd head
Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread;
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;

AIR 8.

And bids the Goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew, thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own in social strains thy name.
[*Chorus repeated.*

XV.—ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1785.

[HIS Laureateship makes a pleasing chapter in the Life of Warton. The original salary, as Southey informed Scott, was 100 marks, increased for Ben Jonson to 100*l.*, and a tierce of Spanish Canary wine, now wickedly commuted for 26*l.*; to which complaint Scott rejoined with a sympathetic interrogation as to the way of getting "rid of that iniquitous modus, and requiring the *butt* in kind;" at the same time cheering his friend with the reflection, that when he had obtained the abolition of the yearly Ode, and the supplement of the sack, he would be in the condition of Garrick's "Davy," who "stipulated for more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar." Warton's welcome of the Xeres would have been quite as sincere. "I am going," he writes to a friend, when the second

volume of the History was on the point of completion, "to dine and drink champagne to-day with Hans Stanley, which I fear will *throw me out* a little." The italics are his own.

Gray, in one of his playfullest letters to Mason, assured him, with regard to the then vacant laurel, that while he perfectly understood the "saponaceous qualities of sack and silver," he felt no inclination to jump at the office, even with such a flattering invitation as:—"I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year, and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public, once a-year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things." Nay, he avowed that even the calming title of "Sinecure to the King's Majesty" could not dispel his apprehension of every person he saw smelling a rat about him. Warton had uttered the same sentiment in more prosaic terms; but when he accepted the appointment, he fulfilled its duties as they never, perhaps, were performed before; and caught his mouse (year by year) with marvellous spirit and punctuality. Scott encouraged Southey by the examples of Dryden and Warton. His first effort (1785) was singularly unlucky, and an amusing incident is connected with it. Soon after its appearance came out a clever anticipation of the "Rejected Addresses," in a volume of Probationary Odes for the laurel. The verses, attributed to the other writers, were invented by the Editor, but the specimen of Warton was the poem which he himself had written for the Birthday in the year of his appointment. Surely the celebrated line, that "none but himself can be his parallel," never received so literal a fulfilment. We are assured by his brother that the sting caused no irritation in the good-natured poet, "and that he always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquisite wit and humour that appeared in many of those original satires." He took his revenge in later panegyrics. Such compositions must always be the work of the decorator, rather than of the poet. The eye and the fancy, not the heart and its feelings, are gratified. Accordingly, it has been well observed that the Odes for 1787 and 1788 "abound with Gothic pictures and embellishments, which give that kind of mellowness to these poems, that time confers on medals and productions of the pencil."]

I.

Amid the thunder of the war,
True glory guides no echoing car;

Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath,
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath;
No plumed hosts her tranquil triumphs own;
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
And deck her chosen throne.
On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
With the flow'ring olive twined
High she hangs the hero's spear,
And there with all the palms of peace combined,
Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear.
To kings like these, her genuine theme,
The Muse a blameless homage pays;
To George of kings like these supreme
She wishes honour'd length of days,
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

II.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
And teach the regal bounty how to flow.
His tutelary sceptre's sway
The vindicated arts obey,
And hail their patron king;
'Tis his to judgment's steady line
Their flights fantastic to confine,
And yet expand their wing;
The fleeting forms of fashion to restrain,
And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.
Sculpture, licentious now no more,
From Greece her great example takes,
With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
And spurns the toys of modern lore:
In native beauty simply plann'd,
Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
The Graces guide the painter's hand,
His magic mimicry to blend.

III.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
Amid the proud display,
Those gems around the throne he throws,
That shed a softer ray:
While from the summits of sublime renown
He wafts his favour's universal gale,

With those sweet flow'rs he binds a crown,
That bloom in Virtue's humble vale:
With rich munificence the nuptial tie
Unbroken he combines,
Conspicuous in a nation's eye
The sacred pattern shines.
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
To spread the lustre of domestic praise,
To foster Emulation's holy flame,
To build Society's majestic frame,
Mankind to polish, and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim;
Above Ambition's giant-reach
The monarch's meed to claim.

XVI.—FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1786.

I.

"Dear to Jove, a genial isle
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:
There, in many a fragrant cave,
Dwell the Spirits of the brave,
And braid with amaranth their brows sublime."
So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore;
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:
Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West;
Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.

II.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage.

O'er Calpe's[1] cliffs, and steepy towers,
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw;
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew;
How triumph'd Elliott's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes;
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

III.

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole,
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wint'ry brine
In vain his adamantine breast-plate wears:
To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:[2]
And rousing far around the polar sleep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.
She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

IV.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store;
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
And calls her Sister-isle to share the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

[1] Gibraltar.

[2] "There is an awkwardness in this line, which might easily have been avoided. The bays are 'sunless' in a literal sense, but 'the beam of science' is figurative."—MANT.

V.

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's social home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain;
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,
And watch around the forest cot.
With conscious certainty, the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;
Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame:
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

VI.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the spring's slow-shooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.
With candid glance, th' impartial Muse,
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!
Still in eternal story shine,
Of Victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.

ODE XVII.—FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY, JUNE 4, 1786.

I.

When Freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprostituted store,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

II.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord;
And Pindar on the Persian Lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by Freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay:
And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of Fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

III.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
Theocritus, forsook awhile
The graces of his pastoral isle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,

And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In stately sounds exalting high
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty-teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good;
While in the richly-warbled lays
Was blended Bereniee's name,
Pattern fair of female fame,
Softening with domestic life
Imperial splendor's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

IV.

To deck with honour due this festal day,
O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their lawful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric Muse;
Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerless bards like these alone,
The Bards of Greece might best adorn.
With seemly song, the Monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme:
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

XVIII.—FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

I.

In rough magnificence array'd,
When ancient Chivalry display'd
The pomp of her heroic games;
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
Assembled, at the clarion's call,
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
Associate of the gorgeous festival,
The Minstrel struck his kindred string,
And told of many a steel-clad king,
Who to the tourney train'd his hardy knights;
Or bore the radiant red-cross shield
'Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
The wizard foe's terrific spell;
In rude affrays untaught to fear
The Saracen's gigantic spear.
The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes sublime.

II.

Such were the themes of regal praise
Dear to the bard of elder days;
The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear!
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quenched the fires of feudal rage,
Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
No more, in formidable state,
The castle shuts its thundering gate;
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life;
No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
Adventurous Valour idly bleeds:
And now the Bard in alter'd tones
A theme of worthier triumph owns;
By social imagery beguil'd,
He moulds his harp to manners mild;
Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the Gothic throne.

III.

And now he tunes his plausive lay
To Kings, who plant the civic bay;
Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;

Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
And triumph in a nation's pride;
Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd nook,
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
Who love to view the vale divine,[1]
Where revel Nature and the Nine,
And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
To kings, who rule a filial land,
Who claim a people's vows and prayers,
Should treason arm the weakest hand![2]
To these his heartfelt praise he bears,
And with new rapture hastes to greet
This festal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckiest auspices, the laughing spring;
And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

XIX.—ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

June 4, 1787.

I.

The noblest bards of Albion's choir
Have struck of old this festal lyre.
Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,
Had dared to break her Gothic chain,
Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;
In tones majestic hence he told
The banquet of Cambuscan bold;
And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
His martial master's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd;
The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Creçy's wreath renown'd.

[1] Nuneham, near Oxford, the seat of Lord Harcourt.
[2] "Alluding to the attempt just made on the king's life."—Mant.

II.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden sway:
O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
And call'd to life old Uther's[1] elfin tale,
And rov'd through many a necromantic vale,
Portraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
From fabling Fancy's inmost store
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with visionary trappings hung,
And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

III.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
To light the Muses' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And strength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of song,
And roll th' unwearied energy along.
Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays?
I spurn his panegyric strings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine to catch his manlier chord,
That paints th' impassion'd Persian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity su'd,
Rous'd to revenge, by love subdu'd;
And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly vase.

IV.

Had these blest bards been call'd, to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!

[1] The father of Arthur.

Chaucer had made his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Crecy's well-fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm:
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay;
All real here, the bard had seen
The glories of his pictured Queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere!

XX.—FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

I.

Rude was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman tyrant's[1] jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd:
With recent victory elate,
"On this majestic steep (he cried),
A regal fortress, threatening wide,
Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;
Its formidable shade shall throw
Far o'er the broad expanse below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The fairest fields that deck my new domain!
And London's towers, that reach the watchman's eye,
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwark climb the sky."

II.

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;

[1] William the First, by whom a castle was first erected at Windsor.

And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
Th' indignant barons rang'd in bright array[1]
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway;
And, leagued a Briton's birthright to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

III.

When lo the king,[2] that wreath'd his shield
With lilies pluck'd on Crecy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mould'ring Norman frame!
New glory cloth'd th' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
And Valour's softened Genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,[3]
And call'd his stripling-quire, to woo the willing Nine.

IV.

To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British magnificence with Attic art;
Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groups impart:
She bids th' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,[4]

[1] The signing of Magna Charta on Runnymede.
[2] "Edward the Third, the magnificent founder of Windsor Castle on its present grand scale, though not in the detail of particulars."—Mant.
[3] Eton College.
[4] "The allusion is to the painted window at the east end of St. George's Chapel, representing our Saviour's resurrection, painted by Jervais, and his pupil Forest, after a design of Mr. West."—Mant.

Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of Peace engage
Their patrons' care! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold the blow!

XXI.—ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1788.

I.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic through the gloom profound
Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
While baffled Cæsar fled to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;

Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's, balanced claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of Famine and of Flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allured th' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement, and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave,
The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With Arts and Manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time;
And castle fair, that, stript of half its towers,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lowers:
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime;
Each eve, the curfew's notes severe
(That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
For which, in many a fierce affray,

The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Leswin led[1]
O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot steel,
And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still, unchanged and uncontroll'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold;
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A King new lustre lends to native laws,
The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

XXII.—FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1789.

I.

As when the demon of the summer storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the wat'ry welkin glide,
And streams the aerial torrent far and wide:
If by short fits the struggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
The illumined mountain glows awhile,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples the horizon's pale expanse,
And gilds the gloom with hasty smile:
Ah! fickle smile too swiftly past!
Again resounds the sweeping blast,
With hoarser din the demon howls;
Again the blackening concave scowls;
Sudden the shades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light;
The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
And nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array.

[1] Leswin, or more properly Leofwin, brother of Harold, killed fighting by his side at the battle of Hastings.

II.

Such was the changeful conflict, that possess'd
With trembling tumult every British breast,
When Albion, towering in the van sublime
Of Glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, beloved, revered, renown'd,
Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound,
When, in her mid career of state,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!
Till Mercy from the Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that, in the rainbow dyed,
With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
And bending from her sapphire cloud
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To transport turn'd a people's fears,
And stay'd a people's tide of tears:
Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring,
With hope serene, with healing on its wing;
And gave a Sovereign o'er a grateful land
Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the sceptred hand.

III.

O favour'd king, what rapture more refined,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than what the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patriot sway restored;
And bids the loud responsive voice
Of union all around rejoice?
For thus to thee when Britons bow,
Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their transports start,
And nature dictates duty's vow.
To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crowded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek poverty her scanty cottage graced,
And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
The exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
One social sacrifice of reverential love!

IV.

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain, the venal lore,
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp and hated power
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower;
And slaves, to sovereigns unendear'd,
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities, that blend
Monarch with man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties, that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend,
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear?
Nor this the verse, that flattery brings,
Nor here I strike a siren's strings;
Here kindling with her country's warmth, the Muse
Her Country's proud triumphant theme pursues;
E'en needless here the tribute of her lay!
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

XXIII.—FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1790.

I.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell,
Where from the rigid roof distils
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems intwine her humid locks?
Lo! sparkling high from potent springs
To Britain's sons her cup she brings!—
Romantic Matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,
And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide,
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore?—

II.

Or does she dress her Naiad cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of Nymphs that tread the neighbouring main,
And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That, fraught with drops of precious cure,
Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride,
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose?
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan to catch the gale,
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps! —

III.

Or broods the Nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's[1] mystic spring,
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course,
And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's[2] magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of Fancy's Gothic lyre?—
Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount,
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues?—

IV.

Haunts she the scene, where Nature lowers
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering showers?—
Or loves she more, with sandal fleet
In matin dance the nymphs to meet,
That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
Who, boastful of the stately train,
That deign'd to grace his simple plain,
Late with new pride along his reedy way

[1] An old British name of Bath.

[2] "Bladud is reported to have reigned in Britain somewhat after the time of Solomon. Spenser attributes the phenomenon of these waters to Bladud's magic."—MANT.

Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.—
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial health, yet not alone
Thy gifts the Naiad sisters own;
Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar domain.

V.

And lo, amid the watery roar
In Thetis' car she skims the shore,
Where Portland's brows, imbattled high
With rocks, in rugged majesty
Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
She beckons Britain's sceptred pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!—
Hail then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
And wafts their pomp of war, and spreads their thunder wide!

SONNETS.

[The Sonnets of Warton have great merit; the commendation of Coleridge will be recollected; and Mr. Cary found in them a sufficient proof that this form of composition is not unsuited to our language. The following Sonnet was published in Dodsley's Collection, 1775. Winslade is a village near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, where the beech is most abundant and beautiful. It was a favourite of Warton, who, like White of Selborne, thought it the loveliest of forest trees, with its smooth bark, glossy foliage, and hanging branches. But Gilpin regarded the most perfect beech as inferior to the oak, the elm, and the ash.]

I.—WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Winslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,

Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

II.—ON BATHING.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green.
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

III.—WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores

New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

IV.—WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's[1] fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine.
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

V.—WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:

[1] "In the translation of a copy of Latin verses, p. 123, Camden calls the site of Stonehenge 'Amber's plains;' and in p. 125, explains the neighbouring village of Ambresbury, or (as it is now pronounced and written) Amesbury, to mean 'Ambrose's town,' called by Matthew of Westminster, Pagus Ambri."—Mant.

She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.[1]

VI.—TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly pacing through the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defiled;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguiled
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptured thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

VII.

While summer suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
'Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene,
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

[1] Some remarks on the palace of the Earls of Pembroke, and written with great taste and knowledge, will be found in Gilpin's "Observations on the Western Parts of England," p. 96.

VIII.—ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AT WINCHESTER.

[Mr. Smirke contributed an interesting account of this table to the Archæological Institute of 1845. He allows to it an antiquity of nearly six centuries. "The flinty fragments clad in moss" had disappeared when Mant visited Winchester more than fifty years ago.]

Where Venta's Norman Castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears;
High hung remains, the pride of war-like years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those Chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

IX.—TO THE RIVER LODON.

[The Lodon has its own Laureate in the author of "Our Village," whose works abound in sketches of her familiar and beloved stream: "Is it not a beautiful river? rising level with its banks, so clear, and smooth, and peaceful, giving back the verdant landscape, and the bright blue sky, and bearing on its pellucid stream the snowy water-lily, the purest of flowers, which sits enthroned on its own cool leaves, looking chastity itself, like the lady in Comus."—*Our Village*, First Series, p. 87.]

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!

While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

NEWMARKET,

A SATIRE.

Πουλυπονος ἱππεια
Ὡς ἐμολες αιανη
Ταδε γᾳ. SOPHOCL. Elect. 503.

[The remark of Mant, that "Newmarket" may be compared with the most successful "invectives" of Pope, or Young, would in any other critic have been a sarcasm in disguise. It has neither the brilliancy of the first, nor the vigour of the second. Pope, however, was the writer's model, and he has, in several lines, caught some of his spirit and music, as in describing the squires, who, deceived by their cooks,

Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups;

and the spendthrift, awkwardly bearing

—disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.]

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end?
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'Squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with towering trees;

Convinced too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, the obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good Knight at last retired to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguised engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green:
There the full stream through intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazel copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
Where crested Knights, with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have dined;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth.
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt and a prosp'rous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.

With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictured forms the stately gallery grace;
Debased, abused, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the unopening door,
The chimneys blaze, the tables groan, no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns Atheist, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Play'r:
At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse,[1]
He pierced heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destined round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had carved sirloins in peace;
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:
Long lived with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
And, deaf to honour's or ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Portmore!
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasured store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;

[1] Clavileno. See "Don Quixote," b. ii. chap. 41.—Warton.

Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay;
When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer and snug retreat.
How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert!—
The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness and with hunger curst.
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'Squires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conscript Counsellors behold;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Mere modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his jockey and Sir John
Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!—
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?
Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to risk their necks.—
Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd,
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
With critic skill o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanced horses gravely fix the fate:
And with paternal care unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.

Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale.
O say, when least their sapient schemes are cross'd
Or when a nation or a match is lost?
Who Dams and Sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
Think London journeys are the worst of ills;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
Strangers to all our annalists relate.
Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state:
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber,[1] thy chronicles alone peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a steed or state.

How would a virtuous Houhnhym neigh disdain,[2]
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo 'Squire.

How are the Therons of these modern days
Changed from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays;

[1] Author of an "Historical List of the Running Horses," &c.—WARTON.
[2] "How would a virtuous Houhnhym," &c.—See "Gulliver's Travels; Voyage to the Houlnhyms."—WARTON.

Who, fired with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds?
They won no bets,—but then they soar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's[1] flashing spear.
Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream
Hoar Plato walks his olived Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the loved abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduced, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivalled Græcia's praise,
Great nurse of works divine! Yet, oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear
With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

[1] "Leonidas, who voluntarily sacrificed his life at Thermopylæ to secure Greece from the invasion of Xerxes. Akenside, addressing Greece, says, that the Persian tyrant

—'at the *lightning* of her lifted *spear*
Crouch'd like a slave.'

Pleasures of Imagination."—MANT.

PROLOGUE ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE,

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the Prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakespeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark,
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh, Antonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles. HOR.

[WRITTEN in 1748, published in 1750. The author's genuine love of ale detracts from the burlesque. It is an avowed imitation of the "Splendid Shilling." But Warton follows Philips afar off; and, according to Johnson, the merit of such productions begins and ends with the inventor. No parody, in our tongue, has excelled that of Philips, written before he was twenty years old. Milton had been his favourite poet at school, and the copy of his solemn pauses is very astonishing. Who can forget the account of the "dun" climbing to the college attic, and

With vocal heel thrice thundering at the gate;

or the rent, quite epical in its horrors, of the immortal "galligaskins"?]

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius[1] much I meditate;

[1] A celebrated logician, who lived at the latter end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century.

While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands described to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd; though much the Poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffused its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienced; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern time: nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.

With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or taylor with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-lived bounty to recall?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.

Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.
Thus Adam, exiled from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, grieved, no more in fragrant bower
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard,[1] whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pined for cheerful Ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue.
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dared
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

Friend of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend
Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
Hath base seduced? urg'd thy apostate pen
To trench deep wounds on Antiquaries sage,
And drag the venerable fathers forth,
Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd
To throw aside the reverend letters black,
And print fast-prayers in modern type!—At this
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,[2]
Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,

[1] J. Philips. [2] Names of celebrated antiquarians.

Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hoped
To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck Antiquity with flowrets gay.
But now may curses every search attend
That seems inviting! Mayst thou pore in vain
For dubious doorways! May revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic spouts
Retain no cipher legible! May crypts
Lurk undiscern'd! Nor mayst thou spell the names
Of saints in storied windows! Nor the dates
Of bells discover! Nor the genuine site
Of abbots' pantries! And may Godstowe veil,[1]
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms!

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

[WRITTEN at Oxford, in 1746. Warton's brother, the Doctor, preferred these lines to any imitation of Swift. It was the production of the author's youth, and grew out of an epigram at college. The sketch of the Vicar, riding to the monthly club, upon

——a sleek mare with purple housing,

was inserted by another pen. Johnson notices the composition in a letter to Warton, complaining of his silence: "It is true I sent you a double letter, and you may fear an expensive correspondent; but I would have taken it kindly if you had returned it treble; and what is a double letter to a *petty king*, that having *fellowship* and *fines*, can sleep without a *modus in his head*." Johnson referred to the verses beginning

These fellowships are pretty things.]

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:

[1] Near Oxford; celebrated in the history of fair Rosamond.

"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown:
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
Oh! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice-Præs.—of Bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"

Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,

Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashioned yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor loved devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many Doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;

Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells:
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit,
"Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christening dinners cross'd,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a Modus in my head!"

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrined at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE PHAETON AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

At Blagrave's[1] once upon a time,
There stood a Phaeton sublime:
Unsullied by the dusty road
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new:
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's[2] tempting plains.
Meantime it chanced, that hard at hand
A One-Horse Chair had took its stand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless Chaise and One.

"How could my Master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design'd:
Fit only, with a one-eyed mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson's pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life!
Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool:
Or, haply, to some christening gay
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when blest Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!
'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely showers the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead's silvan scene.

[1] Blagrave, well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763.—WARTON.
[2] In the road to Blenheim.—WARTON.

Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
Hired for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock'd, and newly laced,
O'er mutton-chops and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henley,
But still my vast importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How you gay street we smoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."

To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage the One-Horse Chair replied:—

"Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse.[1]—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches.
From One-Horse Chairs men rise to Coaches;
If calm Discretion's steadfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:
E'en kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-Horse Chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A Rattle of a larger size?"

[1] Surgeons in Oxford.

Blagrave, who during the dispute
Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
Surprised, no doubt, in lofty verse
To hear his Carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclosed this wondrous tale:
I straight dispatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's[1] news,
And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close:—

"Things may be useful, though obscure;
The pace that's slow is often sure:
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The golden mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show."

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail, ye Curls, that ranged in reverend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit, Wisdom's mimick'd air
Sits throned, with Pedantry her solemn sire,
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Safe Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large Wigs our reverence engage?
Have Barbers thus the power to blind our eyes?
Is science thus conferred on every sage,
By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise?[2]

[1] Jackson's "Oxford Journal."
[2] Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.—WARTON.

But thou, farewell, my Bob! whose thin-wove thatch
Was stored with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
That love to live within the one-curl'd Scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?
Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a scheme relieved the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the Liceat of an humble Bob.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with such success—alas! till
The war came on—have shaved the castle;
Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft have taken;
In humble strain am doom'd to mourn
My fortune changed, and state forlorn!
My soap scarce ventures into froth,
My razors rust in idle sloth!
Wisdom! to you my verse appeals;[1]
You share the griefs your barber feels:
Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
To stock your desolated college.
Our trade how ill an army suits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Lost is the robber's occupation;
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
And e'en the hangman's self is listed.—

[1] The governor of Oxford Castle.—WARTON.

Thy Publishers, O mighty Jackson!
With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying speech.
In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
No more the Castle Chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
And every regiment disbanded!
They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Destined at home, in peaceful state,
By me fresh-shaved, to meet their fate!

Regard, ye Justices of Peace!
The Castle Barber's piteous case:
And kindly make some snug addition,
To better his distrest condition.
Not that I mean, by such expressions,
To shave your Worships at the sessions;
Or would, with vain presumption big,
Aspire to comb the Judge's wig:—
Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I ask amiss;
My small request is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the Castle—shave Bocardo.[1]

Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
Rough servitors in Wales preferr'd,
The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their Benefices.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

For the Year 1760.

Think of the Palms, my masters dear!
That crown this memorable year!
Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
To Britain's Heroes brisk and bold;

[1] The name of a prison in Oxford.

While into rhyme I strive to turn all
The famed events of many a Journal.

France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloupe:
What though they dress so fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marie-galante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave Commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us success at Goree.
Ticonderago, and Niagara,
Make each true Briton sing, O rare a!
I trust the taking of Crown-Point
Has put French courage out of joint.
Can we forget the timely check
Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec?[1]—
That name has stopp'd my glad career,—
Your faithful Newsman drops a tear!—

But other triumphs still remain,
And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers!
Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.
You vainly thought to ballarag us
With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos;
But when Boscawen came, La Clue[2]
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
Conflans,[3] all cowardice and puff,
Hoped to demolish hardy Duff;
But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,
Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
And now their vaunted Formidable
Lies captive to a British cable.
Would you demand the glorious cause
Whence Britain every trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your wit;—
Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt.

[1] Before this place fell the brave Wolfe, yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious. The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year.—WARTON.
[2] The French Admiral.—WARTON.
[3] Another French Admiral.—WARTON.

For the Year 1767.

Dismal the news, which Jackson's yearly Bard
Each circling Christmas brings,—"The times are hard!"
There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
Trimm'd the laced jackets of the French Mounseers;
When every week produced some lucky hit,
And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
We Newsmen drank—as England's Heroes fought,
While every victory procured—a pot.
Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain;
At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
Then ran in numbers free the Newsman's verses,
Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
No more new conquests warm the Newsman's nose.
Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
All hope is fled, our families are undone;
Provisions all are carried up to London;
Our copious granaries Distillers thin,
Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
Th' effects of exportation still we rue;
I wish the Exporters were exported too!
In every pot-house is unpaid our score;
And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!

Yet still in store some happiness remains,
Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
George has declared—that we again shall eat.
Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
For of a Princess Charlotte's brought to bed:—
Oh, could I but have had one single sup,
One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—
I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.
Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-pie!

For the Year 1768.

Still shall the Newsman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our Copies shall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye powers of verse!
A happier subject I rehearse.
Farewell distress, and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my Muse prepares.
For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, Electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
At length we change our wonted note,
And feast, all winter, on a vote.
Sure, canvassing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter,[1]
At this grand crisis will succeed,
We Freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
To hear us talk of Member-making!
Yet know that we direct the state;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though some doctor's cast-off wig
O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay;
My beard unshaved—on New-Year's day;
In me behold (the land's Protector)
A Freeman, Newsman, and Elector!
Though cold, and all unshod, my toes;
My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—
Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.

Meantime, howe'er improved our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short Epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

[1] Candidates for the city of Oxford.—Warton.

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our Journal gives in prose!—

"Ye rural 'Squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week;
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stored,
And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice!
Ye country Parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends!
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
View not our verses with a frown!
But, in return for quick dispatches,
Invite us to your buttery-hatches!
Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
Pride of fair Oxford's gaudy streets,
You too our strain submissive greets!
Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper[1]!
The weather sure was never sharper:—
Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
Dram your poor Newsman clad in rags!
Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
The Nation's—and the Newsman's ruin;—
'Tis yours our sorrows to remove;
And if thus generous ye prove,
For friends so good we're bound to pray
Till—next returns a New-year's Day!"
"Given at our melancholy cavern,
The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

[1] Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.—WARTON.

For the Year 1771.

Delicious news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious scenes arise!
What paragraphs of English glory
Will Master Jackson set before ye!
The Governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:
Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last:
Gen'rals, and Admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, Printers, Men of News,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.

But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declared as yet:
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer:—
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

A SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM OF SHAKESPEARE, ACT II. SCENE V.

(From the Museum, 1746.)

Lo, here, beneath this hallow'd shade,
Within a cowslip's blossom deep,
The lovely Queen of Elves is laid;
May nought disturb her balmy sleep.

Let not the snake or baleful toad
Approach the silent mansion near,
Or newt profane the sweet abode,
Or owl repeat her orgies here.

No snail or worm shall hither come
With noxious filth her bower to stain;
Hence be the beetle's sullen hum,
And spider's disembowel'd train.

The love-lorn nightingale alone
Shall thro' Zitania's arbour stray,
To sooth her sleep with melting moan,
And lull her with his sweetest lay.

POEMATA HEXAMETRA.

MONS CATHARINÆ,

PROPE WINTONIAM.

[Bishop Huntingford informs us that "when Dr. Warton removed from Winslade to Winchester College, it was the custom of Mr. Warton constantly to spend his long vacation at Winchester, with his brother. To this circumstance we owe that admirable specimen of firm, clear, and pure hexameter composition, the Mons Catherinæ." Warton greatly admired the prospect from St. Catherine's

Hill, and commends it in his account of Winchester:—"The city, interspersed with trees and gardens, magnificent structures and venerable ruins, and the country consisting of watered winding valleys, bordered by declivities of a prodigious height, gradually rising into extensive downs, bounded by distant woods, must charm every lover of romantic and rural beauty."

Aerii Catharina jugi quà vertice summo,
Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
Et circumdueti servat vestigia valli;
Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.

Ergo, Cecropiæ quales æstate cohortes,
Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
Mella vagæ, luduntque favis examina missa,
Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;
Egreditur pullatum[1] agmen; camposque patentes
Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia ardua clivi.
Nec mora; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
Ordine, et adversæ positis stant sortibus alæ.
His datur, orbiculum[2] metis prohibere propinquis,
Præcipitique levem per gramina mittere lapsu:
Ast aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato
Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ;
Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus ire sequaces
Ancipiti de colle, pilæque volubilis error.
Impete seu valido elatum, et sublime volantem
Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aere lapsus,
Sortiti fortunam oculis; manibusque paratis
Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.

At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
Quà reficit salices, subductæ in margine ripæ,
Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu

[1] To denote the black gowns of the college boys. [2] The football.

Summa petunt: jamque alternis placidum ictibus æquor
In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, prono
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice torquent.
Protinus emersis, nova gratia crinibus udis
Nascitur, atque oculis subitò micat acribus ignis
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosiùs ardent.

Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussa,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capessunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Insuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitante, oculisque retortis,
Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessisse, locumque
Deseruisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.

Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores;
Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lactant!
Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,
Innocuasve edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
Otia agunt fusi, clivisque sub omnibus hærent.
Aut aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros[1]
Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum;
Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
Plauserit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas;
Sive olim pastor fidos descripserit ignes,
Verbaque difficili composta reliquerit orbe,
Confusasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.

At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
Et tumulum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,
Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
Colle ex opposito, flaventi campus aristâ

[1] "The miz-maze on Catharine hill. Amongst these surmises upon its origin, our poet might have mentioned the tradition of its being trodden by a boy, who was confined at college during a vacation, and died of a broken heart. The same boy is also said to be the author of 'Domum.'"—Mant.

Aureus, adversoque refulgent jugera sole:
At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærula Vectæ:[1]
Sub pedibus, perfusa uligine pascua dulci,
Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
Arboribus, saxoque rudi venerabile templum
Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis:
Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,[2]
Ingens delubrum, centum sublime fenestris,
Erigitur, magnâque micant fastigia mole.
Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa;
Infectique Lares, lævisque palatia ducta[3]
Auspiciis. Nequeunt explori corda tuendo,
Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.

O felix Puerorum ætas, lucesque beatæ!
Vobis dia quies animis, et tristia vobis
Nondum sollicitæ subierunt tædia vitæ!
En! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces,
Et lacrymæ, siquando, breves; dulcesque cachinni,
Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, risus!
O fortunati nimium! Si talia constent
Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amœnum,
Ah! sedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido est,
Dotalemque domum, et promissas Isidis undas?
Ipsos illa licèt fœcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, et opima virecta,
Irriget, Ilisso par, aut Permessidos amni,
Et centum ostentet sinuoso in margine turres.

[1] The Isle of Wight.

[2] "The Cathedral, the nave of which was new-modelled by William of Wykeham. The second of these two lines ended, in the first edition, with 'centum sublime columnis,' which was a misapplication of classical phraseology: it is well known that the pillars of Gothic buildings are always in the interior. The alteration not only corrected the fault, but introduced a beauty by substituting the windows, of which the long range continued from the transepts to the western extremity of a cathedral forms one of its most interesting and appropriate features. The windows in the nave of Winchester cathedral, *centum fenestræ*, are part of Wykeham's improvement."—MANT.

[3] The king's house, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, but left unfinished at the death of Charles II., at whose direction it had been begun.

SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON.

INSTAURATUM, SUPPETIAS PRÆSERTIM CONFERENTE RAD. BATHURST, EJUSDEM COLL. PRÆS. ET ECCLESIÆ WELLENSIS DECANO.

Quo cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,
Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
Utque novam faciem, mutataque mœnia ritè
Sumpserit instaurata ædes, speciesque resurgens
Cœperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
Auspice Bathursto, canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
Bathursto annueras, Latios concede lepores.

Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
Erigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,
Vitruviumque[1] refert justissima fabrica verum;
Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuco
Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
Obscurumque adytum; dubiam cui rara fenestra
Admisit lucem, rudibus suffusa figuris;
Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
Popius, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte:
At veteres quondam quicunque insigniit aras
Tandem extinctus honos: rerum fortuna subinde
Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
Tecta ruens; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
Et pietas Bathursti æquat pulcherrima cœlo.

Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia circum
Ferre oculos. Adsis; qualisque ereptus ab undis
Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem
Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo;

[1] Either Sir Christopher Wren (compare ver. 25), who was partly concerned in building Trinity College Chapel, or Bathurst's friend, Dr. Aldrich, the celebrated Dean of Christ Church, who is supposed by our poet to have been the designer of the original plan. See "Letter of Bathurst," p. 63, &c.

Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torni[1]
Contemplator, et oppositum cælamine Septum
Raro interfusum, quali perluceat arte!
Queis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
Sculptilis, et nimiùm conspectu lubrica cedrus!
At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
Utrinque incubuit, penetralique ostia fecit.
Nec sua pro foribus desunt, spirantia signa,
Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum:
Nonne vides fixos in cœlum tollere vultus,
Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis?
Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragrantis odorem.

Perge modò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe
Interiora inhians; quæque obvia surgere cernis
Paulisper flexo venerans altaria vultu,
Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque ora,
Nobilis expressit calamus, cœlumque reclusit.
In medio, domitâ jam morte, et victor, Iësus
Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
Insistens, repetit Patrem, intermissaque sceptra.
Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
Vulneraque illa (nefas!) quæ ligno maxima fixus
Victima sustulerat fatali: innubilus æther
Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu
Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli;
Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes
Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
Certatim, pariterque juvant augentque triumphum.

Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quà cœrula clausit
Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum.

[1] The chapel is adorned with most elegant carved work by Gibbons.

Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras
In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
Nec confusus honos operi; secretaque rite
Areolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraque, tabellam
Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula fœtu,
Cui pleno invideat subnitens Copia cornu:
Hac procuduntur flores, pulcherrima serta,
Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
Queis vix viva magis, meliusve effingere novit,
Dextera aeu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
Omnes illa licèt, quot parturit Enna, colores
Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
At ne aciem deflecte, tuendi captus amore.
Aspicis, ut diam nubes resecare columbam,
Suppositis fecitque opifex allabier aris?
Hanc circum et Christi fatum referentia, sævæ
Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
Addidit; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
Heu! collapsa, Crucem, mundique piacula gessit.

At quà marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longiùs abstes,
Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visûs,
Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis:
Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
Exilis, pereantque levis vestigia ferri
Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
Quis fabri dabit insidias, arcanaque fila,

Rimari! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
Et quales cohibent suspensa toreumata nodi!
Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
Et partita trahit pronas utrobique corollas,
Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit:
Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
Undantes hederæ, et densis coma fœta corymbis.
Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubûm
Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
In summo veneranda calix, incisaque messis
In spicam induitur, turgentesque uva racemos
Rasilis explicuit, sacræ libamina cœnæ.
Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephanto,
Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
Quale faber buxo, gracilique in stipite lusit.

En verò, tumulum ingentem quà proxima clausit
Testudo, priscæ effigies, et busta propinquis
Non indigna aris! Salve, sanctissime Popi!
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
Adsumus: O salve! neque enim, pater optime, credo,
Elysias inter sedes, divosque repôstus,
Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia Moro,[1]
Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
Alterius monumenta manûs, et non tua dona.
Alme Parens, salveto! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
Quod fugiam: Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
Et sinis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
Et memor assiduas tibi vitè resolvere grates,
Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
Consueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit
Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga ferentem:
Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora lauro
Velati, donoque æternæ frondis Alumni.
Alleni rerum reserans abstrusa senectus,[2]

[1] "Sir Thomas Moore, a particular friend of Sir T. Pope. The whole of this passage is highly interesting, and does credit to the feelings and character of the author."—Mant.

[2] Thomas Allan, or Alleyn, a native of Utoxeter, Staffordshire; was admitted scholar of Trinity College in 1561 (six years after the foundation), and Fellow in 1565. He resigned his fellowship in 1570, being unwilling to take orders, and possibly having some secret attachment to Popery.

Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
Omnia Chilvorthus,[1] patriosque recludere ritus
Seldenus solers, et magnificus Sheldonus,[2]
Et juga Denhamius[3] monstrans ignota camenis:
Tuque etiam, Bathurste, potens et mente manuque
Palladis exercere artes, unàque tueri.
Ergo tibi quoties, Popi, solennia vota
Ritè rependamus, propriosque novemus honores,
Tuque etiam socias, Bathurste, merebere laudes,
Divisum decus, et lauro cingêre secundâ.—
Nec te sola Tuum, licèt optima cura, sacellum
Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare sumptu,
Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
Ipsius incrementa domus, reficisque Penates.

Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
Romulus exiguam muro concluserat urbem,
Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
Ipsaque stramineo constabat regia culmo;
At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
Continuò Parii lapidis candentia luce
Tecta refulsere; et Capitolî immobile saxum
Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis.

IN OBITUM CELSISSIMI ET DESIDERATISSIMI FREDERICI, PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.

(1751.)

Sit, Gulielme, tuum meditari Martia facta,
Turbatasque acies; sit fas ostendere lauros,
Anglia quas servata tibi, quas Gallia reddit
Devicta, et partos haud uno ex hoste triumphos;

[1] Chillingworth. See "Triumph of Isis," ver. 175, note.

[2] "Gilbert Sheldon became a Commoner of Trinity College in 1613; Fellow of All Souls in 1622, and Warden in 1635; Bishop of London, 1660; Archbishop of Canterbury 1663 (in both of which stations he succeeded Dr. Juxon); Chancellor of Oxford in 1667. He is worthily styled magnificus. Besides various donations to Trinity Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and to other societies, he built the theatre in Oxford, at an expense of 16,000*l.*, independently of 2000*l.* which he gave in addition to buy lands, worth at that time 100*l.* per annum, to keep it in repair."—Mant.

[3] Sir John Denham.

Nec minor interea est Brunsvicî a stemmate missis
Gloria Principibus, cognoscere munera pacis
Mitia, Palladiasque domi mirarier artes,
Et quos civilis docuit sapientia mores.

Heu talis, Frederice, fuisti! et Te quoque, dignæ
Principe pacifero, velabunt tempora frondes;
Et Te magna manent, quanquam haud operosa, tropæa.
En tibi (regales quâ non insignior ulla
Vestit palma comas) ut lætos pandat honores,
En tibi felicis quæ copia crescat olivæ!

Ergo utcunque Tibi dispostas cernere turmas
Non, Frederice, fuit cordi, atque in murmura Martis
Haud placuit sublime armis fulgentibus ire;
Quin Te divini correptum ruris amore
In juga Clifdenæ multâ frondentia fago,
Seu Thamesin propter, dilecta per otia Kevæ
Convallem in riguam, Musæ, tua cura, solebant
Ducere Pierides, solisque recondere sylvis.
Nec tacitas inter reptasti inglorius umbras;
Quin patriæ placidâ meditans in mente salutem,
Quærere consueras, fuerit quæ regia virtus,
Quæ Mens, quique animi regem decuêre Britannum,
Promisso invigilans regno, sceptrisque futuris.

Qualis, qui Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Missus erat Princeps, sanctos sub nocte silenti
Cesserat in lucos: aderat pia Diva ministrans
Consilia Ægeria; incultam queis legibus urbem,
Effrenos regerat quâ religione Quirites,
Quâ dextrâ imperii rigidas torqueret habenas.

Quid referam, ut studio pollens Fredericus in omni
Interea digito citharam calleret eburnam
Artifici pulsare, et suaves edere cantus,
Queis Thamesis mediis stupefactus constitit undis?
Haud frustra heroum meliora exempla secutus,
Quorum fama vetus per terras diditur omnes:
Nec fuit indignum Æacida, dum mœnia Trojæ
Insignis quateret clypeo, et cælestibus armis.
Tædia solliciti secum testudine belli
Solari Aoniâ, et duros mulcere labores.
Nec Tu, Thebanæ gentis fortissime ductor,

Dedignatus eras divina munera cantûs ;
Leuctrensi quanquam devinctus tempora lauro.

Quid memorem, Phœbi fuerant ut semper apud Te
Munera, Lauri vis, et suave rubens hyacinthus ?
O pater, O præsens numen, Frederice, poetis !
Ut tibi Calliope Permessi inspersa liquore
Monstravit nemora, et formosæ jugera Cirrhæ ;
Ut cupidum Pindi immisit rorantibus antris,
Antiquæ felicem et laudis et artis alumnum ?
Talibus Auspiciis et tanto Principe fretum,
Quid mirum est Tempestates mutabilis anni
Thomsonum tam jucundo cecinisse lepore,
Horrida quid meditetur Hyems, quæ purpureum Ver
Germina progeneret, quas frondes explicet Æstas,
Et quantis Autumni exultet pampinus uvis ?

O (quin fata obstant !) si nunc foret ipse superstes !
Munifici desiderio perculsus Amici,
Quam memori officio fudisset nobile carmen ;
Quam Tibi Pierio decorâsset funera fletu,
Triste ministerium haud humili molitus honore !
Quam bene lecta Tibi studio, Frederice, fideli
Ferret in exequias variarum dona rosarum,
Et digna augustis inspergi serta sepulchris !

Interea tenues tumulo quas, impare Musâ,
Mittimus inferias, non duro respice vultu,
Parce pio vati, et faveas levioribus ausis.[1]
Quin mihi supremum fas sit dixisse, Valeto ;
O longùm, Frederice, valeto ; O inclyte Princeps,
O valeas, frustra Angliaci diadematis hæres !
Nec sanè accepit gravius, propiusve medullis,
Per fastos tot retro, infelix Anglia vulnus :
Ex quo, Cressiaci media inter festa triumphi,
Atque Equitum antiquo socialia prandia ritu,[2]
Ante diem Edvardus cecidit ; fluitantia latè
Vexilla, et fuscis quæ fecerit acer in armis,
Vinsoriæ ostentat sedes, perque Atria longa
Regificæ exultant spoliis victoribus arces.

[1] Parce pio vati, et faveas levioribus ausis.—"Æn." i. 526.
Parce pio generi, et propius res adspice nostras.

[2] The institution of the Order of the Garter, with allusion to Arthur's Knights of the round table.

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN HORTO SCRIPT.[1]

Vos O quæ sociis plicata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi!
Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas
Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,
Fraternis tueamini magistrum
Vos sub frondibus, Attici leporis
Auctores Latiive lectitantem;
Lustrantemve oculo licentiori
Colles oppositos, aprica rura,
Latè undantibus obsitos aristis,
Tectosque aeriis superne fagis.

EPITAPHIUM.

[The subject of this elegant and truly classical epigram was Susannah, first wife of Peter Serle, Esq., of Little Testwood, in the parish of Eling, Hants. It is inscribed with some variations, in the parish church of Eling, on a plain marble tablet, above which on a pedestal is a female bust, and below the arms of Mr. Serle and his wife, by which she appears to have been of the family of Sir James Stonhouse, Bart., of Berkshire. The monument bears the name of M. Rysbrack. She died on the 15th of November, 1753, in the thirtieth year of her age. Mr. Warton, in return for this epitaph, received an acknowledgment from Mr. Serle of fifty or one hundred guineas. — Mant.]

Conjux chara vale! tibi Maritus
Hoc pono memori manu sepulcrum:
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,
Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,

[1] At Wynslade, the residence of his brother.

Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremùm ocellis!
Quòd si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,
Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem?
At quorsum lacrymæ? Valeto raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM WINTONIÆ.

["THE beautiful Hendecasyllaba, entitled 'Apud Hortum,' &c., paint the scenery of a garden formed, and in the summer frequented, by his brother. The site of it is between two arms of the river, which runs under the walls of the college, and it looks immediately on that meadow, where once stood a college dedicated to St. Elizabeth."—HUNTINGFORD.]

SI qua est gratia rivuli perennis,
Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;
Si quis gramineo nitor vireto,
Rasisve in spatiis quid est amœni;
Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
Raris fasciculis et hinc et inde
Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,
Possint pandere dædali coloris;
Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,
Quod dulcedinis est sine arte sparsis;
Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;
Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.
At nec deliciæ, licet suäves,
Tales te poterint diù tenere,
Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,
Antiquumque larem decus camenis.
Hac dum prospicias, jugi sacrati[1]
Sub clivo ancipiti, domus superbæ
Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque

[1] St. Giles's hill, at the foot of which are the remains of Wolvesey Palace, formerly the magnificent residence of the Bishops of Winchester.

Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,
Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,
Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;
Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
Diti fecerit auxeritque sumtû,
Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
Centum surgere jusserit columnis.

IN SOMNUM.[1]

Somne veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, &c.[2]

Cum Juvenis nostras subiit novus advena sedes,
Continuo Popi præmia magna petit:
Deinde potens voti quiddam sublimius ambit,
Et socii lepidum munus inire cupit:
At socius mavult transire ad rura sacerdos;
Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares;
Ad rus transmisso, vitam instaurare priorem
Atque iterum Popi tecta subire juvat.
O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet.

[1] "This inscription is said to have been intended to be placed under a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late James Harris, Esq. of Salisbury. It has been ascribed to Mr. Warton, and accordingly has a place here, though I cannot vouch for its authenticity."—Mant.

[2] These are the original verses on which "The Progress of Discontent" was founded.

[The four following copies of verses have lately come into my possession through the kindness of a gentleman, who has good authority for asserting that they are the compositions of Mr. Warton. They appear to be written for the same purpose as the verses published under the title of "Carmina Quadragesimalia."—Mant.]

An Locus conveniat locato?
Affirm.

Progeniem philomela parit, quâ populus antro
Incubat, et tremulis frondet opaca comis.
Nidum humili in culmo solers suspendit alauda,
Alâ agili ad summum mox reditura polum.
Culmine prærupto, vastique in culmine montis
Non adeunda ales regius ova fovet.
Antiquas inter corvorum exercitus ulmos
Maxima de fragili vimine tecta locat.
At tremula obtexit parituræ umbracula cygno
Ripas lenta salix propter arundineas.
Antiqui coryli muscoso in stipite, pullos,
Avia sylvarum per loca, turdus alit.
Ante fores tenet ova domesticus hospes, hirundo,
Et mirâ appensum temperat arte lutum.
Quâ candent verno spineta virentia flore,
Garrula, muscosum ponis, acanthi, larem.
Quæque suas volucris novit sibi sumere sedes,
Novit et in propriis progenerare locis.

An simplex Apprehensio semper vera?
Affirm.

Cui surdas longæva ætas obstruxerat aures,
Poma, satis pueris cognita, vendit anus.
Huic quidam occurrens, Quota, dixerit, hora diei est?
Poplite flexo, "Obolis quatuor," inquit anus.
Deceptam agnoscens, iterum rogat ille; "Negarem."
Respondit, "fratri vendere plura meo."
Bile tumens tonat ille, Aut die, aut accipe calcem:
"Si tu non dederis, vir bone, qui det, erit."

An omne Corpus componatur?

Affirm.

Tam suavi teneræ pubescens flore juventæ
En per membra aperit quale Corinna decus!
Flaventes nitido funduntur vertice crines,
Et vestit molles purpura viva genas:
Tum teretem pandit niveæ cervicis honorem,
Quale sub artifici pollice splendet ebur:
Aspice cæruleosque oculos, atque humida labra,
Qualis mane recens spargitur imbre rosa:
Candentesque humeros, et lævia pectora jactat,
Quæ non Phidiaco marmore ficta Venus:
Mille unà coeunt Veneres; formæque lepore
Non sine multiplici, pulchra puella nites.

NOSCE TEIPSUM.

Arripuit Martis galeam clypeumque Cupido,
Atque viri pugnax induit arma puer.
Mox Veneri occurrens, En quantus pectore surgo!
En lorica mihi martia! mater, ait:
Haud opus est armis, fili, dea dixit, ahenis,
Vulnera sæva satis figit inermis Amor.

GRÆCA ATQUE ANGLICA QUÆDAM LATINE REDDITA.

HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

[These verses are not to be considered as a close translation of the elegant Hymn to Pan attributed to Homer: some of the thoughts are not to be found in the original; whilst others, which occur in the original, are omitted here: in particular the Greek has one lively stroke, the omission of which is to be regretted. Homer, speaking of Pan flushed with success in the chace, describes him

ὀξεα ἐερκομενος. This is the stroke of a painter. Warton, however, has it in "Mons Catharinæ," v. 39:

— oculis subito micat *acribus* ignis
Lætior. MANT.

En! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vertice rupes.
Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentûm.
Sive errare velis per vasta cacumina, magni
Unde procul patuêre greges, atque otia dia
Pastorum; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
Non, Philomela, facit, quoties frondentibus umbris
Abdita, vere novo, intêgrat miserabile carmen.
Continuo properant faciles in carmina Nymphæ,
Instaurantque choros; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmina lyncis:
Sub pedibusque croci crescunt, dulcesque hyacinthi,
Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.
Intereà cecinêre Deûm primordia prisca:
At primùm dixêre, ut, Divûm nuntius Hermes
Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces
Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.
Quà nunc illi aræ, quà stant Cyllenia templa.
Illic, divino licèt ingens esset honore,
Pavit oves, nam jussit amor; votisque potitus
Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.
Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis
Capripes; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita fœtu
Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.
At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum
Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris
Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.
Excipiunt plausu Superi; subrisit Iäcchus
Purpureo vultu, et puerum Pan nomine dixit.

EX POEMATE DE VOLUPTATIBUS FACULTATIS IMAGINATRICIS.[1]

——O Progenies pulcherrima cæli!
Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
Divinos ducam vultus, cælestiaque ora?
Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colores
Purpurei possint, discrimina dædala fuci?
Ergo age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
I spatia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
Quicquid habent maria, et cæli spirabile lumen,
Delibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
Dives opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
Confer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
Vin', comite Autumno, per fortunata volare
Hesperidûm nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
Dum quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum
Felicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis
Fit nova, et auricomo fulsêrunt vimina fœtu:
Quâcunque incessit per ditia rura, renident
Undique maturo subiti livore racemi;
Apricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
Quales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
Sive errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
Daphnes dilectas, Penéus gurgite leni
Quà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
Purpuream vitreo;—Tempe! quà, numina sylvis
Nota olim, Fauni Nymphæque, per aurea prisci
Sæcula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
Frondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
Multiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
Horasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
Certatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
Depluere, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores.

[1] "The Pleasures of Imagination," b. i. ver. 280.

EX POEMATE DE RATIONE SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ.[1]

Ergo agite, O Nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;
Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,
Naïades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,
Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis
Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.
Sanctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes
Prospicio, quà vorticibus spumantibus amnes
Insignes micuêre, antiquo carmine clari.
Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit
Nilus; at iratis properat violentior undis
Hinc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par
Volvitur umbriferis, Orientemque irrigat omnem.
At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,
Squallentem Tanais diffudit barbarus urnam.
Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis
Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
Nobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore voluptas
Percipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore:
Et magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circùm
Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
Dicite, num Lemurûm regio stat finibus istis
Abdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomœria mundi?
Qui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ
Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
Porrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum? per opaca locorum
Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti:
Munera vestra cano; nam jussit talia Pæon,
Talia, diva Salus; et versu pandere conor,
Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:
Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.
Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique; gemmis
Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis
Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;

[1] "The Art of Preserving Health," b. ii. ver. 352.

Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:
Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cuïque,
Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
Vescitur, irriguisve virescit florida campis.

PINDARI PYTHIONIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICT.

Testudo filis apta nitentibus,
Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
Perculsa plectro leniter aureo
Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
Tu sistis, æternæque flammæ
Præcipites moderaris ictus.
Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
Sopore prædulci, carentque
Rostra minis, oculique flammis.
Quin Mars reponens aspera spicula,
Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
Oblectat, O Phœbea proles,
Corda tuo truculenta cantu.
At quos benigno numine Jupiter
Non vidit, illos, carminis audiant
Siquando divini levamen,
Horror agit pavidusque luctus:
Qualis Typhœus, sub barathro jacens
Imo, supremis improba centiceps
Quod bella Divis intulisset
Hæmonio genitus sub antro.
Quem nunc ligatum Cuma cubat super,
Pectusque setis comprimit horridum
Columna cæli, quæ perenni
Stat glacie, nivis Ætna nutrix:
Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,
Fumosque, misto turbine, bellua
Vulcani, et horrendum rubescunt
Nocte procul jaculata saxa:

Immane dictu prodigium! Mare
Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos
Ætnæ sub antris illigetur,
Difficilique fremat cubili!
Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,
Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,
Frons fertilis telluris, ingens
Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos;
Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet
Certamen, aeres victor agens equos,
Quantusque succussis, rotarum
Arbiter, institerit quadrigis.[1]

EX EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHA.

Ver. 102.

ANDROMACHE LOQUITUR.

Cum Paris, O Helena, te celsa in Pergama duxit,
Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,
Heu! non conjugii læti florentia dona,
Quin secum Alectò, Tisiphonemque, tulit.
Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis
Te circùm rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus!
Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,
Hector! Achilleis rapte, marite, rotis!
Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,
Servitii gravidâ nube adoperta caput.
Ah! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ! Trojamque, torumque,
Et fœdo fusum in pulvere linquo virum!
Quid juvat ulteriùs cæli convexa tueri?
Scilicet Hermiones sordida serva feror:
Et Thetidos complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis
Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

[1] Ad. Antistr. ii.

MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM IN UXOREM.

Ex Anthologia, Lib. III. Cap. xii. Ep. 22.[1]
Brunck. Anal. V. I. p. 30.

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—
O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.
Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONIC. IN TEMPERANTIAM.

Ex Anthol. I. lxxviii. 1. Brunck, II. 121.

His natam Antigenes orabat vocibus olim
Ævi cum traheret fila suprema senex:
"O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister
Vitæ inopis semper sit tibi cura colus.
Mox cum te sociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos sit,
Te castæ mores matris habere probos."

CARPHYLIDÆ.

Ex Anthol. III. i. 6. Brunck, II. 401.

Meam præteriens, Viator, urnam,
Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est.
Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos

[1] "When these translations were published before, there was no other reference to their originals, than in general terms to the Anthologia. I have added the number of the book, section, and individual epigram; and have subjoined the volume and page, where each may be found, in Brunck's 'Analecta.'—Mant.

Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
Ex queis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
Qui tandem, inferiis mihi relatis,
Misêre ambrosios patrem sopores
Dormitum, Elysii virente ripâ.

CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

Ex Anthol. III. xii. 53. Brunck, I. 474.

Docta est dulce loqui, puellulasque
Inter ludere docta pervenustè;
Te, Crethi, Samiæ tuæ reposcunt;
Cujus garrulitate molliculâ
Sucrant lanificî levare curas.
At tu surda jaces; trahisque somnos
Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!

INCERTI IN CHIO.

Ex Anthol. Cephal. No. 648. Omitted by Brunck.

Ergo te nitidæ decus palæstræ,
Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
Congestisque recondit ossa saxis?
Necdum filiolæ modo peremptæ
Cessit cura recens, novique luctus
Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes
Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
Hunc vobis lapidem memor reponit.

LEONIDÆ.

Ex Anthol. VI. xxiv. 2. Brunck, I. 229.

Suspensam e Platano Teleson tibi, Capripes O Pan,
Pellem villosæ dat, pia dona, feræ;
Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite, clavam,

Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est;
Concretoque aptum lacti muletrale, et odoros
Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

IN TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

Ex Anthol. III. xxv. 20. Brunck, II. 167.

Hic est Archilochus situs. Veneno
Primus novit amara viperino
Qui contingere carmina; et cruore
Permessi liquidas notavit undas.
Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,
Suspensis laqueo truci, Lycambes.
Tu cauto pede præteri, viator,
Crabrones aliter ciebis, ejus
Qui busto sibi condidêre nidum.

INCERTI IN CICADAM.

Ex Anthol. I. xxxiii. 22. Brunck, III. 259.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,
Me, quam delectant roscida rura vagam?
Me, quæ nympharum sum Musa, atque æthere sudo,
Hinc recino umbrosis saltubus, inde jugis?
En! turdum et merulum, si prædæ tanta cupido est,
Quæ late sulcos diripuere satos.
Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est;
Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS.

Ex Anthol. Cephal. No. 749. Brunck, II. 115.

Te, verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;
Te tua, quæ peperit, mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,
"Linque, ait, Eurotam: et si mors est dura, sub Orcum
"Effuge: non meus es; non Lacedæmonius."

CALLIMACHI IN HERACLITUM.[1]

Ex Anthol. III. xxxiii. 37. Brunck, I. 472.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore misellus impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consuëramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah! dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm!
Tuæ Lusciniæ tamen supersunt;
Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

[1] Heraclitus was a native of Halicarnassus, and an elegiac poet. Being a contemporary and friend of Callimachus, he must have lived in the age of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

INSCRIPTIONES.[1]

[As it is my intention to exhibit the inscriptions, which follow exactly as they were published by Mr. Warton, in 1758, I shall take the opportunity of saying a word or two in this place about those which are not ancient.

No. XIX.

"Quæ te sub tenera, &c."

This epigram was first published in an anonymous 4to pamphlet, by Dr. Jortin, entitled "Lusus Poetici," and was there called "Inscriptionis Fragmentum," being designed merely as an imitation of the antique; which I mention because I have heard it objected to, on the idea of its being a composition of a Christian, in memory of his own wife. It has been lately reprinted in Jortin's Tracts, 2 vol. 8vo. The fifth and sixth lines are imitated from a Greek inscription in the "Anthol." III. i. 19:

αιει ζητησω σε· συ δ', ει θεμις, εν φθιμενοισι
του ληθης ἐπ' εμοι μη τι πιης ποματος.

Mr. Burgess, in a note to his "Essay on the Study of Antiquities," p. 59, proposes to change the order of the four concluding lines, substituting the seventh and eighth for the fifth and sixth, and vice versâ. I confess that I do not see the beauty which the epigram would thus acquire: at the same time such a transposition, as a judicious friend once remarked to me, would tend to weaken the sentiment of affection: for surely, after a tender husband had said to his deceased wife, that Love should conduct him in pursuit of her, it must be at least superfluous to add an injunction on her not to forget him.

I think that Mr. John Warton told me of his having seen a

[1] Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus. Accedunt Notulæ.
ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.
Αλλα φιλοις μεν εμοισι φερω χαριν· εστι δε μυσταις
Κοινος ὁ των Μουσεων ἡδυεπης στεφανος.
Londini: Prostant apud R. et J. Dodsley. MDCCVIII.

medallion, which represented Orpheus returning from hell with Eurydice, and Cupid running before them with his torch: "tenebras lampade discutiens."

XLI.

"Nymphæ, fonticolæ Nymphæ, &c."

This inscription, which, with the three others mentioned in the note upon it, was written by Warton, is a translation from the "Anthology," VI. i. 1. In the original, the name of the dedicator is Cleonymus, instead of Lysimachus. The mistake in the last line of "tueis" for "vestris" is unaccountable.

XLIV.

"Heic stans vertice, &c."

This is also a translation from the Anthology, IV. xii. 119.

XLV.

"O dulcis puer, &c."

I look on this highly elegant epigram as in the main original. It was not introduced into the edition of Warton's Poems in 1791, as the two last mentioned were; but in the 2d vol. of his Essay on Pope, Dr. Warton, remarking on the point and antithesis, which overrun Pope's epitaphs, adds, "They are consequently very different from the simple sepulchral inscriptions of the ancients, of which that of Meleager on his wife in the Greek Anthology is a model and masterpiece: and in which taste a living author, that must be nameless, has written the following hendecasyllables." I beg to add, that the epitaph on Mrs. Serle, "Conjux cara vale, &c." is deserving of the same distinction. That before us is, as I before intimated, partly modelled on one of Callimachus, Anthol. III. xii. 53. And the 5th line, Ævi ver ageres novum tenelli, as Mr. J. Warton mentioned to me, appears to have been suggested by Catullus, Carm. LXVIII. ver. 16. Jucundum cum ætas florida *ver ageret*. —MANT.]

LECTORI S.

[INSTITUTI nostri rationem finemque paucis accipe. Elegantias antiquorum marmorum crebrò pervolventi mihi, magnoque studio perquirenti, a Mazochio, Smetio, Grutero, multisque præterea doctis

viris editorum, magnopere placuere semper illa, quæ metricis numeris absoluta prostant, epigrammata. Quæ tamen cum, nonnisi cum prægrandi plurimarum insuper inscriptionum farragine, diversissimi generis atque indolis, styloque poetico minus expressarum, conjuncta reperiantur et complicata; poematiôn, quasi novum plane, nec inelegantem libellum concinnari posse putavi, si, delectu diligenter habito, lepidissima quæque decerperem, secumque unà perspicienda, separatimque perlegenda, proponerem. Id quod ipsorum profecto postulabat insignis venustas, tum lectorum commoditas. Etenim in lucem libertatemque, suaves vetustatis eruditæ reliquias, e difficili illa monumentorum lapidumque congerie, qua dudum delituere, quasi tenebris inclusæ, magnaque reliquorum mole obrutæ, vindicavimus, et in celebritatem quandam protraximus: quin et sparsas antea dissipatasque in unam compagem redigendo, longe facilius adeundas, percipiendasque majori voluptate, pleniusque quodammodo degustandas, effecimus. Porro, quid obstat, quin e Latinis etiam, qualis illa Græcorum nobilissima, contexeretur inscriptionibus anthologia? Neque interea me præteriit, ejusdem fere opus jam olim tentasse Joannem Baptistam Ferretium, quod et nuncupaverat "Musæ Lapidariæ."[1] Cum vero ille, sive inscitia sive incuria, nonnulla sæculi recentis admiscuerit, permulta licèt antiqua, parum vero sapida, quædam etiam metro minus adstricta, non repudiaverit; omnia denique fœde mendis oppleta, literisque præterea majusculis quæ punctis utique perpetuis distinctæ fere molestæ legentibus esse solent, expresserit, ne dicam quod liber ejus obsoleverit, profecto nulla satis valida visa est ratio, quo minus hic noster etiamnum delectus, optimo jure debuerit elaborari.

In carminibus deligendis eo præsertim prospeximus, ut elegantissima solum, vel, quod idem fere sonat, antiquissima quælibet, adhiberentur. Quin et exquisitissima monumenta, cum multis in locis conjecturis nostris emendata, tum collatis undecumque exemplaribus, id quod minus antea studiose factum est, explorata, suo plerumque nitori, quaque caruere hactenus, integritati restituimus. Per omnia, demum, longe castigatiora, quam conspicias alibi, dedimus.

Quod ad ritus attinet veterum, tum præsertim quæ spectant ad sepulturam consuetudines, reliquaque hujusmodi qualia frequentissime solent in antiquis marmoribus occurrere, in illis haud multum elaboravimus explicandis. Neque enim hoc tulit præscrip-

[1] Veronæ, 1672, fol.

tus operi modus. Eorum siquis pleniorem velit notitiam, adeat pereruditum omnis antiquitatis interpretem, ne cæteros nominem, Montfauconum.

Is autem mihi præcipue propositus est hoc delectu conficiendo finis, ut ad antiquiora Latini carminis exemplaria, magisque sincera, studiosam juventutem revocarem: tum, qualis vera esset epigrammatum species et effigies ostenderem. Quippe falli gravissime videntur illi, qui venerem virtutemque omnem hujus generis in sale ponunt et facetia; idque a scriptore inprimis exigunt, ut supremus epigrammatis versiculus quasi feriat legentes aculeo. At ne vestigium videmus festivitatis hujus in ejusmodi carminibus, prisca adhuc florentique Græcia, tum pristino Latio, compositis et elaboratis. Et profecto, ut libere quod sentiam loquar, venustas horum carminum non tantum videtur in arguta concinnitate constare, quantum in proprietate quadam, quæ licet arte et studio efficienda est, non tamen a labore profectam fuisse suspiceris. Nimirum ponitur in illis adhibendis sententiis et conceptibus, quos rei subjectæ natura, et argumenti ratio suppeditat ultro, quique faciles utique videntur atque obvii; quos tamen alius quispiam, idem tentans, haud tam levi opera consecutus esset, aut saltem inter se æque scite compegisset, metroque subjecisset. Ad veritatem quam maxime accommodate hic proferuntur omnia. Rectæ rationis limatique judicii, potius quam lascivientis ingenii, fructus, visæ sunt hæ deliciæ. At si suavitas adspergatur, sit non dulcis illa et decocta, sed austera ac solida. Nimia enim jucunditas non diuturna in delectatione esse potest, estque fastidio finitima. Porro, sit totius epigrammatis a capite ad calcem conformatio; justa partium convenientia; color non fuco illitus, sed sanguine diffusus; cultus nec diligentior nec sumptuosior; ornatus nudus ac tenuis, urbanus identidem, nec tamen artis expers penitus. Accedant munditiæ illæ teretes et minus operosæ.

Denique, tum demum voti mei factum me compotem putavero, si forte mea qualicunque opera, pertenui profecto specimine, perfecerim, ut poeseôs Latinæ reviviscat antiquus genius; si pro sale et acumine, quibus lautitiis adeo delectari videmus recentes poetas, simplex tandem lepos, quo solo jucundissimoque veteres utebantur condimento, restitui possit et adhiberi. Vale.]

I.—ROMÆ.

IN VILLA CÆSARINA.

Umbrarum secura quies, animæque Piorum
Laudatæ, colitis quæ loca sancta Erebi;
Sedes insontem Magnillam ducite vestras,
Per nemora, et campos protinus Elysios.
Rapta est octavo, fatis instantibus, anno,
Carpebat vitæ tempora dum teneræ.
Formosa, et sensu mirabilis, et super annos
Docta, decens, dulcis, grataque blanditiis.
Perpetuo talis gemitu lacrymisque colenda,
Infelix ævo tam cito quæ caruit;
An felix ægræ potius subducta senectæ?
Sic Hecuba flevit Penthesilea minus.

II.—ROMÆ.

D. M.

Flaviæ Dionysiadis.

Hic jacet exiguis Dionysia flebilis annis,
Extremum tenui quæ pede rupit iter.
Cujus in octava lascivia surgere messe
Cœperat, et dulces fingere nequitias.
Quod si longa tuæ mansissent tempora vitæ,
Doctior in terris nulla puella foret.

Vix. Ann. vii. Mens. xi. Dieb. xv. Hor. vii.
Antia Tibulla Vernæ suæ
dulciss. fecit.

III.—VITERBII.

Euodiæ Cyparæ. Ann. vi.

Sum castæ cinerum Lapis puellæ
Custos. Me relegens pius viator,
Hujus cognita si tibi fuisset
Virtus, lachrymulis tuis rigares.

IV.—NEAPOLI.

D. M.

GLICONI. VERNÆ DULCISS.

VERNA puer, puer, O mi verna, quis ah, quis ab aura
Te in tenebras rapuit perditus? Heu morerer
Ni tecum assidue loquerer, ni sæpe jocando
Fallerer, hinc dum te continuo aspicio.
Semper ero tecum, et si me sopor occupet, umbram
Te umbra petam, ergo unquam ne metue abs te abeam

V.—ROMÆ.

RUSTICELL. M. L. CYTHERIS.

QUANDOCUMQUE levis tellus mea conteget ossa
Incisum et duro nomen erit lapide;
Si qua tibi fuerit fatorum cura meorum,
Ne grave sit tumulum visere sæpe meum:
Et quicumque tuis humor labetur ocellis,
Protinus inde meos defluat in cineres.

VI.—IN HORTO PAGANORUM, SUB CASERTA

APOLONIA quæ vocitabar
Lapide hoc inclusa quiesco.
Ipso mihi flore juventæ
Ruperunt fila sorores:
Annos post decem et octo
Vetuerunt visere lumen.
Unum sortita maritum,
Servavi casta pudorem.
Mater misera hoc monumentum
Extruxit Olympias amens.
Hæc sunt. Bene vive, viator.

VII.—IN URBE AIXME TARANTASIÆ IN ALPIBUS.

SILVANE, sacra semicluse fraxino,
Et hujus alti summe custos hortuli,

Tibi hasce grates dedicamus maximas,
Quod nos per arva, perque montis Alpicos,
Tuique luci suaveolentis hospites,
Dum jus guberno, remque fungor Cæsarum,
Tuo favore prosperante sospites.
Tu me, meosque, reduces Romam sistito;
Daque Itala rura te colamus præside;
Ego jam dicabo mille magnas arbores.

T. POMPONII VICTORIS.
PROC. AUGUST.

VIII.—SPOLETI.

Artibus ingenuis cura perdocta suarum,
Sortita egregium corporis omne decus;
Nondum bis septem plenis prærepta sub annis,
Hac Crocale casta condita sede jacet.
Ludite felices, patitur dum vita, puellæ;
Sæpe et formosas fata sinistra ferunt.

IX.—ROMÆ.

Monumentum absolvi sumptu et impensa mea,
Amica tellus ut det hospitium ossibus;
Omnes quod optant, sed felices impetrant.
Namque quid egregium, quidve cupiendum est magis,
Quam libertatis ubi tu lucem acceperis,
Fessæ senectæ spiritum ibi deponere?
Quod innocentis argumentum est maximum.

X.—ROMÆ.

Memoriæ M. Lucceii M. F. Nepotis Sex. Onusianus.

Quum præmatura raptum mihi morte Nepotem
Flerem, Parcarum putria fila querens;
Et gemerem tristi damnatam sorte juventam,
Versaretque novus viscera tota dolor;

Me desolatum, me desertum, ac spoliatum
Clamarem, largis saxa movens lacrimis;
Exacta prope nocte, suos quum Lucifer ignes
Spargeret, et volucri roscidus iret equo:
Vidi sidereo radiantem lumine formam
Æthere delabi; non fuit illa quies;
Sed verus juveni color et sonus; et status ipse
Major erat nota corporis effigie:
Ardentis oculorum orbes, humerosque nitentis
Ostendens, roseo reddidit ore sonos:
"Adfinis memorande! quid O me ad sidera cæli
Ablatum quereris? Desine flere deum.
Ne pietas ignara superna sede receptum
Lugeat, et lædat numina tristitia.
Non ego Tartareas penetrabo tristis ad umbras,
Non Acheronteis transvehar umbra vadis:
Non ego cæruleam remo pulsabo carinam,
Nec Te terribili fronte timebo, Charon;
Nec Minos mihi jura dabit grandævus, et atris
Non errabo locis, nec cohibebor aquis.
Surge, refer matri; ne me noctesque diesque
Defleat, ut mœrens Attica mater Ityn.
Nam me sancta Venus sedes non nosse Silentum
Jussit, et in cæli lucida templa tulit."
Erigor, et gelidos horror perfuderat artus;
Spirabat suavi tinctus odore locus.
"Die Nepos, seu tu, turba stipatus Amorum,
Lætus Adoneis lusibus insereris;
Seu grege Pieridum gaudes, divisque Camœnis,
Omnis cælicolum te chorus insequitur;
Si libeat thyrsum gravidis agitare corymbis,
Et velare comam palmite, Liber eris;
Pascere si crinem, et lauro redimire capillos,
Arcum cum pharetra sumere, Phœbus eris:
Indueris teretes manicas, Phrygiamque tiaram?
Non unus Cybeles pectore vivet Atys.
Si spumantis equi libeat quatere ora lupatis,
Cyllare formosi membra veles equitis.
Sed quicumque deus, quicumque vocaberis heros,
Sit soror, et mater, sit puer incolumis.
Hæc dona unguentis, et sunt potiora metallis,
Quæ non tempus edax, non rapit ira Jovis."

XI.—ROMÆ.

O Utinam vivo potuissem præmia morum
Reddere; nunc lacrimas accipe pro meritis.
Nam semper, fateor, tacita te mente probavi,
Detexit sensus ultima flamma meos.
Tu columen rerum semper, tu cura, mearum,
Nunc eris et luctus tu quoque causa mei.
Ossibus infundam quæ nunquam vina bibisti.
* * * * *
Onesimi Anicetus carissimo fecit Domino.

XII.—ROMÆ.

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, Tace.

XIII.—TARRACONE.

D.M.

Eutycheti Auri. Ann. XXII.

Fl. Rufinus et Semp. Diofanius Servo B. M. F.

Hoc rudis aurigæ requiescunt ossa sepulchro,
Nec tamen ignari flectere lora manu.
Jam qui quadrijugos auderem scandere currus,
Et tamen a bijugis non removerer equis.
Invidere meis annis crudelia fata,
Fata quibus nequeas opposuisse manus.
Nec mihi concessa est morituro gloria Circi,
Donaret lacrymas ne pia turba mihi.
Ussere ardentes intus mea viscera morbi,
Vincere quos medicæ non potuere manus.
Sparge, precor, flores, supra mea busta, viator,
Favisti vivo forsitan ipse mihi.

XIV.—ROMÆ.

Ingratæ Veneri spondebam munera supplex,
Erepta, conjux, virginitate tibi.
Persephone votis invidit pallida nostris,
Et præmaturo funere te rapuit.
Supremum versus munus donamus, et aram;
Et gratam cape sis, docta Pedana, chelyn.
Me nunc torquet amor: tibi tristis cura recessit,
Lethæoque jaces condita sarcophago.

XV.—ROMÆ.

Vixisses utinam, et potius mea musa taceret,
Quam mihi scribendi causa, Latina, fores!
Vixisses! neu te surgentem in vota tuorum,
Aspicerem addictam Manibus ire sacris.
Sed quoniam Parcis vetitum est nihil, accipe nostri
Æternas heu! carminis exequias.

XVI.—ROMÆ.

Quæ tibi cumque mei potuerunt pignora amoris,
Nata, dari, populo sunt lacrumante data.
Et volui majora; nimis sed cura meorum
Fida, tui prohibet me cinerem esse rogi.

XVII.—NEAPOLI.

I.V.D.M.

Crispe, fili lepidissime,
Heu, heu! Orcus cum te voravit,
Delicium mihi omne abstulit:
Baculum, exactis medullis,
Edentulæ senectutis secuit:
Spem nepotum abstraxit
Secum maximam.

In tanta demum orbitate
Desolatus supersum, ut ni,
Qui secus sentiunt, Manes
Vetuissent, vivum me tecum
Contumulassem.
Vixit Ann. xii.

XVIII.—UTRARIÆ IN BÆTICA.

PYLADES ANNII NOVATI PATRIS H.S.E.

SUBDUCTUM primæ Pyladen hæc ara juventæ
Indicat, exemplum non leve amicitiæ.
Namque sodalitii sacravit turba, futurum
Nominis indicium, nec minus officii.
Dicite qui legitis, solito de more, sepulto
Pro meritis, Pyladis, sit tibi terra levis.

XIX.

QUÆ te sub tenera rapuerunt, Pæta, juventa
O utinam me crudelia fata vocent:
Ut linquam terras, invisaque lumina solis,
Utque tuus rursum corpore sim posito.
Tu cave Lethæo contingnas ora liquore,
Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, viri:
Te sequor obscurum per iter: comes ibit eunti
Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.

XX.—MUTINÆ.

SALLUSTIÆ APHRODITÆ CONGIDIUS L. F. CONJUGI.

Bene Merenti cum qua vixit Ann. xxvii. Mens. viii. Dieb. vi.

QUOD vivens merui, moriens quod et ipsa rogavi,
Conjugis hoc mœsti reddidit ecce fides.
Sit licet infernæ noctis tristissimus horror,
Me tamen illius credo jacere toris.

* * * * *

Te, pie possessor, sive, colone, precor,
Ne patiare meis tumulis increscere sylvas,
Sic tibi dona Ceres larga det et Bromius.

XXI.

FIL. SABINÆ DULCISS.

QUISQUIS ades, celeri gressu precor ito, viator;
Ito procul, et linque nefas; tibi dico, viator,
Parce oculis, nec nostra velis cognoscere fata,
Sanguinea palla quæ texit provida Clotho,
Et pavit rupisse suas quoque fila sorores.

XXII.—IN AGRO TUSCULANO.

M. GELLIUS MAXIMUS PHŒBO LIB. OPTUM.

HIC situs est, quondam Gelli pars maxima, Phœbus,
Adfectus omnes possidet ipse lapis
Vix consummavit septem quinquennia lustri,
Oscula ferventem nec tenuere animam.
Quod si mutari potuissent fila sororum,
Gauderet condi Maximus hoc tumulo.

XXIII.

FUNERE non æquo puer immaturus obivi,
Marmoreisque meis hic jaceo tumulis.
Non potui parvus puerilem implere juventam,
Nec vestire meam flore novo faciem.
Nec senior capiti niveos mutare capillos,
At fato victus sorte puer perii.
Heu crudele nefas! quæ me generaverat hora,
Hæc eadem vitæ terminus hora fuit,

XXIV.—ROMÆ.

HOSPES, quod dico paullum est; asta, ac pellige.
Heic est sepulchrum haut pulchrum pulchrai feminæ:
Nomen parentes nominarunt Claudiam:
Suom mareitum corde dilexit souo:

Gnatos duos creavit; horunc' alterum
In terra linquit, alium sub terra locat.
Sermone lepido, tum autem incessu commodo:
Domum servavit, lanam fecit. Dixi. Abei.

XXV.

Julia, quæ longa fueras dignissima vita,
Occidis, e nostro rapta puella sinu.
Sed comes ardenti nunc degis juncta coronæ,
Nunc Helicen propius cernis et Andromedam.
Me cruciat, conjux, miserumque absumit amantem
Sævus amor, nullis ignibus inferior.
Namque ego, seu rebus fuerim districtus agendis,
Seu dederim vacuo languida membra thoro;
Tu mihi semper ades, tua præsens semper imago,
Quæ misero moveat flebile cordiolum.
Improba, cur teneros, O Mors, disjungis amantes,
Quos bene conveniens conciliavit amor?

XXVI.—LONDINI.

Inter Ceimelia Sloniana.

Gallia me genuit, nomen mihi divitis undæ
Concha dedit; formæ nominis aptus honos.
Docta per incertas audax discurrere silvas,
Collibus hirsutas atque agitare feras.
Non gravibus vinclis unquam consueta teneri,
Verbera nec niveo corpore sæva pati:
Molli namque sinu domini, dominæque, jacebam,
Et noram in strato lassa cubare toro:
Et, plus quam licuit muto, canis ore loquebar,
Nulli latratus pertimuere meos.
Sed jam fata subii, partu jactata sinistro;
Quam nunc sub parvo marmore terra tegit.

XXVII.—ROMÆ.

Patri Filius.

Sic pia, sis felix! sic quod tibi vita beata
Contigit, et cunctis auxilians bonitas!

Nos tamen hic cruciat dolor intimus, et pia cura,
Quod te festinans abstulit atra dies.
Numina nunc inferna precor, patri date lucos,
Queis est purpureus perpetuusque dies.
Huic certe, ut meruit, cuncta est data cura sepulchro,
Texeruntque favi de Siculis apibus.

XXVIII.—ROMÆ.

Conditus hic amor est, dictus de nomine patris,
Heu! miseri patris conditus hic amor est.
Gallia quem genuit, de gente Novempopulana,
Itala terra tegit Gallia quem genuit.
Nobilis ingenio, docuit jus inclyta Roma,
Oppetiit fatis, nobilis ingenio.
Læseris hunc tumulum si quisquam, in Tartara pergas,
Atque expers tumuli, læseris hunc tumulum.

XXIX.—IN OPPIDO FABRICA IN FALISCIS.

Hic Aquilæ cineres miserabilis urna sepultos
Contegit, et fatis exproperata nimis.
Occidit infelix, cœpto modo flore juventæ.
Quem finiit annus septimus et decimus.
Formosus, frugi, doctus, pius. A patre mœsto
Accepit tumulos quos dare debuerat.

XXX.—CORFINII.

Q. Cæcilio. Q. F. Pal. Optato.

Vixit Ann. ii. Mens. vi.

Hic jacet Optatus, pietatis nobilis infans,
Cui precor ut cineres sint ia, sintque rosæ.
Terraque, quæ mater nunc est sibi, sit levis, oro,
Namque gravis nulli vita fuit pueri.
Ergo, quod miseri possunt præstare parentes,
Hunc titulum nato constituere suo.

XXXI.—ROMÆ.

In Lapide quadrato.

Artimetus sibi et Claudiæ Homonœæ conlibertæ et contubernali.

I. HOMONŒA.

Tu, qui secura procedis mente, parumper
Siste gradum, quæso, verbaque pauca lege.
Illa ego quæ claris fueram prælata puellis,
Hoc Homonœa brevi condita sum tumulo.
Cui formam Paphie, Charites tribuere decorem.
Quam Pallas cunctis artibus erudiit.
Nondum bis denos ætas mea viderat annos,
Injecere manus invida fata mihi.
Nec pro me queror hoc. Morte est mihi tristior ipsa
Mæror Atimeti conjugis ille mei.

II. ATIMETUS.

Si pensare animas sinerent crudelia fata,
Et posset redimi morte aliena salus,
Quantulacumque meæ debentur tempora vitæ,
Pensassem pro te, cara Homonœa, libens.
At nunc, quod possum, fugiam lucemque deosque,
Ut te matura per Styga morte sequar.

III. HOMONŒA.

Parce tuam, conjux, fletu quassare juventam,
Fataque mærendo sollicitare mea.
Nil prosunt lacrimæ, nec possunt fata moveri;
Viximus. Hic omnes exitus unus habet.
Parce; ita non unquam similem experiare dolorem,
Et faveant votis numina cuncta tuis.
Quodque mihi eripuit mors immatura juventæ,
Id tibi victuro proroget ulterius.

IV. ATIMETUS.

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita,
Quæque tuis olim perfruerere bonis.

XXXII.—DIS AVIBUS.

Luscinia Philumenæ, ex aviario Domitior.
Selectæ, versicolori, pulcerrimæ, cantrici
Suaviss. omnibus gratiis ad digitum pipillanti,
In poculo myrrhino caput abluenti
Infeliciter summersæ. Heu misella
Avicula! hinc inde volitabas, tota
Garrula, tota festiva, latitans, modo
Inter pulla Leptynis loculamenta.
Implumis, frigidula, elausis ocellis!
Licinia, Philumenæ, deliciæ suæ,
Quam in sinu pastillis alebat,
In proprio cubiculo, alumnæ carissimæ,
Lacrumans pos.
Habe avis jocondissima, quæ mihi volans
Obvia, blando personans rostello salve,
Toties ceecinisti, habe avis, avia Averna!
Vale, et vola per Elysium!

In cavea picta saltans quæ dulce canebat,
Muta tenebrosa nunc jacet in cavea.

XXXIII.—ROMÆ.

Musa et Megiste et Onesimus Alumnæ Dulcissimæ
F.
Vixit Ann. i. Mens. xi. Dieb. xx.

Nata, sed in lacrimas solum, dolor omnibus infans,
Hic sita sum. Vixi tempus inane meum.
Annus erat natæ primus: mox deinde secundi
Liminibus rapuit me sibi Persephone.

XXXIV.—EFFOSS. IN AGRO APTENSI.

Borysthenes Alanus,
Cæsareus veredus;
Per æquor et paludes,
Et tumulos Hetruscos,
Volare qui solebat;
Pannonios, nec ullus,

Illi apros insequenti,
Dente aper albicanti,
Ausus fuit nocere,
Vel extimam saliva
Sparsit ab ore caudam;
Ut solet evenire.
Sed integer juventa,
Inviolatus artus,
Die suo peremptus,
Hoc situs est in agro.

XXXV.—ROMÆ.

Hæc tenet urna duos, sexu sed dispare, fratres,
Quos uno Lachesis mersit acerba die.
Ora puer dubiæ signans lanugine vestis,
Vix hiemes licuit cui geminasse novem:
Nec thalamis longinqua soror, trieteride quinta,
Tænarias crudo funere vidit aquas.
Ille Remi Latio fictum de sanguine nomen,
Sed Gallos claro germine traxit avos.
Ast hæc Grajugenam resonans Arcontia linguam,
Nomina virgineo non tulit apta choro.

XXXVI.—IN PONTE SALARIO.

Tertio ab Urbe Lapide super Anienem.

Quam bene curvati directa est semita pontis,
Atque interruptum continuatur iter.
Calcamus rapidas subjecti gurgitis undas,
Et libet iratæ cernere murmur aquæ.
Ite igitur faciles per gaudia vestra, Quirites,
Et Narsim resonans plausus ubique canat.
Qui potuit rigidas Gothorum subdere mentes,
Hic docuit durum flumina ferre jugum.

XXXVII.—ROMÆ.

Eucharis. Liciniæ L.

Vixit Ann. xiv.

Heus, oculo errante quei aspicis lethi domum,
Morare gressum, et titulum nostrum perlege;

Amor parentis quem dedit natæ suæ,
Ubei se relliquiæ conlocarent corporis.
Heic viridis ætas cum floreret artibus,
Crescente et ævo gloriam conscenderet,
Properavit hora tristis fatalis mea,
Et denegavit ultra veitæ spiritum.
Docta, erodita pæne Musarum manu,
Quæ modo nobilium ludos decoravi choro,
Et Græca in scæna prima populo apparui,
En, hoc in tumulo, cinerem nostri corporis
Infistæ Parcæ deposierunt carmine.
Studium patronæ, cura, amor, laudes, decus,
Silent ambusto corpore, et leto jacent.
Reliqui fletum nata genitori meo,
Et antecessi genita post leti diem.
Bis hic septeni mecum natales dies
Tenebris tenentur, Ditis æterna domu.
Rogo, ut discedens terram mihi dicas levem.

XXXVIII.—ROMÆ.

Immatura quies quos abstulit hic sîti sunt tres,
Mater, cum parvis pignoribus geminis.
Pollia Saturnina parens triginta per annos
Vixit, et enituit docta sonare mele.
Octo puer Titius, proles cito rapta, Philippus;
Et fratri tenero carior una soror,
Ælia Saturnina obît uno insuper anno;
Nec saltus vitam protulit aut choreæ.

XXXIX.—ROMÆ.

Qui colitis Cybelen, et qui Phryga plangitis Attin,
Dum vacat, et tacita Dyndima nocte silent,
Flete meos cineres: non est alienus in illis
Hector, et hoc tumulo Mygdonis umbra tegor.
Ille ego, qui magni parvus cognominis hæres,
Corpore in exiguo res numerosa fui.
Flectere doctus equos, nitida certare palæstra,
Ferre jocos, astu fallere, nosse fidem.
At tibi dent Superi quantum, Domitilla, mereris,
Quæ facis exigua ne jaceamus humo.

XL.—ROMÆ.

LESBIÆ OSSA HIC SITA SUNT.

HOSPES sta, et lacruma, si quicquam humanitus in te est,
Ossua dum cernis consita mæsta mihi.
Quoius laudati mores, et forma probata est
Anchialo, quem cura auxia debilitat.
Lesbia sum, quæ dulcis mores sola reliqui,
Et vitam vivens parui in officeis.
Sei nomen quæris, sum Lesbia; si duo amantes,
Anchialus dulcis, cum suave homine Spurio.
Sed quid ego hoc? Cerno, mea sunt hic ossua in olla
Consita. Vive, hospes, dum licet, atque vale.

XLI.—SPOLETI.

NYMPH. FONT. LYSIMACH. V.

NYMPHÆ, fonticolæ Nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus
Æternùm roseo tunditis ima pede:
Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu
Numinibus posuit qui simulacra tueis.

XLII.—TIBURE.

ASTORIO meritam dicat hanc Octavius aram,
Acri homini, atque alacri, forti, fido, atque venusto,
Cui domus Asirius fuerat, cui Quintio nomen.
Hic in flore cubat, longum securus in ævom,
Post ter vicenos et tres bene conditus annos.

XLIII.—MEDIOLANI.

SISTE gradum, quamvis fugiat brevis hora, viator,
Sic fati nullus te dolor exanimet:
Lesbia, quam tulerat tellus pulcherrima Tarsis,
Indicio sit amor totius Hesperiæ,
Quam ereptam terris pia numina subtraxerunt,
Hanc sibi sola domum corpori, constituit.

XLIV.—VERONÆ.

Effoss. in Calabria.

PANI CUSTOD. . . . . .

Sub imagine Panis rudi Lapide.

HEIC stans vertice montium supremo
Pan. glaucci nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude mala quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

XLV.—MEDIOLANI.

D. M.

AVUS M. NEPOT. OPTUM. MAR.

Vix. Ann. xiii. Mens. xi. Dieb. x.

O DULCIS puer, O venuste Marce,
O multi puer et meri leporis,
Festivi puer ingenî, valeto!
Ergo cum, virideis vigens per annos,
Ævi ver ageres novum tenelli,
Vidisti Stygias peremptus undas?
Tuum, mœstus Avus, tuum Propinqui
Os plenum lepida loquacitate,
Et risus facileis tuos requirunt.
Te lusus, puer, in suos suëtos
Æquales vocitant tui frequenter.
At surdus recubas, trahisque somnos
Cunctus denique, Marce, dormiundos.

XLVI.

EFFOSS. CIRCA ATHESTAM AGRI PATAVINI.

[Inscript. Urnæ, cui inclusæ erant duæ ampullæ, altera ex auro, altera ex argento, liquoris plenæ liquidissimi.]

PLUTONI sacrum munus ne attingite fures,
Ignotum est vobis hoc quod in orbe latet.

Namque elementa gravi clausit digesta labore,
Vase sub hoc modico, Maximus Olybrius.
Adsit fœcundo custos sibi Copia cornu,
Ne pretium tanti depereat laticis.

XLVII.—VERONÆ.

D. M.
Sororis Suaviss.

Et lac, et vini pateras, et liquida mella,
Jam tibi in extremas do, soror, inferias.
Lac quod libo novum est, Rhodio de palmite vinum,
Expressumque favis mel fero Cecropiis.

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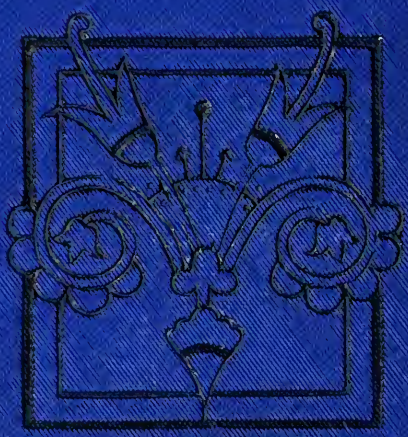
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